¶ Ane Dialog betuix Experience and ane Courteour. Off the Miſerabill Eſtait of the Warld.

¶ Compilit be Schir Dauid Lyndeſay of ye Mont
Knycht Alias, Lyone Kyng of Armes. And is Deuidit
in Foure Partis. As efter Followis. &c.

❧ Abſit Gloriari Niſi in Cruce Domini
noſtri Ieſu Chriſti.

¶ And Imprentit at the command, and
expenſes of Maiſter Samuel
Iaſcuy, In Paris.
1558.

The Epiſtil.

Thou Lytil quair, of mater miſerabyll
Weil auchteſt thou, couerit to be with ſabil
Renunce and grene the purpur reid and quhit
To delicat men, thou art nocht delectabil
Nor zit tyll amorous folkis amiabyll
To reid on the, thay will haif no delite
Warldlye Peple, will haue at the deſpite
Quhilk fyxit hes thare hart, and hole intentis
On Senſuall Luſte, on Dignitie, and Rentis.

¶ We haue no Kyng, the to preſent allace
Quhilk to this countre, bene ane cair full cace
And als our Quene, of Scotland Heretour
Sche dwellith in France, I pray God ſaif hir grace
It war to lang, for the to tyn that race
And farlangar, or that zoung tender flour
Bryng home tyll vs, ane Kyng and Gouernour
Allace thare for, we may with ſorrow ſyng
Quhilk moſte ſo lang, remane without one kyng.

¶ I nott quhome to thy Simpylnes to ſende
With Cunnyng Men, frome tyme that thou be kende
Thy Vaniteis, no waye thay wyll aduance
Thynkand the proude, ſic thyngis to pretende
Nocht with ſtanding, ye ſtraucht way ſal thou wende
To thame, quhilk wes the realme in gouernance
Declare thy mynde to thame, with circumſtance
Go firſt tyll James, our Prince and Protectour
And his Brother, our Spirituall Gouernour.

¶ And Prince of Preiſtis, in this Natioun
Efter Reuerend Recommandatioun
Vnde thare feit, thow lawlye the ſubmyt

An

And mak thame humyll ſupplicatioun
Geue thay in the,kynd wrang Narratioun
That thay wald pleis,thy faltis to remyt
And of thare groce;geue thay do the admyt
Than go thy waye,quhare euer thow pleis beſt
Be thay content,mak reuerence to the reſt.

¶ To faithfull Prudent Paſtouris Spirituall
To Nobyll,Erlis,and Lordis Temporall
Obedientlye, tyll thame, thow the addres
Declaryng thame,this ſchort memoriall
Quhow Mankynd bene,to miſerie maid thrall
At lenth to thame,the cauſe planelie confeſſe
Beſeikand thame,al lawis to ſuppreſſe
Inuentit,be Mennis Traditioun
Bontrar to Chriſtis Inſtitutioun.

¶ And cauſe thame,cleirlye,for tyll vnderſtand
That forthe bre kyng of,the Lordis command
His Thryn fall wande,of Flagellatioun
Hes Scurgit,this pure Realme of Scotland
Be mortall weris, baith be ſey and land
With mony terrabyll tribulation Re.xxiiii.
Tharefor mak to thame trew narratioun &.the.ii.
That al thir weris,this derth,hunger,and Peſt
Was nocht,bot for our Synnis manifeſt. I.Cor.iii

Declare to thame,quhow in the tyme of Noy Gene.vii.
Alluterlye,God did the warld diſtroye
As Holy Scripture,maketh mentioun
Sodom,Gomor,with thare Regioun and Roye
God ſparit nothir Man,Woman,nor Boye Gene.xix

Bot all wer brynt, for thare offenſioun
Iheruſalem, that moſte tryumphant town
he. Diſtroyit wes, for thare inquytie
i. .xii i, As in the Scripture, planelye thay may ſe

¶ Declare to thame, this mortall miſerie,
Be ſweir and fyre, derth, peſt, and pouertie
.xv. Procedis of Syn, gyf I can rycht diſcryue
For laik of Faith, and for ydolatrye
For Fornicatioun, and for Adultrye
Of princis, prelatis, wyth mony ane man and wyue
Expell the cauſe, than the effect belyue
Sall ceaſe, quhen that the peple doith repent
Than God ſall ſlak his bow, quhilk zit is bent.

¶ Mak thaim requeiſt, quilk hes the Gouernance
The Sinceir word of God for tyll Auance
Conforme to Chriſtis Inſtitutioun
Without ypocriſie, or diſſimulance
Cauſyng Iuſtice, hauld ewinlye the Ballance
On Publicanis, makyng puniſſioun
Commendyng thame, of gude conditioun
That beyng done, I dout nocht bot the Lorde
Sall of this countre, haue Miſericorde.

Thoucht God, with mony terrabyll effrayis
Hes done this cuntrie ſcurge, by diuers wayis
Be Iuſte Iugement, for our greuous offence
Declare to thame, thay ſall haue mery dayis
Efter this trubyll as the Prophett ſayis
Quhen God ſall ſe, our humyll Repentence
Tyll ſtrange pepyll, thoucht he hes geuin lycence
To be our ſcurge, Induryng his deſyre

Wo

wyll quhen he lyſte, that Scurge caſt in the fyre.

Pray thame, that thay put nocht thare eſperanc
In mortall Men, onelye thame tyll aduance
Bot principallye in God Omnipotent
Than neid thai not, to charge the realme of France
With Gounnis, Galayis, nor vther Ordinance
So that thaye be, to God Obedient
In thir premyſſis, be thay nocht negligent
Diſplayand Chriſtis Banar, hie on heycht
Thare Ennimeis, of thame ſall haue no mycht.

Pſal
c.xv

Go hence pure Buke, quhilk I haue done indyte
In rurall ryme, in maner of diſpyte
Contrar, the warldis Variatioun
Off Rethorichk, heir I Proclame the quyte
Idolatouris, I feir ſall with the flyte
Becauſe of thame, thow makis Narratioun
Bot cure thow nocht, the Indignatioun
Off Hypocritis, and fals Phariſience
Quhowbeit on the thay cry ane lowde vengence.

Requeiſt the Gentyll Redar, that the redis.
Thocht Ornat termes, in to thy park not ſpredis
As thay in the, may haue experience
Thocht Barran feildis, beiris nocht bot weidis
Zit brutall beiſtis, ſweitlye on thame feidis
Deſyre of thame, none vther recompance
Bot that thay wald reid the with pacience
And geue thay be, in ony way offendit
Declare to thame, it ſalbe weill amendit.

FINIS,

¶ Heir endis ye Epyſtill and followis ye Prologe.

MVſing, And marueillyng on the miſerie
Frõ day to day, in erth quhilk dois incres
And of ilk ſtait, ye inſtabilitie
Procedyng of the reſtles beſynes
Quhare on the moſt part, doith mynd addres
In ordinatlie, on houngrye couatyce
Vaine glore, diſſait, and vthir ſenſuall vyce.

¶ Bot tumlyng In my bed, I mycht nocht lye
Quhairfore I fuir fueth, in ane Maye mornyng
Conforte to gett, of wy malancolye
Sumquhat affore, freſche Phebus vperyng
Quhare I my, he heir, the birdis ſweitlie ſyng
Intyll ane park, I paſt for my pleſure
Decorit weil, be craft of dame Nature.

¶ Quhow I reſſauit confort naturall
For till diſcryue at lenth, it war to lang
Smelling the holſum herbis medicinall
Quhare on ye dulce, and balmy dew down dang
Lyke aurient peirles on the twiſtis hang
Or quhow that the Aromatik odouris
Did proceid frome the tender fragrant flouris.

¶ Or quhow Phebus that kyng etheriall
Swyftlie ſprang vp in to the Orient
Aſcendyng in his throne Imperiall
Quhoſe brycht, and buriall bemes reſplendent
Illumynit all on the Occident

Confortand euerye corporall creature
Quhilk formit war, in erth, be dame Nature,

¶ Quhoſe donke impurpurit veſtiment nocturnall
With his imbroudit mantyll matutyne
He lefte in till his regioun aurorall
Quhilk on him watit quhen he did decline
Towarte his Occident palice veſpertine
And roſe in habite gaye and glorious
Brychtar nor Gold, or ſtonis precious.

¶ Bot Synthea, the hornit nychtis Quene
Scho loſte hir lycht, and lede ane lawar ſaill
Frome tyme hir ſouerane Lorde that ſcho had ſene
And in his preſens, waxit dirk, and paill
And ouer hir viſage, keſt ane miſtye vaill
So did Venus, the goddes amorous
With Jupiter Mars, and Mercurius.

¶ Till errand ſchyppis, quhilks ar the ſoure gyde
Conuoyand thame vpone the ſtromye nycht
Within thare froſtie circle did thame hyde
Howbeit that ſterris haue none vthir lycht
Bot the reflex of Phebus bemes brycht
That day durſt none in to the heuin appeir

Till he had circuit all our Hemiſpeir.

¶ Me thocht it was ane ſicht celeſtial
To ſene Phebus ſo angellyke aſcend
In tyll his fyrie chariot triumphall
Quhoſe bewte brycht, I culd nocht comprehend
All warldlie cure anone did fro me wend
Quhen freſche Flora, ſpred furth hir tapeſtrie
Wrocht be dame Nature quent and curiouſlie.

¶ Depaint with mony hundreth heuinlye hewis
Glaid of the ryſing, of thare royall Roye
With blomes breckand on the tender bewis
Quhilk did prouoke myne hart till naturall Ioye
Neptune that day, and Eoll held thame coye
That men on far, mycht heir the birdis ſounde
Quhoſe noyis did to the ſterrye heuin redounde

¶ The pleſand Powne, prunze and his feddrem fair
The myrthfull Maues maid gret melodie
The luſtye Lark aſcending in the air
Numerand hir naturall notis craftelye
The gay Goldſpink, the Merll richt myrralye
The noyis of the nobill Nychtingalis
Redundit throuch ye montans, meids, and valis.

¶ Contempling this melodins armonye
Quhov euerilke bird, dreſt thame for tyll aduance
To ſaluſt Nature with thare melodye
That I ſtude gaſing, hal flingis in ane trance
To heir thame mak thare naturall obſeruance
So royall it, that all the roches rand
Throuch repercuſſioun of thare ſuggurit ſang.

¶ I loſe

¶ I loſe my tyme, allace for to rehers
Sick vnfrutful and vaine diſcriptioun
Or wrytt in to my raggit rurall vers
Mater without ediſicatioun
Conſydryng quhow that myne intentioun
Bene till deplore the mortall miſereis
With continuall cairfull calamiteis.

¶ Conſiſting in this wracheit vaill of ſorrow
Bot ſad ſentence, ſulde haue ane ſad indite
So termes brycht, I lyſte nocht for to borrow
Off murnyng mater men hes no delite
With rouſtye termes tharfor wil I wryte
With ſorrowful ſeychis aſcending frome the ſplene
And bitter teris, diſtellyng frome myne eine.

¶ Withoute ony vaine inuocatioun
To Minerua, or to Melpominee
Nor zit will I mak ſupplicatioun
For help to Cleo, nor Caliopee
Sick marde Muſis, may mak me no ſupplee
Proſerpyne, I refuſe and Apollo
And richt ſo Ewterp, Iupiter, and Iuno.

¶ Quhilkis bene to pleſand Poetis confortyng
Quhafor becauſe I am nocht one of tho
I do deſyre of thame no ſuportyng
For I did neuer ſleip on Pernaſo
As did the Poetis of lang tyme ago
And ſpeciallye the ornate Ennius
Nor drank I neuer with Hyſiodus.

¶ Of Grece, the perfyte poet ſouerane

Off Helicon the ſors of Eloquence
Off that melli fluus famous freſche fontane
Quharefor I awe to thame no reuerence
I purpoſe nocht to mak obedience
To ſic miſche and Muſis, nor malmontrye
Afore tyme vſit in to poetrye.

¶ Raue and Rhammuſia goddes of diſpyte
Mycht be to ane Muſe rycht conuenabyll
Gyff I deſyrit ſic help for tyll indyte
This murnyng mater, mad, and myſerabyll
I mon go ſeik ane muſe more confortabyll
And ſic vaine ſuperſtitioun to reſe
Beſeikand the gret God to be my muſe.

¶ Be quhoſe wyſdome al maner of thing bene wroc
eneſ. i. The heych heuinnis with all thair ornamentis
And without mater maid all thing of nocht
Hell, in myd Centir of the Elementis
i,Re .iii. That heuinlye Muſe, to ſeik my hole intentis
The quhilk gaif ſapience to Kyng Salomone
To Dauid grace, ſtrength to the ſtrang Sampſone

ſalme .
xxxix .
ges.xiii ¶ And of pure Peter, maid ane prudent precheour
And be the power of his deitee
ath.iiii. Off creuell Paule he maid ane cunning techeour
Actis . ix. I mun beſeik rycht lawly on my knee
His heych ſuperexcellent Maieſtie
That with his heuinlye ſpreit, he me inſpyre
To wrytt no thyng, contrarye his diſyre.

Luc . i. ¶ Beſeik and als, his Souuerane Sonne Ieſu

Quhilk wes conſauit be the holy ſpreit
Incarnat of the puriſſyt Virgin trew
In to the quhome, the Prophitie was compleit
That Prince, of peace, moiſt humyll, and manſweit
Quhilk vnder Pylate, ſufferit paſſioun
Vpone the Croce, for our ſaluatioun. Luc.

¶ And be that creuell deith, intolerabyll ii.
Lowſit we wer frome bandis of Balyall
And mairratouir, it wes ſo proffitabyll
That to this hour, come neuir man nor ſall
To the tryumphant ioye Imperiall
Off lyfe, quhowbeit that thay war neuer ſa gude Heb.
Bot be the vertew, of that precious blude.

¶ Quharefor in ſteid, of the mont Pernaſo
Swyftlie, I ſall go ſeik my Souerane
To Mont Caluare, the ſtraucht waye mon I go,
To geit ane taiſt, of that moiſt freſche fontane
That ſors to ſeik my hart may nocht refrane Ihon
Off Hylicone, quhilk wes boith deip and wyde
That Longeous did graue, in tyll his ſyde.

¶ From yat freſche fontane, ſprang a famous flude
Quhilk redolent Reuer throuch the warld ȝit rynnis
As chriſtall cleir, and mixit bene with blude
Quhoſe ſound abufe the heyeſt heuinnis dinnis
All faithfull peple, purgeing frome thare ſynnis
Quharfor I ſall beſeik his Excellence
To grant me grace, wyſedome, and Eloquence.

¶ And bayth me with thoſe dulce & balmy ſtrandis
Quhilk on the Croce, did ſpedalie out ſpring
Frome

Frome his moſte tender feit, and heuinly handis
And grant me grace, to wrytt nor dyte no thyng
Bot tyll his heych honour, and loude louyng
But quhoſe ſupport, thare may na gud be wrocht
Tyll his pleſure, gude workis, word, nor thocht.

¶ Tharefor O Lorde, I pray thy Maieſtie
i,ii. As thow did ſchaw thy heych power Diuyne
Firſt planelie, in the Cane of Galelee
Quhare thow conuertit cauld watter in wyne
Conuoye my mater, tyll ane fruictuous fyne
And ſaue my ſayingis, baith frome ſchame and ſyn
Tak tent, for now I purpoſe to begyn.

FINIS.

¶ Heir endis the Prolog.

And begynnis the Mater.

IN to, that Park I ſawe appeir,
One ageit man quhilk drew me neir
Quhoſe beird wes weill thre quart lang
His hair doun ouer his ſchulders hang
The quhilk as ony ſnaw wes quhyte
Quhome to behald I thocht delyte
His habitt Angellyke of hew
Off culloure lyke the Sapheir blew
Under ane Hollyng he repoſt
Off quhoſe preſens I was reioſt
I did hym ſaluſt reuerendlye
So did he me rycht courteſlye
To ſitt down he requieſtit me
Under the ſchaddow of that tre
To ſaif me frome the Sonnis heit
Amangis the flowris ſofte and ſweit
For I wes werye for walkyng
Than we began to fall in talkyng
I ſperit his name with reuerence?
I am (ſaid he) Experience.
¶ Than Schir (ſaid I) ȝe can nocht faill	Cour
To gyff ane deſolate man counſaill
Ȝe do appeir ane man of faime
And ſen Experience bene ȝour name
I praye ȝow Father venerabyll
Geue me ſum counſell confortabyll?
¶ Quhate bene (quod he) thy vocatioun	Expe
Makand ſic ſupplycatioun?
¶ I haif (quod I) bene to this hour	Cour
Sen I could ryde, one Courtiour
Bot now Father I thinkit beſt
With ȝour counſell to leif in reſt
And frome thyne furth to tak myne eais

a.7

And quyetlie my God to pleais
And rrnounce Curioſitie
Leveyng the Court, and lerne to de
Oft haue I ſalit ouer the ſtrandis
And traualit throuch diuers landis
Boith ſouth, and north, and eſt, and weſt
Zitt can I neuer ſynd quhare reſt
Doith mak his habitatioun
Withoute zour ſeppoꝛtatioun
Quhen I beleif, to be beſt eaſt
Moſt ſuddantlye, I am diſpleaſt
Frome trubbyll quhen I faſtaſt fle
Than fynd I moſt aduerſate
Schaw me I pray zow hartfullye
Quhow I may leif moſt pleſandlye
To ſerue my God, of hyngis Kyng
Sen I am tyrit for trauellyng
And lerne me for, to be content
Off quyet lyfe, and ſobir rent
That I may thank, the Kyng of glore
As thocht I hand ane Mylzeoun more
Sen euerilk Court. bene variant
Full of Inuy, and inconſtanr
Mycht I but trubbyll leif in reſt
Now in my aige, I thynk it beſt
¶ Thow art ane gret fuill Soune (ſaid he)
Thyng to deſyre, quhilk may nocht be
Zarning to haue prerogatiue
Aboue all Creature on lyfe
Sen Father Adam creat bene
In to the Campe of Damaſcene
Mycht no man ſay on to this hour

That euer he fand perfyte pleſour
Nor neuer, ſall tyll that he ſe
God in his Diuyne Maieſtie
Quharefore prepair the for trauell
Sen mennis lyfe, bene bot battell Iob.vii.
All men begynnis for tyll de
The day of thare Natiuite
And Iournelly thay do proceid
Till Atrops cute the fatell threid
And in the breif tyme that thay haue
Betuix thare byrth on to thare graue
Thow ſeis, quhat mutabiliteis
Quhat miſerabill Calamiteis
Quhat trubbill trauell and debait
Seis thow, in euere mortall ſtait
Begyn at pure lawe Creaturis
Aſcending ſyne to Synaturis
To gret Princis and Poteſtatis
Thow ſall nocht fynd in non eſtatis
Sen the begynning generallie
Nor in our tyme, now ſpeciallie
Bot tiddious reſtles beſynes
But ony maner of ſickarnes.
¶ Prudent Father (q̄ I) allace Cour.
Ze tell to me one cairfull cace
Ze ſay that no man to this hour
Hes found in erth perfyte pleſour
Without infortunat variance
Sen we bene thrall to ſic myſchance
Quhy do we ſet ſo our Intentis
On Riches Dignitie and Rentis
Sen in the erth, bene no man ſure

One day but trubyll tyll Indure
And werſt of all, quhen we leiſt wene
The creuell deith, we mon ſuſtene
Geue I zour Father heid durſte demand
The cauſe I wald faine vnderſtand
And als Father I zow Implore
Schaw me ſum trubbyll gone afore
That heryng vtheris Indigence
I may the more haif patience
Marrowis, in tribulatioun
Bene Wracheis conſolatioun
    Quod he, efter my ſmall cunnyng
    To the I ſall mak anſweryng
Bot Ordourlie, for to begyn
This Miſarie procedis of Syn
Bot it wer lang, for to defynit
Quhow all men ar to Syn Inclynit
Quhen Syn aboundantlye doith ryng
Iuſtly God, makith punyſſing
Quharfor ze gret God, in to his handis
To dant the warld hes diuers wandis
Efter our euill, conditioun
He makis on ws punitioun
With hunger, darth, and Indigens
Sum tyme gret plagis, and peſtilens
And ſum tyme with his bludy wand
Throw creuell weir be ſey and land
Concludyng all our miſerie
Proceidis of Syn, allutterlie.
    ¶ Father (quod I) declare to me
    The cauſe of this Fragilitie
That we bene all to Syn inclynde
In werk, in word, and in our mynde

I wald the veritie wer ſchawin
Quho hes this ſeid amang ws ſawin
And quhy we ar condampnit to dede
And quhow that we may get remede
(Quod he) the Scripture hes
Men frome felicitie wer de nudit Expe
Be Adam our Progenitour
Umquhyle of Paradiſe poſſeſſour Gene
Be quhoſe moſt wyl full arrogance
Wes Mankynd brocht to this myſchance
Quhen he wes Inobedient
In brekyng Godis commandiment
Be ſolyſtatioun of his wyfe
He loſte that heuinlye pleſand lyfe
Etand of the forbiddin tre
Thare began all our miſerrie
So Adam wes cauſe Radicall Rom
That we bene, fragyll Synnaris all
Adam brocht in this Natioun
Syn, Deith, and als Dampnatioun
Quho wyll ſay, he is no Synnar
Chriſt ſayis, he is ane gret lear
Mankynde ſprang furt, of Adamis Loynis I. Ioh
And tuke of hym, fleſche, blude, and bonis
And ſo efter his qualytie
All ar Inclinit Synnaris to be.
¶ Bot ȝit my Sonne, diſpare thow nocht
For God that all the warld hes wrocht Xps
Hes maid ane Souerane remede
To ſaif ws boith frome ſyn and dede
And frome etarne dampnatioun
Thare fore tak conſolatioun
For God as Scripture doith recorde

Haueyng

Haueyng of man Miſericorde
Send doun his onelye Sonne Ieſu
Quhilk lychtit in one Virgin trew
And cled his heych Diuynitie
With our pure vyle Humanytie
Syne frome our ſynnis, to conclude
oca,ii He wyſche ws with his precious blude
na .v. Quhowbeit throw Adam, we mondee
re . x. Throuch that Lord, we ſall raiſt bee
And euerilk man, he ſall reelue
Quhilk in his blude, doith ferme beleue
And bryng ws all unto his glore
The quhilk throw Adam bene forlore
Without that we throw laik of faith
.iii. v. Off his God heid, incur the wraith
Bot quho in Chriſt, fermely beleuis
ur. Sall be releuit frome all myſcheuis.
¶ Quhat faith is that, that ze call ferme
Schir gar me underſtand that terme
pe. Faith without Hope, and Charitie Hebr.xi.
Aualit nocht, my Sonne (ſaid he)
Quhat Charite bene, that wald I knaw
ur. Quod he, my Sonne that ſall I ſchaw
pe. Firſt luke thy God, aboue all thyng i.Corin.xiii
And thy Nychtbour, but fenzeyng
Do none Iniure, nor villains
Bot as thow wald wer done to the
o.i. Quyk faith but cheretabyll werkis
Can neuer be, as wryttis Clerkis
More than the fyre, in tyll his mycht
Can be but heit, nor Sonne but lycht
Geue charitie, in to the faillis
Thy Faith, nor Hope, no thyng auaillis

The Deuyll hes Faith, and trymlis for dreid
Bot he wantis Hope, and luke in deid
Do all the gude, that may be wrocht
But charitie all auailis nocht
Quhare fore pray to the Trinite
For tyll ſupport thy Charite.
¶ Now haue I ſchawin the as I can
Quhow Father Adam the firſt man
Brocht in the warld, boith Syn and Dede
And quhow Chriſt Ieſu, maid remede
Quhilk on the day of Iugement
Sall vs delyuer frame torment
And bryng vs to his leſtyng glore
Quhilk ſall indure for euer more
Bot in this warld thow gettis no reſt
I mak it to the manifeſt
Therefore my Sonne, be diligent
And lerne for to be patient
And in to God, ſett all thy traiſt
All thyng ſall than, cum for the beſt.
¶ Father I tank zow hartful
Off zour conforte, and cumpanye
And heuinlye conſolatioun
Mak and zow ſupplicatioun
Geue I durſt put zow to ſic pyne
That ze wald pleis for to defyne
And gar me cleirlye vnderſtand
Quhov Adam brak the Lordis command
And quhow throw his tranſgreſſioun
Wer punyſt his ſucceſſioun.
¶ My Sonne (quod he) wald thow tak cure
To luke on the Diuyne Scripture
In to the Buke of Geneſis

That ſtorye thare, thow ſall nocht mis
And alſwa ſyndrie cunnyng Clerkis
Hes done rehers in to thare werkis
Off Adamis fall, full Ornatly
Ane thouſand tymes better nor I
Can wrytt, of that vnhappy man
Bot I ſall do, the beſt I can
Schortlie to ſchaw that cairfull cace
With the ſupport of Goddis grace.

Ane exclamation to the Redar.

Twycheyng the wryttyng of Vulgare and Maternall Language.

Gentyl Redar, haif at me non diſpyte
Thynkand that I preſumptuouſly pretend
In vulgair toung, ſo heych mater to writ
Bot quhair I mys, I pray the till amend
Tyll vnlernit, I wald the cauſe wer kend
Off our moſt miſerabyll trauell and torment
And quhow in erth no place bene parmanent.

¶ Quhowbeit that diuers deuote cunnyng Clerkis
In Latyne toung hes wryttin ſyndrie bukis
Our vnlernit, knaw is lytill of thare werkis
More than thay do the rauyng of the Rukis
Quhare fore to Colȝearis, Cairtaris, and to Cukis
To Iak and Thome, my Ryme ſall be diractit
With cunnyng men, quhowbeit it wyl be lactit.

¶ Thocht euery Commoun may nocht be one clerk
Nor hes no Leid, except thare toung maternall
Quhy

Quhy ſuld of god, the maruellous heuynly werk
Be hid frome thame, I thynk it nocht fraternall
The father of heuin, quhilk wes, and is Eternall
To Moyſes gaif, the Law on mont Senay Exo.
Nocht in to Greik, nor Latyne, I heir ſay.

¶ He wrait the Law, in Tablis hard of ſtone
In thare awin vulgare language of Hebrew
That all the bairnis of Iſraell euery one
Micht knaw the law, and ſo the ſam enſew
Had he done wryt, in Latine or in Grew
It had to thame bene bot ane ſawrles Ieſt
Ze may weill wytt, God wrocht all for the beſt.

¶ Arriſtotyll, nor Plato, I heir ſane
Wrait nocht thare hie Philoſophie naturall
In Duche, nor Dence, nor toung Italiane
Bot in thare moſt ornate toung maternall
Quhoſe fame, and name doith ryng perpetuall
Famous Virgill, the Prince of Poetrie
Nor Cicero, the flour of Oratie.

¶ Wrait nocht in Caldye language nor in Grew
Nor zit in to the language Sarazens
Nor in the naturall language of Hebrew
Bot in the Romane toung as may be ſene
Quhilk wes thair proper language, as I wene
Quhen Romanis rang Dominatoris in deid
The Ornat Latine, wes thare propir leid.

¶ In the mene tyme, quhen that thir bauld Romāce
Ouer al the warld had the Dominioun
Maid Latine Scolis thare glore for till auance

That thare language mycht be ouer all commoun
To that intent, be my Opinion
Traiſtyng that thare Impyre ſulde ay Indure
Bot of fortune, alway thay wer nocht ſure.

xi. ¶ Off Languagis, the firſt Diuerſytie
Wes maid be Goddis Maledictioun
Quhen Babilone wes beildit in calde
Thoſe beildaris, gat none vther afflictioun
Affore the tyme of that punyſſioun
Wes bot one toung, quhilk Adam ſpak him ſelf
Quhare now of toũgis, thare bene thre ſcore & twelf

¶ Nocht withſtandyng, I thynk it gret pleſour
Quhare cunnyng men hes languagis anew
That in thare ȝouth, be deligent laubour
Hes leirnit Latine, Greik, and ald Hebrew
That I am nocht of that ſorte, ſore I rew
Quharfore I wald all bukis neceſſare
For our faith, wer in till our toung vulgare.

ii. ¶ Chriſt efter his glorious Aſcentioun
Till his Diſciplis ſend the holy Spreit
In toungis of fyre, to that intentioun
Thay beand of all languagis repleit
Throuch all the warld with wordis fair and ſwet
Till euery man the faith, thay ſuld furth ſchaw
In thare awin leid, delyuer and thame the Law.

¶ Tharefore I thynk one gret diriſioun
To heir thir Nunnis, and Syſteris, nycht and day
Syngand and ſayand pſalmes and oriſoun
Nocht vnderſtandyng quhat thay ſyng nor ſay
Bot lyke one ſtirlyng or ane Papingay

Quhilk leirnit ar, to ſpeik be land vſage
Thame I compair, to byrdis in ane cage.

¶ Richt ſo Childreyng, and Ladyis of honouris
Prayis in Latine, to thame ane vncuth leid
Mumland yair matinis, euinſang & yare houris
Thare Pater noſter Aue, and thare Creid.
It wer als pleſand to thare ſpreit in deid
God haue mercy on me, for to ſay thus
As to ſay, Miſerere Mei Deus.

¶ Sanct Jerome in his propir toung Romane
The Law of God, he trewlie did tranſlait
Out of Hebrew, and Greik, in Latine plane
Quhilk hes bene hid frome ws lang tyme god wait
Onto this tyme, bot efter myn : counſait
Had Sanct Jerome bene borne in till Argile
In to yriſche toung, his bukis had done compyle.

¶ Prudent ſanct Paull doith mak narratioun
Twycheyng the diuers leid of euery land
Sayand thare bene more edificatioun
In fyue wordis that folk doith vnderſtand
Nor to pronunce of wordis ten thouſand
In ſtrange langage ſine wait not quhat in menis
I thynk ſic pattryng is not worth twa prenis.

¶ Vnlernit peple, on the holy day.
Solemnitlye thay heir the Euangell ſoung
Nocht knawyng quhat, the preiſt dois ſing nor ſay
Bot as ane Bell, quhen that thay heir it roung
Zit wald the Preiſtis, in to thare mother toung
Pas to the Pulpitt, and that doctrine declare

Till lawid pepill, it wer moꝛe neceſſare.

¶ I wald Pꝛelatis, and Doctouris of the Law
With ws lawid peple, wer nocht diſcontent
Thocht we in to our vulgare toung did knaw
Off Chꝛiſt Jeſu, the lyfe and Teſtament
And quhow that we ſulde keip commandiment
Bot in our language, lat vs pꝛay and reid
Our Pater noſter Aue, and our Creid.

¶ I wald ſum Pꝛince, of gret Diſcretioun
In vulgare language, planelye gart tranſlait
The neid full lawis, of this Regioun
Than wald thare nocht, be half ſo gret debait
Amang ws peple of the law eſtait
Geue every man, the verytie did knaw
We nedit nocht to treit thir men of law.

¶ Tyll do our nychtbour wꝛang, we wald be war
Gyf we did feir, the lawis punyſment
Thare wald nocht be, ſic bꝛawlyng at the bar
Noꝛ men of law, loup to ſic royall rent
To keip the law gyf all men war content
And ilk man do, as he wald be done to
The Iugis wald get lytill thyng ado.

¶ The Pꝛophett Dauid kyng of Iſraell
Compyld the pleſand Pſalmes of the Pſaltair
In his awin pꝛopir toung as I heir tell
And Salamone, quhilk wes his ſone and air
Did mak his buke, in tyll his toung vulgare
Quhy ſuld nocht thare ſayng, be tyll ws ſchawin
In our language, I wald the cauſe wer knawin.

¶ Lat Doctoris wryit thare curious queſtionis
And argumentis, ſawin full of Sophiſtrye
Thare Logick, and thare heych Opinionis
Thare dirk Jugementis, of Aſtronomye
Thare Medecyne, and thare Philoſophye
Lat Poetis ſchaw, thare glorious Jngine
As euer thay pleis, in Greik, or in Latyne.

¶ Bot lat ws haif the bukis neceſſare
To commoun weill and our Saluatioun
Juſtlye tranſlatit, in our toung Vulgare
And'als J mak the Supplicatioun
O gentyll Redar, haif none Jndignatioun
Thinkand J mell me with ſo hie matair
Now to my purpoſe, ford wart wyll J. fair,

FJNJS.

Heir followis th

Creatioun of Adam, and Eue.

ryck
ycht

ene, i.

QUhen God had maid the heuynnis
The Sone, and mone, for to geue
Ths ſterry heuin, and Chriſtellyne
And be his Sapience diuine
The planetis in pair circlis round
Quhirlyng about with merie ſound
Off quhome Phebus, was principall
Iuſte in his Lyne Eclipticall
And gaue be Diuine Sapience
Tyll euery Ster thare influence
With motioun continuall
Quhilk doith indure perpetuall
And farreſt frome the heuin Impyre
The erth, the walter, air, and fyre
He cled the erth, with herbis, and treis
All kynd of fyſches in the ſeis
All kynd of beſt, he did prepair
With fowlis, fleyng in the air
Thus be his word, all thyng was wrocht
Without materiall maid of nocht
So be his wyſedome infynite
All wes maid pleſand perfyte,
Quhen heuin, & erth, and thare contentis
Wer endit with thare Ornamentis
Than laſt of all, the Lord began
Off moſt vyle erth, to mak the man
Nocht of the Lille, nor the Roſe

N

Nor Sypertre, as I ſuppoſe
Nother of gold, nor precious ſtonis
Off erth he maid fleſche blude and bonis
To that intent, God maid hym thus
That man ſulde nocht be glorius
Nor in hym ſelf, no thyng ſuld ſe,
Bot matere of humilite
Quhen man wes maid, as I haue tald Gene. 2.
God in his face, did hym behaid
Brathand in hym, ane lyflie ſpreit
Quhen all thir werkis wer compleit
He maid man, to his ſimilitude
Precelland in to pulchritude
Dotit with gyftis of Nature
Aboue all erthly creature
Syne pleſandlye did hym conueye
To ane regioun repleit with Ioye
Off all pleſour, quhilk bair the pryce
And callit erthly Paradyce
And brocht the Diuyne prouience
All beiſtis, and byrdis, tyll his preſence
Adam did craftelye impone
Ane ſpeciall name, tyll euery one
And to all thyngis materiall
He namyt thame in ſpeciall
Quhow he thame namyt ȝit bene kend
And ſalbe to the warldis end
In to that gardyng of pleſance
Tws treis grew, moſt tyll auance
Aboue all vther, quhilk bair the pryce
In myddis of that Paradyce
The one wes callit the tre of lyfe
The vther tre, began our ſtryfe

The tre to knaw boith gude and euill
Quhilk be perſwatioun of the Deuyll
Began our miſarie and wo
Bot lat ws to our purpoſe go.
¶ Quhow God gaue Adam ſtrait commande
That tre to twyche, nocht with his haud
All vther fructis of Paradyce
He bad hym eit at his deuyce
Sayand gif thow eit of this tre
With dowbill deith, than ſall thow dee
Tharefore I the command be war
And frome this tree, thow ſtand afar
Zitt Father Adam wes allone
But cumpanye of ony one
Than thocht the Lord, it Neceſſare
Tyll hym to Creat ane helpare
¶ God patt in Adam ſic Sapour
That for to ſleip, he tuke pleſour
And laid hym down apone the grounde
And quhen Adam wes ſlepand ſounde
He tuke ane Rib, furth of his ſyde
Syne fyld it vp, with fleſche and hyde
And maid ane Woman of that bone
Fairar of forme, wes neuer none
Than tyll Adam incontinent
That fair Lady, he did preſent
Quhilk ſchortlye ſad for to conclude
Thow art my fleſche, my bonis, & blude
And Virago, he callit hir than
Quhilk is Interpreit, maid of man
Quhilk Eua, efterwat wes namyt
Quhen for hir falt, ſche wes diffamyt.
Than did the Lord thame Sanctyfe

Saying Incres, and Multiplis
Be this, men ſuld leif all thare kyn
And with thare Wyffis mak dwellyn
And for thare ſaik, leif Father & Mother
And luke thame beſt, aboue all vther
For God hes ordanit thame trewlye
To be two ſaulis, in one bodye.
¶ My wytt is waik, for tyll Indyte
Thare heuinlye pleſouris Infinyte
Wes neuer none, erthlye Creature
Sen ſyne had ſic perfyte pleſours
Thay had puiſſance Imperiall
Aboue all thyng materiall
Als cunnyng Clerkis, dois conclude
Adam preceld, in pulchritude
Moſt Naturall and the fareſt man
That euir wes ſen the warld began
Except Chriſt Ieſu, Goddis Sonne
To quhome wes no compariſone
And Eua, the faireſt Creature
That euer wes formit be nature
Thocht thay wer naikit, as thay wer maid
No ſchame ather, of vther haid
Quhat pleſour mycht ane man haif more
Nor haif his Lady hym before
So luſtye, pleſand perfyte
Reddy to ſerue his a ppetyte
Thay had none vther cure I wys
Bot paſt thare tyme, with Ioye and blys
Wyld Beiſtis, did to thame repair
So did the Fowlis of the air
With noyis moſt Angelicall
Makand thame myrthis Muſicall

The ſyſchis ſoumand in the ſtrandis
Wer holelye at thare commandis
All Creaturis with ane accorde
Obeit hym, as thare ſouerane Lorde
Thay ſufferit nother heit, nor cald
With euery pleſour that thay wald
Als to the deith, thay wer nocht thrall
And richt ſo ſuld we haue bene all
For he and all his Succeſſouris
Suld haue poſſedit thoſe pleſouris
Syne frome that Ioye materiall,
Gone to the glore Imperiall
Thay had geue I can richt diſcryue
Gret Ioy, in all thare wyttis fyue
In heiryng, ſeyng, guſtyng, ſmellyng
Induryng thare delyteſum dwellyng
Heiryng the byrdis armoneis
Taiſtyng the fructis, of diuers treis
Smellyng the balmye dulce odouris
Quhilk did proceid, frome fragāt flowris
Seyng ſo mony heuinlye hewis
Off blomes brekyng on the bewis
Off twycheyng als, thay had delite
Off vtheris bodeis, ſoft and quhyte
But doute, Induryng that pleſour
Thay luffit vther Paramour
No maruell bene tocht ſwa ſuld be
Conſyderyng thare gret bewte
Als God gaue thame command expres
To multiplie, and till incres
That thare ſeid, and ſucceſſioun
Mycht pleneis euery Natioun.

¶ I lyſt nocht tarye tyll declare
All properteis of that place preclare
Quhow herbis, and treis, grew ay grene
Nor of the temporat air ſerene
Quhow fructis, Indeficient
Ay alyke rype and redolent
Nor of the Fontane, nor the fludis
Nor of the flowris pulchritudis
That mater Clerkis dois declare
Quharfore I ſpeik of thame na mare
The Scripture makis no mentioun
Quhow lang thay rang in that regioun
Bot I beleue, the tyme wes ſchorte
As diuers Doctouris dois reporte.

¶ FINIS.

Of the Miſerabil
tranſgreſſioun of Adam.

Cour. Father? How happinnit that miſchance
(Quod I) ſchaw me the circumſtance
Declaryng me that cairfull cace
Quhow Adam loſt that pleſand place
Frome hym and his Succeſſioun
Quhow did proceid that tanſgreſſioun
Expe. (Quod he) efter my rude Ingyne
I ſall rechers the that rewyne
Quhen God the Pſalmatour of all
In to the heuin Imperiall
Did Creat all the Angellis brycht
He maid one Angell, moſt of mycht
To quhome he gaif preeminence
Aboue thame all in ſapience
Becauſe all vther he did prefer
Namit he wes brycht Lucifer
He wes ſo pleſand, and ſo fair
He thocht hym ſelf, without compair
And grew ſo gay and glorious
He gan to be preſumptuous
And thocht that he wald ſett his ſait
In to the north and mak debait
Agane the Maieſtie Diuyne
Quhilk wes the cauſe of his rewyne
For he incurrit Goddis yre
And banyſt frome the heuin Impyre
With Angellis mony one Legioun

Quhil

Quhilkis war of his opinioun
Innumerabyll, with hym thare fell
Sum lychtit in the laweſt hell
Sum is the ſey did mak repair
Sum in the erth, ſum in the air
That moſt vnhapy cumpanye
Att Father Adam had Inuye
Parſaueyng Adam, and hes ſeid
In thare places to ſucceid
The Serpent, wes the ſubtelleſt
Aboue all beiſtis and craftyeſt
Than Sathan, with ane fals intent
Did enter in to that Serpent
Imagenyng ſum craftye we
Quhow he mycht Adam beſt begyle
And gar hym brek commandiment
Bo to the woman, firſt he went
Traiſtyng the beter to preuaill
Ful ſubtellye did hir aſſail
With facund wordis, fals and fair
He grew with hir familiar
That he his purpoſe mycht auance
Beleuand in hir, Inconſtance.

¶ Quhat is the cauſe, Magdame (ſaid he)
That ȝe forbeit, ȝone pleſand tre
Quilk bene but peir moſt pretious
Quhoſe fruct bene moſte delytious
I Nyll (quod ſche) thare to accord
Wa ar forbyddin be the Lord
The quhilk hes geuin vs lybertie
Tyll eait of euery fruct and tre
Quhilk growis in to Paradyſe
Brek we command, we ar nocht wyſe
He

He gaue tyll ws ane ſtrait command
That tre to twyche, nocht wit hour hand
Eit we of it, without remede
He ſaid but dout, we ſulde be dede
Beleue nocht that (ſaid the Serpent)
Eit ʒe of it, Incontinent
Repleit ʒe ſall be with Science
And hayf perfyte Intelligence
Lyke God hym ſelf, of euyll and gude
Than haiſtellye for to conclude
Heiryng of this prerogatyue
Sche pullit doun the fruct belyue
Throw counſall of the fals Serpent
And eit of it, to that intent
And patt hir, Huſband in beleue
That pleſand fruct, gyf he wald preue
That he ſould be als Sapient
As the gret God omnipotent
Thynk ʒe nocht that ane pleſand thyng
That we lyke God ſuld euer ryng
He herand this Narratioun
And be hir ſolliſtatioun
Mouit be prydefull ambitioun
He eit on that conditioun
The principall poyntis, of this offence
War pryde, and Inobedience
Deſyring for to be Equall
To God, the Creature of all
Allace Adam, quhy did thow ſo
Quhy cauſt thow this mortall wo
Had thow bene conſtant firme and ſtabyll
Thy glore had bene Incomparabyll
Quhare wes thy conſideratioun

Quhilk

Quilk had the Dominatioun
Off every leuyng Creature
That God had formit be Nature
Tyll vſe thame at thy a win deuyſe
Wes thow nocht prince of Paradyſe
Wes neuer man, ſen ſyne on lyue,
That god haue ſic Prerogatyue
He gaif the ſtrenth, aboue Sampſone
And ſapience more than Salomone
Zoung Abſolone, in his tyme moſte fair
To thy bewt, wes no compair
Arreſtotyll, thow did precell
In to philoſophie, naturell
Uirgill in tyll his Poetrie
Nor Cicero, in tyll Oratrye
War neuer half ſo Eloquent
Quhy brak thow Goddis commandiment
Quhare wes thy wytt, that wald nocht flee
Far frome the preſens of that tree
Gaif nocht thy Maker the fre wyll
To take the gude, and leif the euyll
Quhow mycht thy forfalt be excuſit
That Goddis commandiment refuſit
Throuch ty wyffis per ſuaſioun
Quhilk hes bene the occaſioun
Sen ſyne that mony nobyll men
Be the euyll counſall of wemen
Allutterlye diſtroyit bene
As in the Storeis may be ſene
Quhilk now, we neid nocht tyll declair
Bot fordwart tyll our purpoſe fair
Quhen thay had eattin of the frute
Of Joye, than wer thay deſtitute

Than gan thay boith, for to thynk ſchame
And to be naikit, thocht defame
And maid thame Breikis, of leuis grene
That thair ſeccreitis, ſuld nocht be ſene
Bot in the ſtait of Innocence
Thay had none ſic eyperience
Bot quhen thay war to Syn ſubiectit
To ſchame and dreid, thay war coactit
Ang in ane buſk, thay hid thame cloce
Aſchamit of the Lordis voce
Quhilk callit Adam be his name
(Quod he) my Lord, I thynk gret ſchame
Naikit to cum, to thy preſence
Thow had none ſic experience
Quod God, quhen thow wes Innocent
Quhy brake thow my commandiment
Allace (quod Adam) to the Lor
The veritie. I ſall recorde
Shis woman that thow gaif to me
Gart me eit, of zone pland tre
Rycht ſo the woman hir excuſit
And ſaid, the Serpent me abuſit
Than to the Serpent, God ſaid thus
O thow Diſſauet venimous
Becauſe the woman, thou begylit
Frome thyne furth, ſall thow be exylit
Curſt and waryit, ſall thow be
So ſall thy ſeid, be efter the
Caulderth, ſalbe thy fude alſo
And creſpand on thy breiſt ſall go
Als I ſall putt Inanimitte
Betuix the woman euer and the
Betuix thy ſeid, and womanis ſeid

Salbe continuall moꝛtall feid
Quhowbeit thow hes wꝛocht thir myſcheuis
It ſall nocht be as thow beleuis
Sic ſeid ſalbe in womau ſawin
That thy power, ſalbe doun thꝛawin
Treddyng thy heid, that thow may feill
And thow ſall tred hym on the heill
This was his pꝛomys, and menyug
That the Immaculat Virgyng
Sulde beir the pꝛince Omnipotent
Quhilk ſuld tred doun, that fals Serpent
Sathan, and all his companye
And thame confunde alluterlye.
Quod I, geue Sathan pꝛince of hell
Spak in the Serpent as ȝe tell
And peiſtis can no way ſyn at all Cour.
Quhy wes the Serpent maid ſo thꝛall
I heir men ſay affoꝛe that hour
The Serpent had ane fair figour
And ȝeid ſtraucht vp vpone his feit
And had is membꝛis all compleit
As vtheris beiſtis ypone the bent
(Quod he) foꝛ he we Inſtrument Expe.
To Sathan, in this Miſerie
Pu neiſt he wes, as ȝe may ſe
As be experience thow may knaw
Expꝛes in to the commoun Law
Ane man conuinckit foꝛ be wgrye
Tebeiſt is bꝛynt, als weill as he
Quhowbeit the beiſt be Innocent
And ſo befell, of the Serpent
It was the Feind, full of diſpyte
Of adamis fall, quhilk had the wyte

As the hes had of mony mo
Bot tyll our purpoſe lat vs go.
¶ Than to the woman, for hir offen
God did pronunce, this ſore ſentenc
All pleſour that thow had aſſorow
Sall chrangit be in leſſyng ſorrow
Quhare that thow ſuld, with myrth and Joy
Haue borne thy byrth, butt pane or noy
Now all thy bairnis ſall thow bair
With dolour, and continuall cair
And thow ſalbe, for oucht thow can
Euer ſubiectit to the man.
Be this ſentence, God did conclude
Wemen frome lybertie denude
Quhilk ȝe experience may ſe
Quhow Quenis of moſte hie degre
Ar vnder moſte ſubiectioun
And ſufferis moſte correctioun
For thay lyke byrdis in tyll ane cage
Ar keipit ay vnder thyrlage
So all wemen in thare degre
Suld to thare men, ſubiectit be
Quhowbett ſum ȝit wyll ſtryue for ſtait
And for the maiſtrye mak debait
Quhilk gyf thay wāt, boith ewin & morrow
Thare men wyll ſuffer mekle ſorrow
Off Eue, thay tak qualite
To deſyre ſoueranite.
And than tyll Adam, ſaid the Lord
Becauſe that thow hes done accord
Thy wyll, and harknit to thy wyfe
Now ſall thow loſe this pleſand lyfe
Thow wes tyll hir obedient

Bot thow brake my commandiment
Curſte an baren, the erth ſalbe
Quhare euer thow gois, tyll that thow de
But laubour, it ſall beir no corne
Bot Thirſyll, Nettyll, Breir and Thorne
For fude, thow gettis none vter beild
Bot eait the herbis apone the feild
Sore laubouryng, tyll thy browis ſweit
Frome thyne teith, ſall thow wyn thy meit
I maid the of the ert certane
And thow in erth, ſall turne agane
Than maid he thame Abilȝement
Off ſkynnis, ane raggit rayement
Thame, to preſerue frome heit and cauld,
Than grew thare dolour mony fauld
Now Adam ar ȝe lyke tyll ws
With ȝour gay garment glorious
To thame thir wordis, ſaid the Lorde
Than cryit thay, boith Miſericorde
Quhen frome that Garth with hartis ſore
Baneiſt thay wer. for euer more
On to this wracheit waill of ſorrow
Wit, daylie laubour ewin and morrow
Efter quhoſe dolorous departyng
The Lord gaue Paradyce in kepyng
Tyll ane Angell of Ierubin
That none ſuld haue entres thare in
Att the quhilk entres, he did ſtand
With flammand fyrie ſweerd in hand
To beir that Adam, and his wyfe
Sulde nocht taiſt of, the tre of lyfe
For geue thay of that tre had preuit
Perpetuallyte, thay mycht haue leuit

So Adam, and his ſucceſſioun
Off Paradyce, tint poſſeſſioun
And be this ſyn Originall
War mento Miſerie maid thrall
My Sonne now may thow cleirly ſe
This warld begann with miſere
With miſerie, it doith proceid
Quhoſe fyne ſall dolour be an dreid
Cour. Father (quod I) quhat kynd of lyfe
Led Adam with his luſtye wyfe
Efter thare bailfull baneſyng?
Expe. (Quod he) continuall womenſyng
May hard hes ʒit compaſſioun
Quhow thay went wādryng vp and doun
Weipyng with mony lowde allace
That thay had loſt, that pleſandplace
In wyldernes to be exilde
Quhart thay fād nocht, bot beiſtis wylde
Maneſyng thame: for tyll deuore
Quhilkis all obedient war affore,
Cour. Father (quod I) in quhat countre
Did leif Adam efter that he
Was baneiſt frome that delyte
Expe. Clerkis (quod he) hes put in wryte
Quhow Adam dwelt, with mekle baill
In Mamber, in that luſty vaill
Quhilk efter was, the Jowis land
Quhare ʒit his Sepulture dois ſtand
I lyſte noch tary, tyll diſcryue
Ge.iiii The wo of Adam, nor his wyue
Nor tell, quhen thay had Sonnis twa
Cayn, and Abeel, and no mo
Nor quhow curſt Cayn, for Inuy

Did ſlay his Brother cruelly
Nor of thare murnyng,nor thare mone
Quhen thay but Sonnis,wer left allone
Abell lay ſlane,vpone the ground
Curſt Cayn flemit:and vagabound
Nor quhow God of his ſpeciall grace
Send thame the thrid Sonne fair of face
Moſt lyke Adam,of fleſche and blude
Seth was his name,gratious and gude
Nor quhow blynd Lameth,raik leſlye
Did ſlay Cayn,vnhappellye
Adam as Clerkis dois diſcryue
Begat with Eue his wo full wyue
Off men Childryn thretty and two
And of Dochteris alyke alſo
Be this thow may weill vnderſtand
That Adam ſaw,mony ane thowſand
That of his body,did diſcend
Or he out of the warld did wend
Adam leifit in erth,but weir
Compleit,nyne hundreth and thretty zeir
And all his dayis war bot ſorrow
Rememberyng boith ewin and morrow
Off Paradyce,the proſperitie
Syne of his gret miſeritie
His hart mycht neuer be reſoſt
Remembryng quhow the heuin wes cloſt
Frome hym and his ſucceſſioun
And that be his tranſgreſſioun
Efter his deith,as I heir tell
His Saul diſcendit to the hell
And thare remanit preſoneir
In that Dungeoun,thre thouſand zeir

Gene.5.

c 4

And more, ſo did boith euyll and gude
Tyll Chriſt for thame, had ſched his blude
Than be that moſt precious ranſoun
Thay wer delyuerit of preſoun
I haue declarit now as I can
The miſerie of the firſt man.

¶ FINIS.

¶ Heir Followis
quhov God diſtroyit all leuand Creatures in erth fo Syn, and drownit thame be ane Terribyll, Flude, in the tyme of Noye.

PRudent, Father experience
Declare to me, or ʒe go hence Cour.
Quhat wes the cauſe, God did diſtroye
All Creature in the tyme of Noye
(Quod he) I trymmyll for to tell
That infortune, quhow it be fell Expe.
The cauſe bene ſo abhominabyll
And the mater ſo miſerabyll
Bot for to ſchaw the Circumſtauce
Manefeſtlye of that myſchance
Firſt I mon gat the underſtand
Quhow Adam gaif expreſſe command Gene. vi.
That thoſe quhilkis come of ſe this blud
Becauſe thay wer gratious and gude
Suld nocht contract with Cainnis kyne
Quhilkis wer Inclynit all to Syn,

Tyll obſerue that commandiment
Cain paſt in the Orient
With his wyfe, callit Calmana
Quhilk was his awin Syſter alſwa
Quhare his of ſpryng, did lang remane
Beſyde the Mont ane of Tarbane
And Seth did lang tyme lede his lyfe
With Delbora: his prudent wyfe
Quhilk wis his Syſter gude and fair
In damaſſene, maid thare repair
In that countre of Sethis clan
Diſcendit mony holy man
So lang as Adam was leueand
The peple did obſerue command
Quhen he wes dede, and laid in ground
And peple grettly did abound
And Cayn ſlane, as I haue ſchawin
And Setheis dayis, all ouer blawin
The Sonnis than of Sethis blude
Seand the pleſand pulchritude
Off the Ladyis, of Cainnis kyn
Quhowbeit thay knew weill. it wes Syn
Oppreſt with ſenſuall luſtis rage
Did tak thame in to Mariage
And ſo corruptit wes that blude
The gude with euyll, and euyll with gude
Than as the peple did incres
Thay did abound in wickitnes
As holy Scripture dois rehers
Quhilk I abhor, to putt in vers
Or tell with toung, I am nocht abyll
The ſuthe bene ſo abhominabyll
Quhow men, and wemen, ſchamefullye

Abuſit thame ſelfis, vnnaturallye
Quhoſe foul abhominatioun
And vncouthe fornicatioun
I thynk gret ſchame, to putt in wryte
All that Paull Proſe, doith indyte
Quhilk gyf I wald at lenth declair
It wer yneuch, to fyll the air
Gret Clerkis of Antiquiteis
Hes wryttin mony trew ſtoreis
Quhilkis ar worthy to be commendit
Quhowbeit thay be nocht cōprehendit
At lenth in the Diuyne Scripture
Bot I ſall do my beſye cure
To tak the beſt (as I ſuppoſe)
That moſt partenis my purpoſe
And with ſupport, of Chriſt our kyng
I purpoſe to confirme no thyng
Off the Auld Hyſtoricience
Contrarious, tyll his excellence
Quhowbeit ſum mennis Traditionis
Contrarius, tyll his excellence
Quhowbeit ſum mennis Traditionis
Contrar Chriſtis Inſtitutionis
Off thame thocht ſum thyng I declair
Now latt ws proceid forther mair
And with ane Language lamentabyll.
Declare this mater myſerabyll.
¶ Father the cauſs wold I knaw
Quhy thay of nature, brak the Law
I traiſt (quod he) that wyckitnes
Generith throw ſleuthfull ydilnes
The Deuyll with all the craf the can
Quhen he perſauis ane ydill man

Or woman geuyn tyll ydylnes
He gettis eaiſalye entres
And ſo be this occaſioun
And be the Findeis preſwaſioun
The hole warld vniuerſalye
Corruptit was alluterlye.
  Quhat wes the cauſe, thay ydill ware **Cour.**
That cace (Quod I) to me declare
  (Quod he) be my Imaginatioun **Expe.**
For laik of vertuous Occuperatioun
For of Craftis, thay had ſmall vſage
Off Marchandyce, nor lawborage
The erth than wes ſo plentous
Off fruct, and Spyce, delicious
The herbis wer ſo confortabyll
Delyteſum and Medicinabyll
The Fontannis freſche and redolent
To lawbouryng, thay tuke lytill tent
All maner of beiſtis at thare pleſour
Did multiplye, without lawbour
The tyme betuix Adam and Noye
To ſe the erth, it wes gret Ioye
Plantit with precious treis of pryce
Four famous Fludis of Paradyce
Ran throu the erth, in ſyndrie partis
Spreddyng thare branchis, in all airtis
The walter was ſo ſtrang and fyne
Thay wald nocht lawbour to mak wyne
The fruct, and herbis, wer ſo gude
Thay maid no cair, for vther fude
And ſo the peple tuke no cure
Bot paſſ thare tyme, at thare pleſure
Ay fyndand new Inuentiounis

c 6

To fulfyll thare Intentionis
So that the Lord Omnipotent
That he maid man, did hym repent
And ſchew on tyll his Sernand Noye
That he wald all the warld diſtroye
Except hym ſelf, and his Meinze
  Allace (quod Noye) quhen ſall that be?
Than ſaid the Lord, ſen thow ſo ſperis
I ſall Prolong, ſax ſcore of zeris
Tarying vpon thare repentence
Or I fulfull my Iuſt Sentence
In the mene tyme, ſall thow to warke
Incontinent, and beild ane Arke
Quhilk Noye began, obedientlye
And wrocht on it continuallye
And to the peple daylie precheſt
To cry for grace, he to thame techeſt
And to thame planelye did declair
That God his wand no more wald ſpair
Bot on thame he wald wyrk vengence
To Noye zit gaue thay no crendence
And ſo thay wer incounſolabyll
Vſyng thare luſte abhominabyll
And tuke his precheyng in diſpyte
Ay followyng thare foull delyte
More and more, tyll that dulefull day
Quhilk all the warld, pat in affray
  ¶ Father, ze gard me vnderſtand Cour.
  Quhen Adam brak the Lordis command
Tyll agment his afflictioun
God gaue his maledictioun
On to the erth quhilk wes ſo fair
That it ſuld barren be, and bair

And without laubour beir no corne
Nor fruct, bot thirſyll, breir, and throne
Now ſay ȝe in the tyme of Noye
To ſe the erth, it wes gret Ioye
Plantit with fructis gude and fair
The ſuthe of his, to me declair
Thir ſayingis two, gar me conſydder
Quhow ȝe mak thame, agre to gydder
  God maid that promys, ſickerlye
Quhowbeit, it come nocht inſtantlye
(Quod he) as Clerkis dois conclude   Expe.
Bot efter quhen the furious flude
Diſtroyit the erth, alluterlye
Than come that promys ſickerlye
Ewin ſiclyke as God gaue command
Adam to twyche nocht with his hand
Nor eait of the, forbiddin tree
Geue he did ſo, that he ſulde dee
Quhowbeit he deit nocht but weir
Efter that day nyne hundreth ȝeir
Rycht ſo the Prophett Eſayas
Speikand of Chriſt, the gret Meſſias   Eſay.ix
Sayand the Bairne, is tyll ws borne
To ſaif mankynd quhilk is forlone
As he had bene borne Inſtantlye
Zit wes he nocht borne veralye
Efter that ſaying mony one ȝeir
As in the Scripture, thow mayſt heir
Ane thouſand ȝeir, quho reknyth rycht   ii.Pet.iii
Is bot one hour, in Goddis ſycht
Exemplis mony, I mycht tell
Wer it nocht tedious, for to dwell
Tyll our purpoſe, latt ws proceid

Schaw and the heycht, and lenth and breid
And qualitie, of Noyis Arke
Quhilk wes ane rycht, and excellent wark
Off Pyne tre, maid bound weill about
Laid ouer with pyk, within and out
Iunit full cloſe, with nalis ſtrong
And wes thre hundreth Cubitis long
Fyfty in breid, thretty in heycht
Thre Chalmeris Iunit weill and wicht
And euerilk loft, aboue ane vther
Withoutin anker, air, or ruther
Ane rycht Cubeit, as I heir tell
Off miſour now, mycht be ane ell
In the myd ſyde, ane dur thare wes
For Beiſtis, ane eaſy entres
This Ark quhilk was boith lang and lairge
Maid in the bodum, lyke one Bairge
Couerit with burdis weill abufe
Moſte lyke ane houſſe, with ſett on rufe
Quhoſe rigyng wes ane Cubeit braid
Quhare in thare wes, ane wyndo maid
Sum ſayis, weill cloſit with Chriſtall cleir
Quhare throuch the day lycht, mycht weill appeir
This Work the mores wes to be pryſit
Because be God, it wes deuyſit
The makyng of this Arck, but weir
Gene. vii. Indurit weil ane hundreth zeir.
¶ Quhen Noye had done complait this wa
God did hym cloſe, within the Ark
With hym his Wyfe, and Sonnis thre
With thare thre Wyfis, but mo menze
And of all foulis of the air
Off euerilk kynd, enterit ane pair

Rycht ſo two Beiſtis, of euerilk kynde
For quhy, it wes the Lordis mynde
That generatioun ſuld nocht faill
Quharfor of Fameill, and of Maill
Off euerilk kynd wer keipit two
Bot to rehers, myne hart is wo
The dolent Lamentatioun
That tyme of euerilk Natioun
Sayand allace ane thouſand ſyis
Quhen wynd, and rane, began to ryſ
The Roſkis with red, began to ryue
Quhen vglie cluddis, did ouerdryue
And dirkynnit ſo, the Heuynnis brycht
That ſōne, nor Mone, mycht ſchaw no lycht,
The terrabyll trymling of ert quaik
Gart Byggyngis bow, and Cieteis ſchaik
The thunder raif, the cluddis ſabyll
With horrabyll ſoun, apouent abyll
The fyre flauchtis flew, ouerthorte the fellis
Than wes thare nocht, bot zowtis and zellis
Quhen thay perſauit, without remede
All creature, to ſuffer dede
All Fontanis frome the erth vp ſprang
And frome the Heuin, the rade doun dang
Fourth dayis, and fourty nychtis
Than ran the peple, to the heychtis
Sum clam in cragis ſum in treis
And ſum to heychaſt montanis fleis
With more terrour nor I can tell
Bot all for nocht, the fludis fell
And wynd did rowt, with ſic ane reird
That euerilk wycht, waryit his weird
Cryand allace, that thay wer borne.

Into

Into that Flude, to be Forlorne
Men mycht no help, mak to thare wyfis
Nor zit ſupport thare bairnis lyfis
The fluddis roſe, with ſo gret mychtis
That thay ouer couerit all the heychtis
Thay mycht no more, thare lyuis lenth
Bot ſwame ſo lang, as thay had ſtrenth
And ſo with cryis Lamentabyll
Endit thare lyuis Miſerabyll
Aboue montane, that wer moſte hie
Fifty Cubitis, roſe the ſee
Men may Imagyne in thare mynd
All Creature, in to thare kynd
Boith Beiſtis, and Foulis in the air
In thare maneir, maid meke cair
The Fyſchis thocht thame euyll begyld
Quhē thay ſwame throuch the woddis wyld
Quhalis tumbland amand the treis
Wyld Beiſtis, ſwomand in the ſeis
Byrdis with mony pietuous pew
Afferitlye in the air thay fleu
So lang as thay had ſtrenth to flee
Syne ſwaterit doun in to the ſee
No thyng in erth, wes left on lyue
Beiſtis, nor Foulis, Man, nor Wyue,
God halelye did thame diſtroye
Except thame in the Ark with Noye
The quhilk lay fleittand on the flude
Welterand amand the ſtremes wode
With mony terrabyll affrayis
Remanit ane hundreth and fyfty dayis
In gret langour, and heuynes
Or wynd, or rane, began to ceis

Sumtyme effectuouſlye prayand
Sumtyme the Beiſtis veſiand
For be the Lordis commandiment
He maid prouiſioum ſuffecient.
  For Noye dwelt in that Ark but dout
  Ane zeir compleit, or he come out
Quhow at more lenth, in holy wryte Ge. vii
This dulefull ſtorye, bene Indyte
And quhow that Noye, gan to reioſe
Quhen Conductis of the heuin did cloſe
So that the Rane, no more aſcendit
Quhen he perſauit the heuinnis cleir
He ſend furth Corbe Meſſingeir
In to the Air, for to eſpy
Geue he ſaw ony montanis dry
Sum ſayis the Rauin, did furt remane
And come nocht to the Ark agane
Furth flew the Dow, at Noyis command
And quhen ſcho did perſaue dry land
Off ane Olyue, ſcho brak ane branche
That Noye mycht knaw the walder ſtanche
And thare no more, ſcho did ſudiorne
Bot with the branche ſcho did returne
That Noye mycht cleirly vnderſtand
That felloun flude, was decreſſand
And ſoit did, tyll at the laſt
The Ark vpone the gound ſtak faſt
On the tope of ane Montane hye
Into the land of Armanye
And quhen that Noye, had done eſpye
Quhow that the erth: began to drye
Than dang he doun, the durris all
And lowſit thame, the quhilk wes thrall

The foulis flew, furth in the air
And all the Beiſtis, pair, and pair
Paſt furth to ſeik, thare paſtorages
Thare wes than, bot aucht perſonages
Noye, his thre Sonnis, and thare wyuis
On erth, that left was with thare lyuis
Quhome God did blys, and Sanctifie
Sayand incres, and multiplye
God wait geue Noye wes blyith and glaid
Quhen of that preſoun, he wes fraid
  Quhen noye had maid, his Sacrifyce.
  Thankand God, of his benyfice
He ſtandand on mont Armanye
Quhare he the countre, mycht eſpye
Ze may beleue, his hart was ſore
Seyng the erth, quhilk wes affore
The Flude ſo pleſand, and perfyte
Quhilk to behald, wes gret delyte
That now was barren maid and bair
A fore, quhilk fructuous was and fair
The pleſand treis, beryng fructis
Wer lyand rewin vp, be the rutis
The holſum herbis, and fragrant flouris
Had tynt boith vertew, and cullouris
The feildis grene, and fluryſt meidis
Wer ſpulzeit of thare pleſand weidis
The erth quhilk firſt, wes ſo fair formit
Wes be that furious flude deformit
Quhare vmquhyle wer, the pleſand planis
Wer holkit Glennis, and hie montanis
Frome clattryng cragis, gret and gray
The erth was weſchin, quhyte away.

¶ Bot Noye, had gretaſt diſpleſouris
Behauld and, the dede Creatouris
Quhilk wes ane ſycht rycht Lamentabyll
Men, Wemen. Beiſtis, Innumerabyll
Seyng thamely, vpone the landis
And ſum wer fleityng on the ſtrandis
Quhalis and Monſtouris, of the ſeis
Stickit on ſtobbis, amang the treis
And quhen the Flude was decreſſand
Thay wer left welteryng on the land
Affore the Flude: duryng that ſpace
The ſey wes all, in to ane place
Rycht ſo the erth, as bene deſydit
In ſyndrie partis, wes nocht deuydit
As bene Ewrope, and Aſia
Deuydit ar, frome Africa
Ze ſe now diuers famous Iſlis
Stant frome the mane land mony mylis
All thir gret Iſlis, I vnderſtand
War than equall, wit the ferme land
Thare wes none ſey, Mediterrane
Bot onely, the gret Occiane
Quhilk did nocht ſpred, ſic bulryng ſtrandis
As it dois now, ouirthort the landis
Than be the ragyng of that flude
The erth of wertew, wes denude
The quhilk afore, wes to be pryſit
Quhoſe bewtie than, wes diſſogyſit
Than wes the maledictioun knawin
Quhilk wes be God, tyll Adam ſchawin
I reid quhow Clerkis dois conclude
Induryng that moſte furious flude

With

With quhilk afore,wes ſo ſupreſt
The wynd blew furth, of the ſouth weſt
As may be ſene be experience
Quhow throw the watteris violence
The heych montanis, in euery art
Ar bair forgane, the ſouth weſt part
As the Montanis, of Parraneis
The alpis, and Rochis,in the ſeis
Rythſo the Rochis greet and gray
Quhilk ſtandis into Norroway
The heychaſt hyllis, in euery art
And in Scotland,fort moſte part
Throuch weltryng of, that furious flude
The Cragis of erth, war maid denude
Trauellyng men, may conſydder beſt
The montanis bair, nyxt the ſouth weſt.
Declare (quod I) or ȝe conclude Tour
Quhow lang leuit Noye, efter the flude
(Quod he) in Geneſis. thow may heir
Quhou that Noye,wes ſax hundreth ȝeir
The tyme of this gret puniſment Expe.
And aye to God obedient Gen̄.ix,
And wes the beſt of Sethis blude
And als he leuit efter the flude
The hundreth and fyfty ȝeris
As the ſam ſcrſpture wytnes beris
And wes or he Randerit the ſpreit
Nyne hundreth, and fyfty ȝeris compleit
To ſchaw this ſtorie miſer abyll
At lenth my wyttis ar nocht abyll
And als my Sonne as I ſuppoſe
It langis nocht tyll our purpoſe
To ſchaw quhow noyis Sonnis thre

Gan tho Intres and multyplie
Nor quhow that Noye, plantit the wyne
And drank tyll he wes dronkin ſyne
And ſleipit with his membris bair
And quhow Cham, maid for hym no fair
Bot leuch, to ſe his father ſo
Quhowbeit his Brether wer rycht wo
Nor quhow noye, but reſtrictioun
Gaue Cham his Maledictioun
And put hym vnder Seruitude
To Sum and Japhet, that wargude
Nor quhow God maid ane conuenent
With noye, to mak no punyſment
Nor be no Flude, the ple drouin
In ſigne of that conditioun
His Rane Bow ſett, in to the air
Off diuers heuinlye colouris fair
For to be ane perpetuall ſing
Be Flude to mak no punyſſing
This Story, geue thow lyſte to knaw
At lenth the Bibyll ſall the ſchaw,

FINIS.

2 4

Heir endis the firſt Part. ¶ And Followis the Secunde Part.

In the Firſt the Beyldyng of Babylone
be Nemrod. And quhow Kyng
Nynus began ye firſt
Monarche.

And of thare ydolatrye.
And quhow Semeramis. Gouernit the Im-
pyre. Efter hir Huſbande Kyng
Nynus. As Followis.

Father, I pray zow to me tell Cour.
The Firſt Infune that befell
Immediatlye efter the Flude
And quho did firſt, ſched ſackles blude
And quho Idolatrye began
¶ (Quod he) I ſall do as I can Expe.
Efter the Flude, I fynde no Storye
Worthy to putt in Memorye
Tyll Nemrod, began te Kyng Gene. x.
Aboue the Peple, as ane Kyng
Quhilk wes the Principall man of one
That beilder was, of Babilone Cour
¶ That Story Maiſter, wald I knaw
(Quod I) geue ze the ſuthe wald ſchaw
Quhy, and for quhat occaſioun
Thay beildit ſic ane ſtrang Dungeoun?
¶ Than ſaid to me Experience
I ſall declare, with Deligence

Thoſe Queſtionis at thy command
Bot firſt Sonne, thow mon underſtand
Off Nemrod, the Genologie
His ſtrenth, Curage, and Quantitie
Quhowbeit Moyſes, in his firſt Buke
That Story, lychtlye did ouer Luke
Off hym no more, he doith declare
Except he was ane ſtrang Huntare
Bot utheris Clerkis Curious
As Oroce doith, and Joſephus
Diſcryuis Nemrod, at more lenth
Boith of his ſtature, and his ſtrenth
This Nemrod was, the four perſoun
Frome Noye be lyne, deſcendyng doung
Noye generit Cham, Cham generit Chus
And Chus Nemrod, the ſuthe bene thus
This Nemrod grew ane man of mycht
That tyme in erth, wes none ſo wyth
He wes ane Gayne, ſtout and ſtrang
Perforce wyld beiſtis, he doun thrang
The peple of that hole Regioun
Come under his Dominioun
No man thare wes in all that land
His ſtal wartnes that durſt ganeſt and
No maruell wes thocht he wes wycht
Ten Cubitis large, he wes of hycht
Proportionat, in lenth and breith
Afferand to his hycht we reid
He grew ſo gret and glorious
Sop ryde full, and preſumptuous
That he come Jnobedient
To the gret God omnipotent
This Nemrod was, the principall man

D.5 That

That firſt Idolatrye began
   Than gart he all the peple call
   To his preſens, boith gret and ſmall
And in that gret conuentioun
Did propone his Intentioun Gene.xi.
My freindis (ſaid he) I mak it knawin
The gret vengeance that God hes ſchawin
In tyme of our fore Father Noye
Quhen he did all the warld diſtroye
And droung thame in ane furious flude
Quharefor I thynk we ſulde conclude
Quhov we maye make one ſtrang defence
Aganis ſick walteris violence
For to reſyſte his furious Ire
Contraye boith to flude and fyre
Latt ws go ſpye ſum pleſand feilde
Quhare one ſtrang biggyng we may bailde
One Cityie with ane ſtrang Dungeoun
That none Ingyne may dyng it doun
So heych, ſo thike, ſo large, and lang
That Gode tyll ws ſall do no wrang
Itt ſall ſurmonte the Planetis, ſewin
That we frome Gode, may wyn the hewin
Thoſe peple with one ferme intent
All tyll hys counſuell did conſent
And did eſpy one pleſand place
Harde one the flude of Euphratace
The peple thare did thame prepair
In to the plane feilde of Synear
Quhilk now of Caldie berycht the name
Quhilk did lang tyme flureis in fame.
   ¶ Thare gret fortres, thā did thay foūde
   And kaſte tyll thay gat ſouer grouner

All fell to warke boith man and chylde
Sum holkit claye, ſum brynt the tylde
Nembroth, that curious Campioun
Deuyſar wes of that Dungeoun
No thyng thay ſparit thare laubouris.
Lyke beſy beis vpone the flouris
Or Emottis trauelling in to June
Sum vnder wrocht, and ſum abone
With ſtrong ingenious maſonrye
Vpwarte thare werk did fortyfie
With brynt tylde ſtanis, large and wycht
That Towre thay raſt to ſic hycht
Abufe the airis regioun
And Junit of ſo ſtrong faſſioun
With Symend maid of pyk and tar
Thay vſt none vther mortar
Thocht fyre or walter it aſſalit
Contrare that Dungeoun nocht aualit
The land aboute wes fair and plane
And it roſe lyke one heych montane
Thoſe fuliche peple did intende
That to the Heuin, it ſulde aſcende
So gret one ſtrenth wes neuir ſene
In to the warld with mennis eine
¶ The wallis of that wark thay maid
Two and fyftye faldome braid
One faldome than as ſym men ſayis
Mycht bene two faldome in our dayi
One man wes than of more ſtature
Nor two be now thare of be ſure.
¶ Joſephus haldis opinioun
Sayand the heycht of this dungeoun
Off large paſſis of meſure bene

He maid thame gret perſuaſioun
This God (ſaid he) is moiſt of mycht
Schawand his bemys on the nycht
Quhen Sone, and Monne, ar baith obſcure
His hewinlie brychtenes doith indure
Quhen mennis memberris ſufferit·calde
Fyre warmyth thame ewin as thay walde
¶ Than cryit the peple at his deſyre
Thare is no God, except the fyre
Or thare was ony Imagerie
Began this firſt Idolatrie
Att that tyme: thare wes none vſage
To carue, nor for to paynt Image
Than maid he proclamatioun
Quho maid nocht adoratioun
To that new God, without remede
In to that fyre, ſulde ſuffer dede
I fynd no man in to that lande
His tyrannie that durſte ganeſtande
Bot Habraham, and Aram his brother
That diſobeyit, I fynd none vther
Quhilk dwelland war, in that cuntre
With thare Father callit thare
Thir brether Nembroth, did repreue
Sayand tyll hym, Lord with zour leue
This fyre, is bot ane element
Praye ze to God omnipotent
Quhilk maid the Heuins, be his mycht
Sonne. Monne, and ſterris, to gyf lycht
He maid the fyſchis in the ſeis
The erth, with beiſtis, herbis, and treis
And laſt of all, for to conclude
He maid Man to his ſimilitude

To that gret God gyfe pryſe and glore
Quhoſe King induris euermore.
¶ Than Nembroth in his furious Ire
Thir brether boith keſte in the fyre
Habraham be God, he wes preſeruit
Bot Aram in the fyre he ſtaruit
Quhen Thara, harde his ſonne wes dede
He did depart out of that ſtede
With Habraham, Nachor, and thare wyffis
As the Scripture at lynthe diſcryffis
And left the land of Caldia
And paſſe to Meſopotamia
And dwelt in Tharan all his dayis
And deit thare, as the ſtory ſayis
The lyfe of Habraham, I ſupoſe
No thyng langith tyll our purpoſe
In to the Bibyll thow may reid
His verteous lyfe in worde and deid
Now to the I haue ſchawin the man
That firſte Idolatrie began.

FINIS.

Of ye gret miſere and ſkaythis that cumis of Weris. And quhow Kyng Nynus began the firſt weris, and ſtraik the firſt Battell.

Father I pray ȝow with my hart
Declair to me or we depart
Quho firſt began thir mortall Weris
Quhilk euerilk faithfull hart efferis
And euere poleſye doun thrawis
Expreſſe agane the Lordis lawis
Sen Chriſte, our Kyng omnipotent
Left peace, in tyll his Teſtament
Quhow doith proceid this crueltie
Aganis Juſtice, and Equitie
In laude quhare ony Weris bene
Gret Miſerrie thare may be ſene
All thyng on erth, that God hes wrocht
Weir, doith diſtroye and puttis at nocht
Cıteis, with mony ſtrang dungeoun
Ar brynthe, and to the erth, doung doun
Uirginis and Matronis, ar deflorit
Templis, that rychelie bene decorit
Ar brynt and all thare Preiſtis ſpulȝeit
Pure Orphelenis vnder feit ar fulȝeit
Mony auld men maid childerles
And mony chylder fatherles
Of famous Sculis the doctrine
Beith naturall ſcience and diuyne
And euerilk vertew trampit doun

No reuerence done to religioun
Strenthis diſtroyit alluterlie
Fair Ladyis forȝeit ſchame fullie
Ȝoung weddowis ſpulȝeit of thare ſpouſis
Pure Laubourars, bandit frõ thare houſis
Thare dar no Merchand tak on hand
To trauell nother be ſey nor land
For Boucheouris, quhilk dois thame confounde
Sum murdriſt bene, and ſum ar drounde
Craftis men of curious ingyne
Alluterlye put to rewyne
The Beſtiall reft, the commonnis ſlane
The land, but lauboring doith remane
Off Polleſye, the perfyte warkis
Beildingis, Gardyngis, & pleſand parkis
Alluterlye diſtroyit bene
Gret graingis brynt thare may be ſene
Ryches bene turnit to powertye
Plentie in tyll penuritie
Deith, Hounger, Darth, it is weill kende
Off Weir, this is the Fatell ende
Iuſtice turnit in tyrrannie
All pleſour in aduerſitye
The Weir, alluterlie doun thrawis
Boith the Ciuill, and Cannoun lawis
Weir, generit Murthour, and myſcheif
Sore lamentyng withoute releif
Weir, doith diſtroye Realmes and Kyngis
Gret Princis, weir to preſoun bryngis
Weir, ſcheddis mekles ſaikles blude
Sen I can ſaye of weir no gudde
¶ Declare to me Schir gyf ȝe can
Quho firſt this Miſerrie began

And peceably of that Regioun
Did tak the hole Dominatioun
Than wes he kyng of Caldia
Allweill as of Aſſeria
As for the king of Arrabie
In his conqueſt maid hym ſupplie
¶ Of this ȝit wes nocht content
Bot to the Realmy of Mede he went
Quhare Farnus kyng of that countre
Did meit hym with one gret armie
Bot king Nynus, the battell wan
Quhare ſlane wer mony nobyll man
And to that kyng wald gif no grace
Bot planelie in one publict place
With his ſewin Sonnis, and his Ladie
Cruellye did thame Crucifie
Off that triumphe he did reioſe
Syne forwart to the feilde he goſe
Than conqueſt he Armenia
Perce, Egypt, and Pamphelia
Capadoce, Leid and Maritane
Gaſpia, Phrigia, and Hyrcane,
All Affrica, and Aſia
Except gret Inde, and Battria
Quhilk he did conques efterwart
As ȝe ſall heir or we depart
Now wald I or we forther wend
That his Idolatrie wer kend
Syne efter that withoute ſudiorne
Tyll our purpoſe we ſall returne.

FINIS.

Quhow

Quhov king Nynus, Inuentit the Firſt Idolatrie of Imagis.

Nynus one Image he gart mak
For king Bellus, his fatheris laik
Moiſt lyke his father of figoure
Off quantite and portratoure
Off fyne Golde wes that figour maid
Ane crafty Croun apone his haid
With precious ſtonis in to kyng
His father Bellus wes ane kyng
In Babilone, he ane tempyll maid
Off crafty work boith heych and braid
Quhare in that Image gloriouſlie
Wes thronit vpe tryumphandlie.
¶ Than nynus gaif ane ſtrait command
Tyll all the peple of that land
Allweill in tyll Aſſeria
As in Synear, and Caldia
Under his Dominatioun
Thay ſuld make Adoratioun
Apone thare kneis to that figour
Under the pane of forfaltour
Thare wes no Lorde in all that land
His ſummonding that durſt ganeſtand
Than zoung, and auld, boith gret and ſmall
Tyll that Image thay prayit all
And changeit his name as I heir tell
Frome Bellus to thare gret God Bell

In that tempyll he did deuyſe
Preiſtis for tyll mak ſacrifyſe
Be conſwetud than come one law
None vter God that thay wald knaw
And als he gaif to that, Image
Off Sanctuarie the Priuilage
For quhat ſum euer tranſgreſſour
One homicede or oppreſſour
Seand that Image in the face
Off thare gylt gat the kyngis grace
¶ Declare to me ſweit ſchir (ſaid I)
Wes thare no more Idolatry Cour
Efter that this fals Idole Bell
Wes thronit vp as ȝe me tell.
My ſonne (ſaid he) incōtinent Expe.
The nowellis throuch the warld thay went
Quhow king Ninus, as I haif ſaid
One curious Image he had maid
To the quhilk all his natioun
Maid deuote adoratioun
Than euerye cuntre tuke conſait
Thay wald king Nynus contrafait
Quhen ony famous man wes deid
Sett vp one Image in his ſteid
Quhilk thay did honour frome the ſplene
As it Immortall God had bene
Imagis ſum maid for the nonis
Off fyne gold, ſum of ſtokis and ſtonis
Off ſyluer ſum, and Euyr bone
With diuers namis tyll eueryone
For ſum thay callit Saturnus
Sum Iupiter, ſum Neptunus
And ſum thay callit Cupido

Thare god of lufe, and ſum Pluto
Thay callit ſum Mercurius
And ſum the wyndie Eolus
Sum Mars, maid lyke ane man of weir
Inarmit weill with ſword and ſpeir
Sum Baccus, and ſum Appollo
Of namis thay had ane houndreth mo
¶ And quhen one Lady of gret fame
Wes dede, for tyll exalt hir name
One Image of hir portratour
Wald ſet vpe in one oratour
The quhilk thay callit thare goddes
As Venus, Iuno, and Palles
Sum Cleo, ſum proſerpina
Sum Ceres, Veſta, and Diana
And ſum the gret goddes Mynarue
With curious cullouris thay wald carue
Amang the Poetis, thow may ſee
Off fals goddis the genologee
¶ So thir abhominationis
Did ſpred ouerthort all nationis
Except gude Habraham, as we reid
Quhilk honourit God, in word and deid
For Habraham had his beginnyng
In to the tyme of Nynus king
Nynnus began with tyrannis
And Habraham with humilitie
Nynus began tha firſt Impyre
Habraham of weir, had no deſyre
Nynus began the Idolatrye
Habraham, in ſpreit and verytie
He prayit to the Lorde allone,
Fals Imagry he wald haue none

Off hym diſcendit I heir tell
The twelf gret Trybis of Iſraell
Thoſe pepte maid adoratioun
With humyll ſupplicatioun
Tyll hym quhilk wes of kyngis king
That hewin and erth, maid of no thing
Dede Imagis, thay held at nocht
That wer with mennis handis wrocht
Bo the almychtie God of lyue
My ſonne now haif I done diſcriue
Thir queſtionis at thy command   Cour
The quhilkis thow did at me demand
  ¶ Quhat wes the cauſe (ſchir mak me ſure)
  Idolatrye did ſo lang indure
Outhrouch the warld ſo generalie
And with the Gentilis ſpecialie
(Quod he) ſum cauſis principall
I fyng in my memoriall
Firſt wes throuch princis commandiment
Quhilk did ydolatrye inuent
Syne ſingulare proffeit of the preiſtis
Payntours, Goldſmytis, Maſonnis,: Wrychtis
Thoſe men of craft full curiouſlie
Maid Imagis ſo pleſandlie
And ſauld thame for ane ſumptuous pryce
So be thare crafty Merchandyce
Thay wer maid ryche, abone meſure
As for the Preiſtis I the aſſure
Large proffeit gat ouerthort all landis
Throuch ſacrifyce, and offerandis
And be thare fayned ſanctitude
Abuſit mony ane man of gude
As in the tyme of Daniell

The preiſtis of this Idoll Bell
Quhen Nabuchodonoſor king
In Babilone, royallie did ring
Thoſe preiſtis the Kyng gart underſtand
That ymage maid be mennis hand
He wes one glorious God of lyfe
And had ſic ane prerogatyfe
That by his gret power deuyne
Wald eait Beif, muttone, Breid, and wyne
And ſo the king gart euery daye
Affore Bell on his Aulter laye
Fourty freſche Wodderris fat and fyne
And ſax gret Rowbouris of wycht wyne
Twelf gret Louis of bowtit floure
Quhilk wes all eaitin in one houre
Nocht be that Image deif and dum
Bot be the preſtis all and ſum
As in the Bibill thow may ken
Quhoſe nummer wer thre ſcore and ten
Thay, and thare wyfis euerilk day
Eait all that on the aulter lay
Than Daniell in concluſioun
Shew the Kyng thare abuſioun
And of thare ſubtelty maid hym ſure
Quhow onderneth the tempyll flure
Throuch ane paſſage thay cam be nycht
And eait that meit with candell lycht
The Kyng quhen he the mater knew
Thoſe preiſtis withall thare wyffis he ſlew
Thus ſubtellie the kyng was ſylit
And all the peple wer begylit
My ſonne (ſaid he) now may thow ken
Quhow by the Preiſtis and craftiſmen

And

And be thares craftines and cure
Idolatrye did ſo lang indure
¶ Behauld quhow Ihone boccatious
Hes wryttin workis wounderous
Off Gentilis ſuperſtitioun
And of thare gret abuſioun
As in his gret Buke thow may ſee
Off fals Goddis the genealogie
Off Demogorgon in ſpecaill
Fore Grandſchir, tyll the Goddis all
Honourit amang Archadience
And of the fals Philiſtience
With thare gret deuil leſche got Dagone
With vtheris Idolis mony one
Bot I abhore the treuth to tell
Off the princis of Iſraell
Choſin be God Omnipotent iii.Reg.
Quhow thay brak his cōmandiment xi.
Kyng Salomone, as the ſcripture ſayis
He doitit in his latter dayis
His wantoun wyffis, to compleis
He curit notht God, tyll diſpleis
And ded committ Idolatrye
Wyrſchipyng caruit Imagerye
As Moloch, god of Ammonitis
And Chamos, god of Moabitis
Aſtarotht god of Sydoniains
So for his inobediens
And fowle abhominatioun
Wer puneiſt his ſucceſſioun
His ſonne Roboan, I heir tell
Tynt the ten Trybis of Iſrael

As

Of the Monarche
For his fatheris Idolatrye
As in the ſcripture thow may ſee.

FINIS.

Off Imageis vſit amang criſtin men.

Father zit ane thyng I wald ſpeir
Behald in euery kirk an queir Cour.
Throuch Chriſtindome in burgh and lād
Imageis maid with mennis hand
To quhome bene gyffin diuers name
Sum Peter, ang Paull, ſum Ihone, and Iames
Sanct Peter caruit with his keyis
Sanct Michaell with his wyngie and weyis
Sanct katherine, with hir ſwerd and quheill
Ane kynde ſett vp beſyde ſant Geill
It war to lang for tyll diſcryue
Sanct Frances with his woundis fyue
Sand Tredwall, als thare may be ſene
Quhilk on ane prik heth boith hir eine
Sanct Paull weill payntit with ane ſworde
As he wald feycht, at the firſt worde
Sanct Appollin on altare ſtandis
With all hir tethe in tyll hir handis
Sanct Rochoe weill ſeiſt men may ſe
Ane byill new brokin on his thye

Sanct Eloy he doith ſtaitly ſtand
Ane new hors ſchoo in tyll his hand
Sanct ringane of ane rottin ſtoke
Sanct Duchow boird out of ane bloke
Sanct Androw with his croce in hand
Sanct George vpe ane hors rydand
Sanct Anthone ſett vp with ane ſow
Sanct Bryde, weill caruit with ane kow
With coſtlye colouris fyne and fair
Ane thouſand mo I mycht declair
As ſanct Coſma and Damiane
The Sowtars ſanct Criſpaniane
All thir on altare ſtaitly ſtandis
Preiſtis cryand for thare offrandis
To quhome we Communis on our kneis
Doith wyrſchip all thir Imagereis
In Kirk, in Queir, and in the cloſter
Prayand to thame ou Pater noſter
In pylgramage frome town to town
With offrand, and with oriſoun
To thame aye babland on our beidis
That thay wald help ws in our neidis
Quhat differis this, declare to me
Fro the Fentilis Idolatrye. Expe

¶ Gyff that be trew that thow reportis
Itt goith rycht neir thir ſamyn ſortis
Bot we be counſall of Clargye
Hes lycence to mak Imagerye
Quhilk of vnleir bene the buikis
For quhen laud folk vpone thame lukis
Itt bryngith to rememberance
Off Sanctis lyuis the circumſtance
Quhow the faith for to fortifye

Thay ſufferit pane pane rycht pacientlye
Seand the ſuld Image of the Rude
Men ſuld remember on the Blude
Quilk Chriſt in tyll his Paſſioun
Did ſched for our Saluatioun
Or quhen thow ſeis ane portrature
Off blyſſit Marie Virgen pure
One bony Babe vpone hir kne
Than thy mynde remember the
The wordis quhilkis the Prophett ſaid
Quhow ſche ſuld be boith mother and maid
  Bot quho that ſittis doun on thare kneis
  Prayand tyll ony Imagereis
With oritioun or offerand
Kneland with cap in to thare hand
No difference bene, I ſay to the
Frome the Gentilis Idolatrye.
  ¶ Rycht ſo of diuers nationis
  I reid abominationis
Quhow Grekis maid thare deuotioũ haill
To Mars, to ſaif thame in bataill
Tyll Iupiter, ſum tuke thare vayage
To ſaif thame frome the ſtormis rage
Sum prayit to Venus, frome the ſplens
That thay thare luſtis mycht obtene
And ſum to Iuno, for ryches
Thare pylgramage thay wald addres.
  ¶ So doith our commoun populare
  Quhilk war to lang for tyll declare
Thare ſuperſtitious pylgramageis
To mony diuers Imageis
Snm to ſanct Rochee with deligence
To ſaif thame frome the peſtilence

For thare teith, to ſanct Appollene
To ſanct Tredwell, to mend thare eine
Sum makis offrande to ſanct Eloye
That he thare hors may weill conuoye
Thay ryn, quhen thay haif Iowellis tynte
To ſeik ſanct Syith, or euer thay ſtynte
And to ſanct Germane to get remeid
For maladeis in to thare heid
Thay bryng mad men on fuit and horſſe
And byndis thame to ſanct Mongoſe croſſe
To ſanct Barbara, thay cry full faſte
To ſaif thame frome the thonder blaſte
For gude nowellis as I heir tell
Sum takis thare gait to Gabriell
Sum wyffis ſanct Margret doith exhort
In to thare byrth thame to ſupport
To ſanct Anthony to ſaif the ſoow
To ſanct Bryde to keip calf, and koow
To ſanct Baſtien, thay ryn and ryde
That frome the ſchote he ſaif thare ſyde
And ſum in hope to gett thare haill
Rynnis to the auld rude of Kerraill
Quhowbeit thir ſimpyll peple rude
Thynk thare intentioun be bot gude
Wo be to Preiſtis, I ſay forme
Quhilk ſuld ſchaw to thame the verratie
Prelatis quhilkis hes of thame the cure
Sall mak anſweir thare of be ſure
On the gret day of Iugement
Quhen no tyme beis for to repent
Quhare manyfeſt Idolatrye
Sall puneiſt be perpetuallye.

FINIS.

Heir followis one Exclamatioun aganis Idolatrie.

Imprudent peple, Ignorant & blynd Expe.
By quhat reaſoune, law, or authoritie
Or quhat attentyck ſcripture can ȝe fynd
Leif ſum for tyll commyt Idolatrie
Quhilk bene to bow ȝour body or ȝour kne
With deuote humyll adoratioun
Tyll ony Idoll maid of ſtone or tre
Geueand thame offerand or oblatioun.

¶ Quhy did ȝe gyf the honour laude and glore
Pertenyng God (quhilk maid all thyng of nocht
Quhilk wes, and is, and ſal be euirmore)
Tyll Imagis by mennis handis wrocht
O fulyſche folke, quhy haif ȝe ſouccour ſocht
Off thame quhilk can nocht help ȝow in diſtres
Zit reaſonably reuolfe in to ȝour thocht
In ſtok, nor ſtone can be non holynes.

¶ In the deſert, the peple of Iſraell
Moyſes remanyng in the mont Synaye Exo.xxxii
Thay maid one moltin Calf, of fyne metell
Quhilk thay did honour as thare God verraye
Bot quhen Moyſes diſcendit I heir ſaye
And did conſydder thare Idolatrye
Off that peple, thre thouſand gart he ſlaye
As the ſcripture at lenth doith teſtifye.

¶ Becauſe the holye prophett Daniell Dani.xiii
In Babylone Idolatrie, repreuit
And wald nocht worſchip thare fals Idoll Bell
The hole peple at hym wer ſo aggreuit
To that effect, that he ſuld be myſcheuit
Deliuerit hym till rampand Lyonis ſewin
Bot of that dangerous den he wes releuit
Throuch myrakle of, the gret God of hewin.

¶ Behald quhow Nabuchodonoſor king
In to the vaill of Duran, did prepare Dan.iii.
One Image of fyne Gold, one meruallous thing
Thre ſcore of cubyts, heych and ſaxin ſquare
As more cleirlye the ſcripture doith declare
To quhome all peple by proclamatioun
With bodeis bowit, and on thare kneis bare
Rycht humylie maid adoratioun.

¶ Ane gret wounder, that day wes ſene alſo
Quhow Nabuchodonoſor, in his yre
Tuke Sydrach, Myſach, and Abednago
Quhilks wald nocht bow thare kne at his deſyre
Tyll that Idoll, gart kaſt thame in the fyre
For to be brynt, or he ſterit of that ſteid
Quhen he beleuit, thay wer brynt bone and lyre
Wes nocht conſumit, one ſmall hair of thair heid.

¶ The Angell of the Lord wes with thame ſens
In that hait furneis paſſing vpe and doun
In tyll ane roſye Garth, as thay had bene
None ſpott of fyre, diſſenyng cote, nor gown
Off victorie, thay did obtene the croun
And wer to thame, that maid adoratioun

To that Idoll, or bowit thare body doun
One witneſſyng of thare dampnatioun.

¶ Quhat wes the cauſe, at me: thow may demande
That Salomone, vſit none Imagrye
In his triumphand Tempyll for till ſtande
Of Abraham, Iſac, Iacobe, nor Ieſſe
Nor of Moyſes, thare ſauegarde throuch the ſee,
Nor Ioſue, thare valȝeant Campioun
Becauſe God did command the contraye
That thay ſulde vſe ſic ſuperſtitioun.

¶ Behald quhow the gret God Omnipotent
To preſerue Iſraell, frome Idolatrye Exod. xx
Derectit thame one ſtrait commandiment Deut. v
Thay ſuld noch mak, none caruit ymagrye
Nother of Gold, of Syluer, ſtone, nor tre
Nor ȝyt worſchip tyll ony ſimilytude
Beand in hewin, in erth, nor in the ſee
Bot onelye tyll his ſouerane celſitude.

¶ The propheit Dauid, planely did repreue
Idolatrye to thare confuſioun
In grauit ſtok, or ſtone, that did beleue
Declaryng thame thare gret abuſioun
Spekand in maner of diryſioun
Quhow dede Idolis, be mennis handis wrocht
Quham thay honourit, with humill oriſioun
Wer in the markat daylie ſauld and bocht.

¶ The Deuyllis ſeand the euyll conditioun
Off the Gentylis, and thare vnfaithfulnes
For tyll agment, thare ſuperſtitioun

I

In thoſe Idolis, thay maid thare entres
And in thame ſpak, as ſtoryis doith expres
Than men beleuit of thame to gett releif
Aſkand thame help, in all thare beſynes
Bot finallye that turnit to thare myſcheif.

¶ Traiſt weill in thame, is none Diuinitie
Quhen reik, and rowſt, thare fair colour doith faid
Thocht thay haue feit, one fute thay can not flee
Quhowbeit the tempyll byrn abone thair haid
In thame is nother freindſchip nor remaid
In ſic figuris, quhat fauour can ȝe fynd
With mouth and eris, and eine thocht thay be maid
All men may ſe, thay ar dum, deif, and blynd.

¶ Quhowbeit thay fal doun flatlyngis on the flure
Thay haif none ſtrenth thare ſelf to rais agane
Thocht Rattonis ouir yame ryn thay tak no cure
Quhowbeit yai breik yare neck, thay feill no pane
Quhy ſulde men pſalmes to thame ſing or ſane
Sen growand treis, that ȝeirly berith frute
Ar more to pryſe, I makit to the plane
Nor cuttit ſtockis, wantyng boith crope and rute.

¶ Of Edinburgh, the gret Idolatrye
And manifeſt abhominatioun
On thare feiſt day, all creature may ſe
Thay beir ane auld ſtock Image throuch the toun
With talbrone, trompet, ſcalme, and Clarioun
Quhilk hes bene vſit mony one ȝeir bigone
With preiſtis, and freris, in to proceſſioun
Siclyke as Bell wes borne throuch Babilone.

¶ Aſchame ze nocht, ze ſeculare preiſtis and freris
Tyll ſo gret ſuperſtitioun to conſent
Idolateris ze haue mony zeris
Expreſſe agane the Lordis commandiment
Quhare for brether, I counſall zow repent
Gyff no honour, to caruit ſtock, nor ſtone
Geue laude and glore, to God Omnipotent
Allanerlie, as wyſelie wryttis Ihone.

¶ Fy on zow Freris, that vſis for to preche
And dois aſſiſt to ſic Idolatrye
Quhy do ze nocht, the Ignorant peple teche
Quhow ane dede Image, caruit of one tree
As it wer holy, ſuld nocht honourit be
Nor borne on Burges backis vp and doun
Bot ze ſchaw planely zour Ipocryſie
Quhen ze paſſe formeſt in proceſſioun.

¶ Fy on zow foſtraris of Idolatrye
That tyll ane dede ſtock dois ſic reuerence
In preſens of the peple, publykelye
Feir ze nocht God, to commit ſic offence
I counſall zow do zit zour diligence
To gar ſuppreſſe, ſic gret abuſioun
Do ze nocht ſo, I dreid zour recompence
Salbe nocht ellis, bot clene confuſioun.

Had ſanct Frances, bene borne out throuch the toun
Or ſanct Dominick, thocht ze had nocht refuſit
With thame tyll haif paſt in proceſſioun
In tyll that caſis, ſum wald haif zow excuſit
Now men may ſee, quhow that ze haue abuſit
That nobyll town, throuch zour Ipocraſye

Thoſe peple trowis, that thay may richt well wat
Quhen ȝe pas with thame in to cumpanye.

Sum of ȝow hes bene quyet counſallouris
Prouocand princis, to ſched ſaikles blude
Quhilk neuir did ȝour prudent predeceſſouris
Bot ȝe lyke furious Phariceis denude
Off charitie, quhilk rent Chriſt on the rude
For Chriſtis floke, without malyce or yre
Conuerit fragyll faltouris I conclude
Be Goddis worde, withoutin ſweird or fyre.

Reid ȝe nocht quhow, the Chriſt hes gyffin cōmād
Giff thy brother doith oucht the til offēd Mat. xviii
Than ſecretlye correct hym hand for hand
In freindly maner, or thow farther wend
Gyff he wyll docht heir the, than makit kend
Tyll one or two, be trew narratioun
Gyf he for thame wyll nocht his mys amend
Declare hym to the congregatioun.

And gyf he ȝit remanith obſtinat
And to the holy kirk inconſolable
Than lyke ane Turke, hald hym excommunicat
And with all faithfull folk abhominabyll
Banyſing hym, that he be no more able
To dwell amang the faithfull companye
Quhen he repentis, be nocht vnmerciable
Bot hym reſſaue agane rycht tenderlye.

Bot our dum Doctoris, of Diuinitie
And ȝe of the laſt founde religioun
Off pure tranſgreſſouris, ȝe haue no petie

Bot cryis to put thame to confuſioun
As cryit the Iowis, for the effuſioun
Off Chriſtis blude in to thare byrnand yre
Crucifige, ſo ze with one unioun
Cryis, fy, gar caſt that faltour in the fyre.

Unmercifull memberis, of the Antichriſt — Roma xvi
Extolland zour humane traditione
Contrar the Inſtitutione of Chriſt — Ephe. v
Effeir ze nocht, Diuine punytione
Thocht ſum of zow be gude of conditione
Reddy for to reſſaue new recent wyne
I ſpeik to zow, auld boſſis, of perditione
Returne in tyme, or ze ryn to rewyne

As ran the peruerſt Prophetis of Baal — iii. Regū. xviii.
Quhilkis did conſent, to the Idolatrye
Off wickit Achab king of Iſraell
Quhoſe nommer wer, four hundreth and fyftie
Quhilkis honourit that Idoll opinlye
Bot quhen Elias, did preue thare abuſioun
He gart the peple ſla thame creuellye
So at one hour, came thare confuſioun

I pray zow prent in zour remembrance
Quhow the reid Freris, for thare Idolatrye
In Scotland, Ingland, Spane, Italy, and France
Upone one day, wer puneſſit pietuouſlye
Behald quhow zour awin brether now ſaitlye
In Duchland, Ingland, Demarck and Norowaye
Ar trampit doun, with thare Ipocraſye
And as the ſnaw, ar meltit clene awaye.

I mar.

I maruell yat our Byſchoppis thynkis no ſchame
To gyf ȝow freris ſic preheminens
Tyll vſe thare office, to thare gret diffame
Precheing for thame in opin audiens
Bot mycht A Byſchope eik tyll his awin expens
For ilk Sermone ten Ducatis in his hand
He wald or he did want that recompens
Go preſche hym ſelf, boith in to burgh and land

¶ I treiſt to ſe gude reformatione
Frome tyme we gett ane faithfull prudent King
Quhilk knawis the treuth; and his vocatione
All Publicanis, I traiſt he wyll doun thring
And wyll nocht ſuffer in his realme to ring
Corruppit Scrybis, nor fals Phariſiens
Agane the treutht, quhilk planely doith maling
Tyll that kyng cum, we mon tak paciens.

Now fairweill freindis, be cauſe I can nocht flyte
Quhoubeit I culde, ȝe mon hald me excuſit
Thocht I agane Idolatrye Indyte
Or thame diſpyte that wyll nocht ȝit refuſit
I praye to God, that it be no more vſit
Amang the rewlaris of this Regioun
That commoun peple, be no more abuſit
Bot gyf hym glore, that bair the creuell croun.

¶ Quhilk techeit vs, be his deuine Scripture
Tyll rycht prayer the perfyte reddy way
As wrytith Matthew, in his ſext Chepture
In quhat maner, and to quhome we ſuld pray
One ſchort compendious oriſone euerilk day
Moſt proffitabyll, for boith body, and Saull

The quhilk is nocht derectit I heir ſay
To Ihone, nor James, to Peter nor to Paull.

¶ Nor none vther of the Apoſtlis twelf
Nor to no Sanct, nor Angell in the Hevin
Bot onely tyll our Father God hym ſelf
Quhilk oriſione, it doith contene full ewin
Moſt proffitabill, for ws petitionis ſewin
Quhilk we lawid folk, the Pater noſter call
Thoch we ſay Pſalmis, nyn ten or alewin
Off all prayer, this bene the principall.

Be reaſoun of the makkar, quhilk it maid
Quhilk wes the Sonne of God, our Saluiour
Be reaſon als, to quhome it ſuld be ſaid
Tyll the Father of hewin, our Creatour
Quhilk dwellis nocht in tempyll nor in tour
He cleirlye ſeis our thocht, wyll, and intent
Quhat neidith was, at vtheris ſeik ſuccour
Quhen in all place, his power bene preſent.

¶ Ze princis of the preiſtis that ſuld preche
Quhy ſuffer ze ſo gret abuſioun
Quhy do ze nocht the ſempyll peple teche
Quhow, and to quhome, to dreſſe thare oriſoun
Quhy thole ze thame, to ryn frome toun to toun
In pylgramage, tyll ony Imagreis
Hopand to gett thare ſum Saluatioun
Prayand thame, deuotlye on thare kneis.

¶ This wes the prettike of ſum pylgramage
Quhen fillokis in, to Fyfe began to fon
With Ioke, & Thom, than tuke thay yare vayage

In Anguiſſe, tyll the feild Chappell of Dron
Than kyttoke thare als cadye as ane Con
Without regarde, other to Syn or ſchame
Gaiff Lowre leif, at layſer to loupe on
Far better had bene, tyll haif biddin at hame

I haue ſene paſt, one meruellous multytude,
Zoung men and wemen flyngand on thare feit
Unde the forme of feynit ſanctytude
For tyll adore one Image in Loreit
Mony came with thare marrowis for to meit
Committand tharefowll fornicatioun
Sum kyſt the claggit taill of the Armeit,
Quhy thole ʒe this abhominatioun.

Off Fornicatioun and Idolatrye
Apperanlye ʒe tak bot lytill cure
Seand the maruellous Infelicitye
Quhilk heth ſo lang done in this land indure
In ʒour defalt, quhilk heth the charge and cure
This bene of treuth, my Lordis with ʒour leue
Sic pylgramage heth maid mony one hure
Quhilk gyf I pleſt, planelye I mycht preue.

Quhy mak ʒe nocht, the ſcripture manifeſt,
To pure peple, twychin Idolatrye
In ʒour preſcheing, quhy hayf ʒe nocht expreſt
Quhow mony Kyngis of Iſraell creuellye.
Wer puneiſſit be God ſo rigorouſlie
As Jeroboam, and mony mo but doute
For wyrſchippyng, of caruit Imagerie iii. Reg.
Wer frome thare realmes rudlye rutit oute xiii

¶ Quhy thole ȝe onder ȝour Dominioun
Ane craftye prieſt, or fenȝeit fals armeit
Abuſe the peple of this Regioun
Onely for thare percular profeit
And ſpeciallye that Heremit of Lawreit
He pat the comoun peple in beleue
That blynd gat ſeycht, and crukit gat thare feit
The quhilk that palȝard no way can appreue.

Ȝe maryit men, that hes trym wantoun wifis
And luſty dochteris, of ȝoung tender aige
Quhoſe honeſtie, ȝe ſuld lufe as ȝour lyffis
Permyt thame nocht, to paſſe in pylgramage
To ſeik ſupport, at ony ſtok Image
For I haue wyttin, gud wemen paſſe fra hame
Quhilk hes bene trappit, with ſic luſtis rage
Hes done returne, boith with gret ſyn and ſchame

¶ Get vpe thow ſlepit all ſo lang, O Lorde
And mak one haiſtie reformatioun
On thame quhilk doith trāp doun yi gracious worde
And hes ane deidly Indignatioun
Att thame quhilk makit trew narratioun
Of thy Goſpell, ſchawing the verytie
O Lord I mak the ſupplicatioun
Supporte our Faith, our Hope, and Charytie.

FINIS.

Heir followis quhow Kyng Nynus Beildit the gret Citie of Nyniue, An quhow he Vincuſte zoroaſtes, the Kyng off Bactria,

This Nynus of Aſſeria King
Quhen he had maid his conqueſting
To beild one Citie he hym dreſt
Choſing the place quhare he thocht beſt
Quhare he had firſt dominioun
In Aſſeria his awin regioun
Thocht Aſſur as the ſcriptur ſays Gene. x.
Quhilk come affore King Nynus dayis
And foundit that famous Citie
The quhilk was callit Nyniue
Bot as reherſis Diodore
Nynus that Citie did decore
So maruellous tryumphantlye
As ȝe ſall heir Immediatlye
Upon the flude of Euphrates
Quhilk to behauld gret wounder wes
One hundreth and fyftye ſtagys
That Citie wes of lenth I wys
The wallis one hundreth fute of hycht
No wounder was thocht thay wer wycht
Sick breid abufe the wallis thare was
Thre cartis mycht ſydlingis on thame pas
Four hundreth ſtageis and four ſcore
In circuit but myn or more
Off towris abouts thoſe wallis I wene

Ane thouſand, and fyue hundreth bene
Off heycht two hundreth fute and more
As wryttis famous Diodore
The ſcripture makis mentioun Iona.iii.
¶ Quhen God ſend Ionas to that toun
To ſchaw thame of his puneiſment
Outthrouch the Citie quhen he went
Thre dyis Iornay, tyll hym it wes
The Bybill ſayi it wes no les
My Sonne: now haif I ſchawin to the
Off the beildyng of Nyniue Expe.
For the agmentyng of his fame
Nynus gart call it efter his name
¶ Quhen he that gret Citie had endit
To conques more ȝit he intendit
And dit depart frome Nyniue
And raiſt vp one gret arme
Off the moſt ſtalwarte men and ſtoute
Off all his Regionis rounde aboute
In gret dour tuke thare Iorna
Towarte the realme of Bactria
Off wycht fute men, I vnderſtande
He had ſewintene hundreth thouſande
Withoute hors men and weir lyke cairtis
Quhome he ordouit it in ſindry partis
Quhilk tyll diſcriue I am nocht abyll
Quhoſe nummer bene ſo vntro wabyll.
¶ Zoroaſtes, that nobyll kyng.
Quhilk Bactria, had in gouernyng
That Prudent Prince: as I heir tell
Did in Aſtronomye precell
And fand the Art of Magica
With naturell ſcience, moy ma

Seand king Nynus on the feilde
Fordwart he came with ſpeir and ſcheildis
Foure hundreth thouſand men he wes
In his Armie thare wes no les
And mett king Nynus on the bordoure
Rycht vailzantlie, and in gude ordoure
On the Vangarde of his Armie
On thame he ruſcheit rycht rudelie
And of thame ſlew as I heir ſaye
One hundreth thouſand men that day
The reſt that chapit wer vnſlane
To Nynus gret oiſte, fled agane
¶ Off that king Nynus wes ſo noyit
He reſtit neuir tyll diſtroyit
All hoill that Regioun vpe and doun
And frome the king, did reif the croun
And maid the Realme of Bactria
Subiectit tyll Aſſeria
And in that ſamin land I wys
He tuk to wyfe Semeramis
Quha (as myne) Author dois diſcryue
Was than the luſtieſt on lyue
That beand done without ſudgeorne
Tyll Nyniue he did returne
With gret tryumphe of victorie
As myne Authore dois ſpecifie
Boith Occident, and Orient
War all tyll hym obedient
It wald abhore the tyll heir red
The ſaikles blude that hed did ſched
Quhen he had roung, as thow may heir
The ſpace of thre and fourtye zeir
Beand in his excelland glore

The dolent deith, did hym deuore
In quhat ſorte, I am nocht certane
Sum Author ſayis that he wes ſlane
And left tyll bruke his Heretage
One lytill Babe of tender aige
Zoung Nynus wes the chyldis name
Quhilk efter fluryſte in gret fame
Sum ſayis that be his wyfis treaſoun
Kyng Nynus deit in preſoun
As I ſall ſchaw or I hyne fair
Quhow Diodore hath done declair.

FINIS.

Heir folowis ſum
of the wounderfull dedis of the luſtye Quene Semeramis.

Nynus luffit ſo Ardentlye
Semeramis, his fair Ladye
Thare wes na thyng ſcho wald command
Bot al obeyit wes fra hand
Scho ſeand hym ſo Amorous
Schow grew proude and preſumptuous
And at the Kyng ſcho did deſyre
Fyue dayis to gouerne his Impyre
And he of his beneuolence
Did grant hir that preeminence
With Sceptour, Crown, and Robroyall
And hole power Imperiall

Tyll fyue dayis wer cum and gone
That ſcho as Kyng ſulde ryng allone.
¶ Than all the Princis of the land
Duryng that tyme maid hir ane band
With bankat Royall myrrellie
Scho treat it thame Triumphantlye
So the firſt day the peple all
Came tyll hir ſeruice bound and thrall
Bot or the ſecunde day wes gone
Scho tuke ſic glore to ryng allone
Be one decreit maid thame amang
The Kyng ſcho patt in preſone ſtrang
I reid weill of his preſonyng
Bot nocht of his deliuering
Quhow euir it wes in tyll his flowris
He did of deit, ſuffer the ſcowris
And micht nocht lenth his lyfe one houre
Thocht he wes the firſt Concreoure
Quhaſe Conqueſſing, for to conclude
Wes nocht bot gret ſchedding of blude
Now haue ze hard of Nynus Kyng
Quhow he began, and his endyng
Quhowbeit myne Author Diodore
Off hym haith wryttin mekle more
Princis for wrangus conqueſſing
Doith mak oft tymes ane euill endyng
Thocht he had lang proſperitie
He endit with miſeretie.

FINIS.

¶ Off Kyng Nynus Sepulture.

The Quene a Sepulture ſche maid
Quhar ſche Kyng Nynus body laid
Off curious crafty wark and wycht
The quhilk had ſtagis nyne of hycht
And ten ſtagis of breid it wes.
Diodore ſaith it wes no les
For aucht Stagis one myle thow tak
And thair efter the nummer mak
So be this compt, it wes full rycht
One myle, als and one ſtage of hycht
Except the Towre of Babilone
So heych one wark, I reid of none.
¶ Semeramis, this laſtye Quene
Conſyddryng quhat dainger bene
To haif on Kyng of tender aige
Quhilk mycht nocht vſe no vaſſalage
Scho tuke one curagious conſait
Thinkand that ſcho wald mak debait
Geue one maid rebellion
Contrar hir Sonne, or his Regioun
Quhome ſche did foſter tenderly
And kepit hym full quyetly
Scho laid appart hir awin cleſthyng
And tuke the Rayment of ane Kyng
Quhen ſcho wes in tyll Armour dycht
Mycht no man knaw hir be one knycht
Scho valzeantlye went to the weir

And to gyff battell tuke na feir
Dantyng all Realmes rounde aboute
That all the warld of hir had doute
More fortunat in hir conqueſtyng
Nor wes hir Huſband Nynus Kyng.
¶ Babylone ſcho did fortyfie
Templis and towris tryumphandlye
So pleſantlye did thame prepair
Quhilk in the erth, had no compair
Quhowbeit Nemrod, of quhome I ſpake
The hydduous dungeoun he gart make
And of the Citie, the foundiment
To quhome God maid impediment
Quhare Nemrod left, thare ſcho began
And pat to wark mony one man
Off all the Realmes round aboute
Off moſt Ingyne, ſcho ſocht thame oute
Scho had wyrkand with tre and ſtonis
Twel hundreth thouſand men at onis
Go reid the buke of Diodore
And thow ſall fynd the nummer more
On euerilk ſyde of Euphrates
That nobyll Citie beildit wes
And ſo that ryuer of renown
Ran throuch the mydpart of the town
Ouerthort that flude ſcho bryggis maid
Off maruellous ſtrenth, boith lang & braid
Thay wer fyue ſtagis large of lenth
On euerilk bryg, ſcho maid ane ſtrenth
The circuit as I ſaid affore
Foure hundreth ſtagis, and four ſcore
The wallis hyckt quho wald diſcryue
Thre hundreth fute thre ſcore and fyue

Sax Cairtis mycht pas rycht eaſalye
Abufe the wallis of that Citie
Sydlingis withoute Impediment
Conſydder be zour Iugement
Geue thoſe wallis wer hie or nocht
And alſo curiouſlye wer wrocht
As Diodore hes done defyne
Quhilk doith tranſcend my rude Ingyne
Off Babilone the magnificens
To quhome ze wauld gyf no credens
Geue I at lenth, wald put in wryte
Quhilk Diodore, hes done indyte
Compare of Cities fynd I none
Tyll Nynius, and Babilone
Frome Nyniue, in Aſſeria
Tyll Babilone in Caldia
By Bryggis pleſandlye ze may pas
Upone the flude of Euphratas
Amang the fluddis of Paradyce
This Euphratas maye beir the pryce
All warkis quhilkis the Quene began
Tranſcendit the ingyne of man
The proude Quene Pantaſilia
The Princes of Amalona
With hir Ladyis triumphandlye
Att Troye, quhilk faucht ſo wailzeantly
Nor zit the fair Madin of France
Danter of Inglis Ordinance
To Semeramis in his dayis
Wer no compare as qukis ſayis
Except triumphand Iulyus
Strong Hanniball, or Pompeyus
Or Allexander the Concreoure

I fynd no gretter Werioure.
¶ Wald I rehers as wyttis Clerkis
Hir wundefull and vailzeand werkis
It wer to me one gret laubour
And tiddious to the Auditour
Quhat ſcho did in Ethopia
And in the lande of Medea
Beildand Cities, Caſtellis, and Towris
Parkis, and Gardingis, of pleſouris
For the exaltyng of hir name
And Immortall to mak hir fame
Off Jarcieus, the heych Montanis
Scho gare ryue down, and mak thame planis
Gret Gyantes, that Montane wycht
Twenty and fyue ſtagis of hycht
Tyll hir Palyce, to draw ane louche
By fors of mes ſcho raif it throche.
¶ Had ſcho kepit hir Chaſtitie
Scho mycht haue bene one A, per ſe
Quhen ſcho had ordorit hir Impyre
Off Venus wark, ſcho tuke deſyre
One ſecreit Manſioun ſcho gart mak
Quhare ſcho maiſt pleſandlye mycht tak
Zoung Gentyll men, for hir pleſour
The quhilk ſcho vſit abuſe meſour
One man allone, mycht nocht be abyll
To ſtanche hir luſte inſaciabyll
Quhen ſcho wes ſatiſfyit of one
Scho gart ane vther cum anone
The luſtieſt of all the land
Come quyetlye at hir command
Quhen thay at lenth had lyin hir by
Scho ſlew thame all rycht creuelly

Quhen hir Sone come tyll aige perfyte
Of hym ſcho tuke ſo gret delyte
Scho cauſit hym with hir to lye
Amang the reſt richt quyetlye
Sum ſayis throuch ſenſuall luſtis rage
Scho band hym in to Mariage
And held hym vnder tutorye
To vphald hir auctoritye.

FINIS.

Quhow the quene

Semeramis, with one gret Armie, paſt to Inde and Faucht with the Kyng Stawrobates, and of hir miſerabyll end.

Quhen ſcho hand lang tyme leuit in reſt
To conques more ſcho hir addreſt
Becauſe of diuers ſcho hard tell Expe,
Quhow that the Inde Orientell,
Preceld in gret commoditeis
As Beſtiall, Cornis, and fructfull treis
All kynde of Spyce, delicious
Golde, Syluer, ſtonis, precious
And quhow that plentuous lang did beir
Corne, Frute, and Wyne, twyſe in the zeir
With Oliphantis Innumerabyll
In Battell wounder terrabyll
Scho herand this, and mekle more
Beleuand tyll agment hir glore

Gart mak ſtrait Proclamationis
In all, and ſyndrye Nationis
Schawand quhow it wes hir deſyre
All Princis vnder hir Impyre
In Egypt, and Arrabia
In Perce, in Mede, and Caldia
In Grece, in Caſpia, and Hyrcane
In Capadoce, Leid, and Maritane
In Armanie, and Phrigia
In Pamphilie, and Aſſeria
That Ilke Land efter thare degre
Sulde bryng tyll hir ane gret Armie
In all the gudlye haiſt thay may
And meit hir in tyll Bactriay
Declaryng thame that hir intent
Was tyll pas to the Orient
And mak Weir on the kyng of Inde
Frome tyme thay knew quhat wes hir myndg
Than be thare ſelfis, ilks Regioun
Come fordwart with thare garniſoun
Tryumphantlye, in gude array
Tyll Bactria, tuke the reddy way
And maid thare Moſtouris to the Quene
Bot ſic ane ſycht wes neuer ſene
In Battell ray ſo mony one Man
Att onis, ſen God the warld began
Bot Spanȝe, France, Scotland, Ingland,
Ducheland, Denmark, nor ȝit Irland,
War nocht inhabit in thoſe dayis
Nor lang efter, myne Author ſayis.
  ¶ Cteſias, he dois ſpecifie
  The noumber of this gret Armie
Sayand thare come at hir command

Fute men, thretty hundreth thouſand
Off hors men montit galȝearlye
Fyue hundreth thouſand veralye
One hundreth thouſand Camelis wycht
On euerilk Camell, raid and knycht
Preparit tyll paſſe in to all partis
Thare wes ane hundreth thouſand Cairtis
Twoo thouſand boittis with hir ſcho careis
On Hors, Camelis, and Dromodareis
Bryggis for to mak, ſcho did conclude
Ouerthort Indus, that furious flude
Quhilk bene of Inde, the vtmoiſt bordoure
On the quhilk flude, with rycht guds ordoure
Off his Bairgis, ſche bryggis maid
Quhareon hir gret Oiſte, ſaifly raid
¶ Father I wald men vnderſtude **Cour.**
Quhow ſic ane maruellous multytude
Mycht be attonis, brocht to the feild
Reddy to feycht, with ſpeir and ſcheild
Sum men wyll Iuge, this be ane fabyll
The mater bene ſo vntrouabyll
¶ Itt may weill be my Sõne (ſaid he) **Expe.**
As be exempyll we may ſe
Quhow Dauid King of Iſraell
His peple gart nummer and tell
Be Ioab / his cheif Capitane
As holy Scripture ſchawis plane
Off feychtand men, in to that land
He fand threttyne hũdreth thouſand
Sen Dauid in that ſmall countre
Mycht haue raſit ſic ane Armie
To this Lady, it wes no wounder
The quhilk had greter Realmes ane hunder

Nor Dauidis lytill Regioun
Thocht ſcho had mony A Legioun
Off men, mo nor I tauld affore
Thare for my Sonne maruell no more
¶ Stawrobates, the Kyng of Inde
Gretlie perturbit in his mynde
Heryng of ſic ane multytude
To mak defens he did conclude
And ſend one Meſſage to the Quene
Prayand hir Maieſtie ſerene
That ſcho wald of hir ſpeciall grace
Gyf hym Licence to dwell in peace
Falland of that, thocht he ſuld dee
That he ſuld gar hir fecht or flee
And tyll his God, ane wowe he maid
Gyf no peace mycht of hir be had
And gyf he wan the victorye
That he the Quene ſuld Crucifye
At this boſtyng the Quene maid bourdis
Sayand it ſall nocht be no wourdis
Sall gar me paſſe, frome my purpoſe
Bot mychtie ſtraikis as I ſuppoſe
The Meſſigeir ſchew to the king
Off hir preſumptuous anſweryng
Than Stawrobates, wyſe, and wycht
Come fordwart lyke ane nobyll knycht
With mony one thouſand ſpeir, and ſcheild
Arrayit Royallie on the feild
Thynkand he wald his land defend
Or in the Battell mak ane end.
¶ The Quene apone the vther ſyde
Full of preſumptioun and of pryde
Hir Banaris pleſanly diſplayit

With hardy hart and vneffrayit
Apone Indus, that famus flude
Thay mett quhare ſched wes mekle blude.
In bote, in Balingar, and bargis
The twa Armyis on vtherris chargis
Semeramis, the battaill wan
Quhare drownit and ſlane wer mony, one man
So that the walter of the flude
Ran reid mixit, with mannis blude
The king of Inde, with all his mycht
Frome Indus flude, he tuke the flycht
Tyll his cheif Citie, he reterit
Quhare in his preſens thare apperit
In hatell raye ane new armye
Off rycht Inuincibill Cheualerie
With Elephantis, ane hyddous nowmer
Quhilk efter wart maid mekle cummer.
¶ Semeramis and hir cumpanye
In the mene tyme full creuellye
Diſtroyit the bordouris of that land
Tuke preſonaris mo than ten thouſand
Sche tuke one curagious conſait
Gret Elephantis to contrafait
She had ten thouſand Oxin hydis
Weill ſewit to gydder bak and ſydis
Withmouth and nois, teith, eris, and eine
Quyke Elephantis, as thay had bene
Rycht weill ſtuft full of ſtray and hay
Quhare of the Idianis tuke affray
Apone Camelis, and Dromodareis
Thoſe fals figouris, with hir ſcho careis
Sere indianis, quhen thay ſaw that ſycht
Afferitlye thay tuke the flycht

For

For ſic one ſycht, wes neuir ſene
Syck naturall beiſtis thay had bene
The kyng hym ſelf wes rycht afferit
Tyll be the veritie had ſperit
And knew be his exploratouris
Thay wer bot fenzeit fals figouris
¶ Than manfullye lyke me of weir
Fordwart thay came withoutin feir
Rycht ſo Semeramis the Quene
Quhilk for one man wes aye fyftene
Thir two Armeis full creuellye
Thay ruſcheit to gydder ſo rudlye
With hyddous cry and trumpettis ſound
Tyll thouſandis dede laye on the ground
Semeramis had ſic one nummer
Tyll order thame it wes gret cummer
Than the gret Elephantis of ynde
Rycht ſtrang and hardy of thare kynde
Fordwart thay cam e and wald notht ceis
Tyll throcht the myddis of the preis
Off the gret oiſt, thay rudlye ruſcheit
That men and horſſe, tyll erth, trabucheit
Thoſe fenzeit beiſtis withoutin ſpreit
Wer fruſchit and fulzeit vnder feit
The king of Inde with curage kene
Mett with Sewer amis the Quene
He rydand on ane Eliphand
Bot ſcho with hym fauth hand for hand
And gaif the king ſo gret aſſaye
That hes wes neuir in ſic affraye
To ſtryke at hym, ſcho tuke no feir
So weill ſche-bat wes in weir
His ſtrakis ſcho had bot lytill comptit

Wer nocht the king wes ſo weill montit
Athir at vther ſtraik ſo faſte
Tyll thay wer tyrit at the laſte.
The king he thocht hym ſelf eſchamit
With one woman to be diſfamit
And wes determit nocht to flee
Thocht in that Battell he ſuld dee
As man the quhilk diſparit bene
He rudely ran vpone the Quene
And throuch the arme gaif hir ane wund
Quhilk tyll hir hart gaif ſic one ſtound
That ſche conſtranit wes to fle
Than all the reſt of hir Armie
Quhen thay perſauit that ſcho wes gone
Tyll yndus flude, thay fled ilk one
The Quene ouerthort the flude ſche raid
On bryggis quhilks wer of botis maid
With hir one ſobir cumpanye
Quhilk with hir fled affraytlie
The Idianis followit on the chace
Than on the Bryggis come ſic one prace
Of fleãd folkis, quhilk wes gret wounder
So that the Bargis brake in ſconder
Sum ſank, ſum doun the reuar ran
Than drownit thare mony one nobyll man
Quhilk wer gret piete tyll deplore
As wryttis famous Diodore.
¶ And fynallie for to conclude
Wes neuer ſcheid ſo mekle blude
At one tyme ſen the warld began
Nor ſlane ſo mony one ſaikles man
And all throw the occaſioun
And the prydefull perſuaſioun

Of this ambitious wyckit Quene
Sick one wes neuir hard nor ſene.
¶ Stawrobates the King of Inde
Gretlye Reioyit in his mynde
Of this tryumphe and victorye
Semeramis with hith hart full ſorye
Keand ſa mony tane and ſlane
Tyll hir countre, returnit agane
Lamentand fortunis variance
Quhilk brocht hir to ſo gret myſchance
Affore quhilk wes ſo fortunat
And than of confort deſolat
¶ Hir Sonue one man of perfectioun
Conſiddrand his ſubiectioun
His lybertie he did deſyre
That he mychte gouerne his Impyre
Seand his Mother vitious
And with that ſo ambitious
As myne Author doith ſpecifie
He ſlew his Mother creuellye
Quhat vther cauſe, or Intentioun
I fynd no ſpeciall Mentioun
Sum ſayis, to beat Libertie
Sum ſayis for, hir Adultrye
None vter cauſe I can defyne
Except puniſſioun deuyne.
¶ Off this fair Lady coragious
Behald the ending dolorous
Quhilk wes bot twenty zeir of aige
Quhen ſcho began hir baſſalage
And rang triumphandlye but weir
To ſpace of two, and fourtye zeir
Quhen ſcho wes ſlane, ſcho was thre ſcore

With zeris two, ſcho wes no more
As Diodore wryttis in his buke
His Cronikle, quho lyſte to luke
¶ Off this Lady I mak ane end
Thynk and no way, I can commend
Wemen for tyll be to manlye
Nor men for tyll be womanlye
For quhy, It bene the Lordis mynde
All Creature tyll vſe thare kynde
Men for tyll haue prehemineus
And wemen vnder obediens
Thocht all wemen inclynit be
Tyll haif the Soueranite
As this Lady, quhilk wald nocht reſt
Tyll ſcho hir Huſband had ſubpreſt
Tyll that intent that ſcho mycht ryng
Allone to haif the gouernyng.
¶ Ladyis no way I can commend
Preſumptuouſlye quhilk doith pretend
Tyll vſe the office of ane kyng
Or realmes tak in gouernyng
Quhowbeit thay vailzeant be and wycht
Goyng in Battell lyke one knycht
As did proude Pantaſilia
The Princes of Amaſona
In mennis habyte aganis reaſſoun
Siclyke I think diriſſoun
One prince to be effaminate
Of knichtlye corage deſolate
Neglectant his auctoritie
Throuch beſtlye ſenſualitie
Accompanit boith day and nychtis
With wemen more, thay vailzeant knychtis

Sic kyngis, I diſcommendat all
Exempyll of Sardanapall.
Father(ſaid I) ſchaw me quow lang Cour.
The ſucceſſioun of Nynus rang
That ſall I do with diligens
My Sonne (ſaid he) or I go hens
Sen I haif ſchawin at thy deſyre
Quhat man began the firſt Impyre
Now wald I it wer to the kend
Off that Impyre the fatell end.

FINIS.

Quhov king Sardanapalus, for his vitious life maid ane Miſerabill end.

Betuix this Conquerour Nynus
And ſenſuall Sardanapalus
I can nocht fynd no ſpeciall ſtorye
Worthy to put in memorie
Except quhilk I haif done diſcryfe
Off Semerame king Nynus wyfe
Bot I can fyng no gude at all
To wrytt of King Sardanapall
Quhilk wes the laſt and threttye Kyng
Be lyne frome Nynus diſcendyng
At lenth his lyfe for to declare
I thynk it is nocht neceſſare
Becauſe that mony cunnyng clerkis

Hes hym diſcriuit in thare werkis
Quhow he wes laſt of Aſſerians
Quhilk had the hole preemynans
That tyme of the firſt Monarche
In Cronicles, as thow may ſe
The laſt, and the moſt vitious Kyng
Quhilk in that Monarche did ryng
That Prince wes ſo effeminate
With ſenſuall luſte intoxicate
He did abhor the cumpanye
Off his moſt nobyll chewalrye
That he mycht haue the more delyte
Tyll vſe his beiſtlye appetyte
Converſit with wemen nycht and daye
And clothit hym, in thare arraye
So that na man that hym had ſene
Could Iuge ane man, that he had bene
So in huredume and harlatrye
Did keip hym ſelfe ſo quyetlye
The Princis of Aſſerience
Off hym thay could gett no preſence
Thus leuit he continualye
Agane nature Inordinatlye.
¶ Quhen to the Peirſis and the Medis
Reportit wer his vitious dedis
With the Rewlaris of Babilone
Thay did conclude all in tyll one
Thay wald nocht ſuffer for tyll ryng
Abuſe thame ſic ane vitious Kyng
Bot Arbates, ane Duke of Mede
He Darlye tuke on hand that dede
¶ Bot firſt he come to Nynius
To ſee the Kyngis Maieſtie

And tyll one oft he Kyngis gaird
He gaif one ſecreit ryche rewaird
Tyll put hym in ane quyet place
Quhare he mycht ſe the Kyngis grace
And be on ſene with ony wycht
Bot he ſaw nother Kyng nor knycht
In tyll his maiſteris companye
Except wemen allanerlye
And as ane woman he wes cled
With wemen counſalit and led
And ſchamefullye he wes ſyttand
With Spindle, and with Rock, ſpinnand
Quhen Arbates that ſycht had ſene
His corage raſit frome the ſplene
And thocht it ſmall difycultie
For tyll depryue his Maieſtie.
¶ Than raiſt he the Perſianis
With Medis and Babilonianis
In armit weill with ſpeir and ſcheildis
Triumphantlye the tuke the feildis
¶ The Kyng raſit Aſſerianis
To gidder with the Caldianis
And thame reſyſtit as he mycht
Bot fynallie he tuke the flycht
To ſaif hym ſelf in Nyniue
Than ſegit thay that gret Citie
Contynuallie two zeir and more
As wryttis famus Diodore
Tyll that the flude of Euphratas
Arroſe with ſicone furiouſnes
Quhare through ane gret part of the toun
By violence wes doungin doun
Than quhen the Kyng ſaw no remaid

Bot to be takin or to be deid
As man diſparit full of yre
Gart mak ane furious flammand fyre
And tuke his Gold and Jowellis all
With Sceptur, Croun, and Robe Royall
With all his tender ſeruituris
That of his Corps, had greteſt curis
To gydder with his luſtye Quenis
And all his wantoun Concubenis
And in that fyre, he did thame caſt
Syne lape hym ſelf, in at the laſt
Quhare all wer brynt in poulder ſmall
Thus endit Kyng Sardanapall
Without in ony repentence
As may be ſene, be this ſentence.
¶ Heir followyng, quhilk he did indyte
Affore his deith, in gret diſpyte
Quhilk is ane rycht vngodly thyng
As ȝe maye ſe be his dyting.

FINIS,

Epitaphium Sardanapali.

❧ CVM te mortalem noris: preſentibus exple.
Dilitiis animam: poſt mortem nulla voluptas
Et venere: & cœnis: & plumis Sardanapali.

Now haif I ſchawin with deligence
The Monarche, of Aſſerience
The quhilk, at Kyng Nynus began
And endit at this myſcheant Man
And did Indure withouttin weir,
Ane thowſand twa hundreth & fourty zeir
As dois Indyte Euſubius,
Reid hym and thow ſall fynd it thus.

FINIS.

Heir endis the ſecund Part.

And begynnis the
Thrid Part. And in the firſt makand Narration
of ye Miſarabyll Diſtructioun of the Fyue
Cyteis, callit Sodome, Gomore, Sy-
boin, Segore, and Adama, with
thare hole Regioun, and
ane ſchort Diſcri-
ption of the
Secund.
Thrid and Ferd, Monarcheis, With the
Miſerabyll Diſtructioun of
Jeruſalem and laſt of the
Spirituall Monar-
narchie.

Father I pray zow to me tell Cour.
Quhat notabyll thyngis that be fell
Duryng the Ryng of Aſſeriens
Quhilk had ſo lang prehemynens
I mene of vther Nationis
Vnder thare dominationis
That may be done in termis ſchorte Expe.
(Said he) as ſtoryis doith reporte
Induryng this firſt Monarchie
Becoms that wofull miſarie Gene.xix.
Off Sodome, Gomore, and thare Regions
As Scripturis makis mentions
Quhoſe peple wer ſo ſenſuall
In fylthie Synnis vnnaturall
The quhilk in to my vulgar veirs
My toung abhorris to reheirs
Lyke brutall beiſtis by thare myndis
Vnnaturally abuſit thare kyndis
By filthie ſtinkand Lychorie
And moſt abhominabyll Sodomie
As holy ſcripture doith diſcryue
In that countre wer Citeis fyue
Quhilk wer Sodome, and Gomora
Seboin, Segore, and Adama
Amang thame all, funde wes thare none
Vnde fylit, bott Lott, allone.
¶ Holy Abraham dwelt neir hand by
Quhilk prayit for Lott effectuouſly
For God maid hym aduertyſment
That he wald mak ſic punyſchement
To Lott two Angellis God did ſende
Hym frome that furye tyll defende
Quhen the peple of that regioun

8·7

Saw the Angellis cum to the toun
Tranſformit in to fait zoung men
Thay purpoſit thame for to ken
And abuſe thame vnnaturallye
With thare foule ſtink and Sodomys
Off that gude Lott, wes wounder woo
And offerit thame his Douchteris twoo
Thame at thare pleſour for tyll vſe
Bot thay his Douchteris did refuſe
And than the Angellis be thare mycht
Those men depryuit of thare ſycht
And ſoperfors leitt thame allone
To Lottis lugyng, quhen thay wer gone
Thay hym commandit haiſtelye
For tyll depart of that Citie
That foule vnnaturall Lychorie
A vengeance to the hewin did crye
The quhilk did mofe God tyll at yre
That frome the hewin brint ſtone and fyre
With awfull thoundryng, ranit doun
And did conſume that hole regioun
Off all that land chapit no mo
Except Lott, and his Douchteris two
His wyfe wes turnit in Aſtone
So wyfles wes he left allone
For ſcho wes Inobedient
And kepit no cammandiment
Quhen the Angell gaif thame command
Sone tyll depart out of that land
He monyſte thame vnder gret pane
Neuer to luke, bakwart agane
Quhen Lottis wyfe, hard the troundryng
Off flammand fyre and lychtnyng

The vgly cryis lamentabyll
Off peple moſt appouentabyll
For none of thame had fors to flee
Scho zarnit that ſorrowfull ſycht to ſee
And as ſcho tournit hir anone
Scho wes tranſformit in a ſtone
Quhare ſcho remanis tyll this daye
Off hir I haue no more to ſaye.
To ſchaw at leynth I am nocht abyll
That pietious proces lamentabyll
Quhow Citeis, Caſtellis, Townis & towris,
Villagis, Baſtalzeis, and Bowris
Thay wer all in to poulder drewin
Forreſtis, be the ruttis vprewin
Thare kyng, thare Quene, and peple all
Zoung and auld, brynt in poulder ſmall
No Creature wes left on lyfe
Foules, Beiſtis, Man, nor Wyfe
The Erth, the Corne, Herb, Frute, & Tre
The Babbis, vpone the Noryſe kne
Richt ſuddantlye in one Inſtent
Unwerly come thare Iugement
As it come in the tyme of Noye
Quhen God did all the warld diſtroye
For that ſelfe Syn of Sodomye
And moſt abhominabyll bewgrye
That vyce at lenth for tyll declare
I thynk it is nocht neceſſare.
¶ Quhen all wes brynt, fleſche, blud, and bonis
Hyllis, Walais, ſtokis, and ſtonis
The Cuntre ſank for to conclude
Quhare now ſtandith ane vglye flude
The quhilks callit the dede ſee

Neir

Nixt to the cuntre of Indee
Quhoſe ſtynkand ſtraadis blak as tar
The flewre of it,men felith on far
In tyll Orotius,thow may reid
Of that cuntre,the lenth and breid
Off lenth fyftye mylis and two
And fourtene myle in breid;alſo.
¶ Lott of his wyfe wes ſo agaſt
That he tyll A.wyld Montane paſt
Off cumpanye he had no mo
Except his luſtye Douchteris two
And be thare prouocatioun
As Moyſes makith narratioun
Allone in to that montane wylde
His Dochteris boith,he gat with chylde
For thay beleuit in thare thocht
That all the warld wes gone to nocht
As it become off that Natioun
Thynkand that Generatioun
Wald faill,withoute thay craftellye
Gart thare Father with thame to lye
And ſo thay fand ane crafty wyle
Quhow thay thare Father mycht begyle
And cauſit hym,to drynk wycht wyne
Quhilk men to Lychorye doith Inclyne
Quhen he wes full,and fallin on ſleip
His Douchteris quyetlye did creip
In till his bed,full ſecreitlye
Prouokand hym with thame to lye
And knew nocht quhow he wes begylde
Tyll boith his Douchteris wer with childe
And bure two Sonnis in certane
Thay be and in that wyld Montane

Of quhome two Nationis did pꝛoceid
As in the ſcripture thow may reid
In the quilk ſcripture thow may ſe
Att lenth this wofull miſarie
¶ This miſarie become but weir
Frome Noeis flude, thꝛe hundꝛeth ʒeir
To gidther with four ſcoꝛe and alewin
As comptit Carione full ewin
And efter Noeis deith I ges
Ane and fourtye ʒeir thare wes
Quhen Abꝛaham was of aige I wene
Foure ſcoꝛe of ʒeris, and nynteine
Quhen this foule Syn of Sodomye
Was puneiſt ſo regoꝛouſlie
Gret God Pꝛeſerue ws in our tyms
That we commit nocht ſic ane cryme.
Tiddius It wer foꝛ me to tell
This Monarche, duryng quhat be fell
And wounderis that in erth wer wꝛocht
Quhilk to thy purpoſe langith nocht
As quow the peple of Iſraell Exo.i.
Did lang tyme in to Egypt dwell
And of thare gret puneiſioun
Thꝛouch Pharois perſecuſioun
And quhow Moyſes, did thame conuoye
Thꝛouch the reid ſey with mekle ioye Exo
Quhare king Pharo, rycht miſarably xiiii.
Wes dꝛownit with all his huge army
And quhow that peple wandꝛand wes
Fourtye ʒeris, in wyldernes Exo.xx.
Moyſes that tyme as I heir ſaye
Reſſauit the Law on Mont Sinay
That tyme Ioſue thꝛouch Ioꝛdan Ioſue.iii.

Led thoſe peple to Canaan
Quhare Saule, Dauid, and Salamone
With Hebrew Kyngis mony ane
Did rychelye ryng in that countre
Induryng this firſt Monarche.
¶ The Sege of Thebes, miſarabyll
Quhare blude wes ſched incomparabyll
Off nobyll men, in to thoſe dayis
With vtheris terribyll affrayis
As quhwo the Grekis wrocht vengeance
Apone he nobyll Troyiance
Becauſe that Pareis, did conwoye
Perfors fair Helena to Troye
Quhilk wes King Menelaus wyfe
Quhare mony one thouſand loſte thare lyfe
That tyme the valzeant Hercules
Out throuch the warld did hym addres
Quhare he did mony ane douchtye deid
As in his ſtorye thow may reid
And quhou throuch Dyonere his wyfe
That Campione did loſe his lyfe
In flammand fyre, full furiouſlye
The deith he ſufferit creuellye
¶ That tyme Remus, and Romolus
Did found that Citie moſt famous
Off Rome ſtandin ing Italye
As in thare ſtorye thow may ſe
Wald thou reid Titus Leuius
Thou ſuld fynd warkeis wounderus
Quhoſe douchtye deidis ar weill kende
And ſalbe to the warldis ende
Thocht thay began with creueltie
And endit with miſaritie

As bens the maner to conclude
Off all ſcheddaris of ſaikles blude,
¶ In Grece the ornat Poetry
Medecene, Muſike, Aſtronomy
Duryng this firſt Monarche began
Be Homerus, that famous man
To gydder with Heſiodus
As diuers Auctouris, ſchawis vs
It wer to lang to put in ryme
The bukis quhilk thay wret in thare tyme
Thir wer the actis principell
That Monarche duryng quhilk befell
As for gude Abrahā and his ſeid. Ge. xvii.
In to the Bybill thow may reid
Quhow in this tyme as I heir tell
Began the kyndome Spirituell
As I haue ſchawin to the affore
Quharefor I ſpeik of thame no more.

FINIS.

Ane Scort Diſcriptioun of the ſecund, thrid, and ferd Monarche.

FAther (ſaid I) quhilk wes the man. Ccur.
That the nyxt Monarchye began
Cyrus (ſaid he) the King of Pers
As Cronicles hes, done rehers Expe.
Prudent and full of Pollicye
Began the ſecund Monarchye
For he wes the moſt godly Kyng ii. Para.
That euer in Pers or Mede did ryng xxxvi.
For he of his Benyngnitie
Delyuerit frome Captiuitie
The hole Peple of Iſraell
In to the time of Daniell
The quhilkis had bene preſoneris
In Babilone ſevin ſcore of zeris
Thare for God of his grace benyng
Gaif hym ane diuyne knawleging
Duryng his time as I heir tell
He vſit counſall of Daniell
Carione, at lenth doith ſpecifie
Off his maruellous Natyuitie
And of his vertuous vpbringing
And quhow he vincuſte Creſus King
With mony vther vailzeant deid
As in to Carione, thow may reid
Quhose Succeſſioun did indure
Tyll the tent Kyng, thare of be ſure
¶ Bot efter his gret conqueſſyng
Richt miſerabill wes his ending
As Herodotus, doith diſcryfe
In Scythia he loſt his lyfe
Quhare the vndandit Scethianis
Vincuſte thoſe nobyll Perſianis
And efter thar Cerus wes dede

Quene Tomyr hakkit of his hede
Quhilk wes the Quene of Scethianis
In the diſpyte of Perſianis
Scho keſt his heid, for to conclude
In tyll ane veſſell full of blude
And ſaid, thir wourdis creuellye
Drynk now thy fyll gyf thow be drye
For thow did aye blude ſchedding thriſte
Now drynk at laſer gyf thow lyſte
Efter that Cyrus ſucceſſioun
Of all the warld had poſſeſſioun
¶ Tyll Alexãder with ſwerd and fyre
Obtenit perfors the thrid Impyre
Quhilk wes the king of Macedonis
With vailȝeant Grekis mony one
In battell fell and furious
Vincuſſe the mychtie Darious
Quhilk wes the tent and the laſt kyng
Quhil did efter, King Cyrus ryng
As for this potent Empriour
Alexander the Conquerour
Geue thow at lenth, wald reid his ryng
And of his creuell conqueſtyng
In Inglis toung, in his gret buke
Attlenth his lyfe, thare thow may luke
Quhow Alexander that potent kyng
Wes twelf ȝeris in his Conqueſtyng
And quhow for all his gret conqueſt
He leuit bot ane ȝeir in reſt
Quhen be his Seruand ſecretlye
He poyſonit wes full pietuouſlye.
¶ Lucane doith Alexander compair
Tyll thounder, or fyre flaucht in the air

One

One creuell Planeit, A mortall weird
Doun thryngand peple, with his ſweird
Ganges that moſt famous flude
He myrit with the Indianis blude
And Euphrates, with the blude of Pers
Quhoſe creueltie for to rehers
And ſaikles blude, quhilk he did ſched
War rycht abhominabyll to be red
Efter his ſchort proſperitie
He delt with gret miſeritie
¶ Itt wer to lang for to diſſydit
Quhow all his realmes wer deuydit
Aye quhill that Ceſar Julius
Quhen he had vincuſt Pompeyus
Wes choſin Emperiour and kyng
Abuke the Romanis for tyll ryng
That potent Prince we wes the firſt man
Quilk the ferd Monarchie began
And had the hole Dominioun
Off euerilk land and Regioun
Quhoſe ſucceſſouris, did ryng but weir
Ouer the warld, mony one hundreth zeir
Bot gentyll Julyus, allace
Rang Empriour, bot lytill ſpace
Quhilk I thynk petye tyll deplore
In fyue Moneth and lytill more
By fals exhorbitant treaſoun
That prudent Prince, wes, trampit doun
And murdreſt in his counſall hous
By creuell Brutus, and Caſcious
¶ Efter that Julius wes ſlane
Did ryng the gret Octauiane
Off Empriouris, one of the beſt

Duryng his tyme, wes peace and reſt
Over all the warld, in ilk Regioun
As ſtoryis makith mentioun
And als I mak it to the plane
Duryng the tyme of Octauiane
The Sonne of God our Lord Jeſew
Tuke mankynd of the Virgine trew
And wes that tyme in Bethleem borne
To ſaif mankynde, quhilk wes forlorne
As Scripture makith narratioun
Of his blyſt incarnatioun. Math.ii.

¶ Now haif I tald the as I can
Quhow the four Monarchyis began
Bot in thy myde thow may conſydder
Quhow wardly power bene bot ſlydder
For all thir gret Impyris ar gone
Thow ſeis thare is no Prince allone
Quhilk hes the hole Dominioun
This tyme of euery Regioun Cour.
Father quhat reaſone had thoſe Kyngis
Reuarris to be of vtheris Ringis
But ony rycht or Juſte querell
Quhairthrouch that thay mycht mak batell
And commoun pepyll to doungthryng
To this (ſaid I) wak anſweryng
My Sonne (ſaid he) that ſall be done
As I beſt can, and that rycht ſone, Expo.

¶ Thir Monarcheis, I vnderſtand
Preordinat wer, by the command
Of God, the Pſalmatour of all
For to doun thryng, and to mak thrall
Vndantit Peple vitious Dani.vii.
And als for to be gratious

To thame quhilk vertuous wer and gude
As Daniell heth done conclude
At lenth in tyll his Propheſeis
Quhow thare ſuld be four Monarcheis
His ſecund Chepture, thow may ſee
Quhow efter the firſt Monarchie
Quhen Nabuchodonoſor king
Ane Jmahe ſawe, in his ſlepyng
With auſteir luke, boith heych and breid
And of fyne pure Gold, wes his heid
His breiſt, and armes, of ſyluer brycht
His wamb of Copper, hard and wycht
Jis lynis, and lymmis, of Jrne, rycht ſtrõg
His feit of clay, Jrne myxt among
Frome A montane thare come allone
But hand of man, A meke ſtone
Quhilk on that Figouris feit did fall
And dang all doun in poulder ſmall.
  ¶ Off quhoſe Jnterpretatioun
  Doctouris doith mak Narratioun
The hede of gold, did ſignifie
Firſt of Aſſerianis Monarchie
The ſyluer breiſt thay did apply
To Perſianis, quhilk rang ſecundly
The wambe of copper, or of braſſe
Thridly to Grekis, comparit waſſe
His loynis, and lymmis, of Jrne, and ſteill
Clerkis hes thame comparit weill
To Romanis, throuch thare diligence
To haue the Feird Preeminence
Abufe all vter Natioun
Be this Jnterpretatioun
The myxit feit, with Jrne, and clay

Did ſignifie this letter day
Quhen that warld ſulde be deuydit
As efter wart ſalbe diſydit
To Chriſt is ſignifyit the ſtone
Quhoſe Monarche ſall neuer be gone
For vnder his Dominioun
All Princis ſall be trampit doun
Quhen that gret Kyng Omnipotent
Cumis to his generall Iugement
His Monarche than ſalbe knawin
As efter ſall be to the ſchawin
¶ And als the Scripture, ſall the tell
Quhow in the aucht of Daniell
He ſawo in to his viſioun
Be ane plane expoſitioun
Quhow that the grekis, ſulde wyrk vengēce
Vpone the Medis, and Perſence
Comparand Grekis, tyll ane Gote
With ane horne, fers, furious, and hote
Quhilk ſlew the Ram, with hornis two
Comparit tyll Pers, and Mede, all ſo
And ſo be Daniellis propheſyis
All thir gret mychtie Monarchyis
The quhilkis all vther realmes ſuppryſit
Be the gret God, thay wer deuyſit
As he of Tytus the Romane
Sonne and Air, to Veſpaſiane
Maid hym ane Furious Inſtrument
To put the Iowis, to gret torment
Quhilk I purpoſe or I hyne fair
Schortlye that proceſſe to declair.

FINIS.

Of ye moſt miſerabyll and moſt terrabyll diſtructioun of Ieruſalem.

Father (ſaid I) declare to me Cour.
Induryng this fert Monarchie
The maiſt Infortune that befell.
My Sonne (ſaid he) that ſall I tell Expe.
The moiſt and maniſeſt miſarie
Became apon the gret Cetie
Ieruſalem, quhen it wes ſuppreſt
As ſtoris makis maniſeſt
Bot as the Scripture doith deuyſe
Ieruſalem wes diſtroyit twyſe
Firſt for the gret Idolatrye Baru. vi,
Quhilk thay commyttit in Iowrye
The honour aucht to God allone
Thay gaif figouris, of ſtoke and ſtone
Affore Chriſtis incarnatioun
Come this firſt deſolatioun
Fyue hundreth zeres, four ſcore and ten
In Cronicles, as thou may ken
Quhow Nabuchodonoſor Kyng
That famous Citie, did doun thryng
Thare Kyng, with peple mony one
Brocht thame all bound to Babilone
Quhare thay remanit Preſoneris
The ſpace of thre ſcore and ten zeris
And that firſt deſolatioun
Wes callit the tranſmigratioun
Wes no man left in all thare landis

Bot Purellis laubourand with thare handis
Tyll mychtie Cyrus, kyng of Pers
As Daniell heth done rehers
Wes mouit be God, for tyll reſtore
The Iowis, quhare that thay wer a fore
¶ Geue I neglect, I wer to blame
The laſt ſege of Ieruſalem
Quhoſe rewyne wes moſt miſerabyll
And for to tell, rycht terrabyll
Wes neuer in erth, Citie nor, toun
Gatt ſic extreme diſtructioun
The townis of Tyre, Tebes, nor Troye
Thay ſufferit neuer half ſic noye
The Emprioure Veſpaſiane
He did deuyſe that ſege certane.
¶ Thare wes the Propheſie compleit Luc. xix
Quhilk Chriſt ſpake on mont Olyueit & xxi
Quhen he Ieruſalem beheld Marc. xiii.
The teris frome his eine diſteld
Seand be Diuyne preſcience
The gret diſtructioun and vengence
Quhilk wes to cum, on that Citie
His hart wes perſt with Pitie
Sayand Ieruſalem, and thow knew
Thy gret rewyne, ſore wald thow rew
For no thyng I can to the ſchaw
The veritie, thow wyll nocht knaw
Nor hes conſyderatioun
Thy holy viſitatioun
Thy peple wyll na way conſidder Math. xxiii.
Quham gadtherit I wald haif to gidder
As errand ſcheip, bene with thare hirdis
Or as the Hen, gadderis hir byrdis

Under hir wyngis tenderlye
Quhilk thay refuſit diſpitfullye
Quharfor ſall cum that dulefull day
That no remedy mak thow may
Thy Dungiounis ſall be dung in ſchoſider
So that the warld, ſall on the wounder
Thy tempyll now moſt triumphand
Sall be tred doun amag the ſand
And as he ſaid, ſo it befell Mathe.xxiii.
As heir efter I ſall the tell.
  Schaw me (ſaid I) with circumſtance Com.
  The ſpeciall cauſe of that myſchance
(Quod he) as ſcripture doith conclude Expo.
For ſcheddyng of the ſaikles blude
Off Prophetis quhilkis God to thame ſend
And als becauſe, that thay myſkend
Jeſu the Sonne of God Souerane
Quhen he amang thame did remane
For all the Myraclis, that he ſchew
Maliciouſlye thay hym myſknew
Thocht be his gret power diuyne
The walter cleir, he turnit in wyne Jhon.ii.
And be that ſelf power and mycht
To the blynde borne, he gaif the ſycht
And gaif the crukit men thair feit
And maid the lypir haill compleit
He halit all, and raiſit the dede Jhon.xi.
Zit held thay hym at mortall fede Math.xi.
Becauſe he ſchew the veritie
Thay did conclude that he ſulde de
  The Byſchoppis princis of the preiſtis
  Thay grew ſo boldin in thare breiſtis Math.
The Scrybis, the Doctouris of the law xxvi.

Of

Off God nor man quhilkis ſtude none aw
On Chriſt Jeſu to wyrk vengeance
Rycht ſo the fals Phareſiance
Ane Sect of fenzeit Religioun
Deuyſit his confuſioun
And ſend thare ſeruandis at the laſt
And with ſtrang cordis, thay band him faſt Iho.xix
Syne ſcurgit hym boith bak ſyde
That none for blude, mycht ſe his hyde
Thare wes nocht left ane penny breid
Unwoundit frome his feit tyll heid
In maner of diriſioun
Thay plett for hym, ane creuell croun
Off prunze and thornis ſcharpe and lang
Quhilk on his hewinlye heid thay thrang
Syne gart hym, for the gretter lack
Beir his awin Gallous, on his back
Tyll the vyle place of Caluare
Quhare mony ane thouſand mycht ſe
¶ That Innocent, thay tuke perforce
And platt hym bakwart to the Croce
Throuch feit and handis, gret nalis thay thriſt
Tyll blude aboundantlye out bryſt
Without grunſchyng, clamor or crye
That pane he ſufferit patientlye
And for agmentyng of his grefis
Thay hangit hym, betuix two thefis
Quhare men mycht ſe the bludy ſtandis
Quhilkis ſprang furth of his feit & handis
Frome thornis thriſtit on his heid
Ran doun the bulryng ſtremis reid
In the preſens of mony one man
That blude royall on roches ran

Schortly

Schortly to ſay that hevinlye kyng
In extreme dolour, thare did hyng
Tyll he ſaid, (Conſummatum eſt.)
With a loude crye, he gaif the gaiſt
Quhen he wes dede, thay tuke one dart
And peirſt that Prence, outthrouch the hart
Fra quham thare ran, walter and blude
The erth than trymblit to conclude.
¶ Phebus did hyde his beymes brycht
That throuch the warld thare wes no lycht
The gret vaill of the tempyll rave
The dede men rais, out of thare grave
And in the Citie did appeir
As in the Scripture thow may heir
Than Joſeph, of Abaramathie
Did bury hym, rycht honeſtlie
Bot ʒit he roſe, full glorioſlye
On the thrid day tryumphandlye — Jona.
With his Diſciplis, in certane — ff.
Fourtye dayis he did remane
Efter that to the hevin aſcendit — Actis .i.
That Jowis no thyng thare lyfe amendit
Nor gaif no credens, tyll his lawis
As at more lenth, the ſtorye ſchawis
Bot creuellye thay did oppres
All men that Chriſtis name did profes
And perſecutit mony one
Thay preſonit boith Peter and Jhone — Actis.v.
And Stevin, thay ſtonit to the dede
Frome James the les, thay ſtraik the hede
This wes the cauſe, in concluſioun — Actis.xii.
Off thare creuell confuſioun.
¶ The prudent Jow, Joſephus ſeyis

That he wes preſent in thoſe dayis
And in his buke, makith mentioun
Quhow efter Chriſtis Aſcentioun
The ſpace of twa and fourty ȝeris
Began thoſe crewell mortall weris
The ſecund ȝeir of Veſpaſiane
Quhare mony takin wer and ſlane
Joſephus planely doith conclyde
Wes neuer ſene ſic one multitude
Affore that tyme, in to the toun
Quhilk come for thare confuſioun
Thare gret Infortune ſo befell
That all the Princis of Iſraell
Conuenit agone the tyme of Peace
Bot tyll returne thay had no grace
The bald Romanis, with thare Chiftane
Tytus the Sonne of Veſpaſiane
Thare Army, ouer Iudea ſpred
Than all men to the Citie fled
Beleuand thare to get releif
Bot all that turnit, to thare myſcheif
¶ The Romanis lappit thame about
That be no waye, thay mycht wyn out
Sax Moneth, did that Sege indure
Quhare loſſe wer mony one creature
Quhilkis thare in miſary did remane
Tyll thay wer takin, all or ſlane
Duryng the tyme of this aſſailȝe
Thare meit, and drynk, and all did failȝe
For thare wes ſic ane multitude
That thouſandis deit for falt of fude
Neceſſitie gart thame eit perforſſe
Dog, Catt, and Rattone, Aſſe, and horſſe

Ryche men, be huffit tyll eait thare gold
Syne deit of hunger mony fold
Sic hunger wes without remeid
The quik behufit tyll eit the deid
The fylth of Cloſettis, mony eit
To lenth thare lyfe, thay thocht it ſweit
¶ The famous Ladyis of the toun
For falt of fude, thay fell in ſwoun
Quhen thay mycht gett none vther meit
Thay ſlew thare propir Bairnis to eit
Bot all for nocht diſpytfullye
Thare awin ſowld ſouris full gredelye
Reft thame that fleſche, moſt miſarabyll
And thay with murnyng lamentabyll
For extreme hunger zald the ſpreit Luc.
Thare wes the Prophecie compleit xxiii.
As Chriſt affore maid narratioun
The day of his grym Paſſioun
Quhen that the Ladyis for hym murnit
Full pietouſlye he to thame turnit
And ſaid, Douchteris murne nocht for me
Murne on zour awin poſteritie
Within ſchort tyme ſall cum the day
That men of this Citie ſall ſay
Quhen thay ar trappit in the ſnair
Blyſt be the wamb, that neuer bair
The baren papis, than thay ſall blys
That duleful day, ze ſall nocht mys
This prophecie, it come to pas
That day with mony lowde allas
Sic ſorrowfull lamentatioun
Wes neuer hard in that natioun
Seand thoſe luſtye Ladyis ſweit

Deand for hunger in the ſtreit
Thare huſbandis, nor thare chyldryng
Mycht geue to thame na confortyng
Nor ȝit releif thame of thare harmis
Bot atheris deand in vtheris armis
Efter this wofull indigence
Amang thame roſe ſic peſtilence
Quhare in thare deit mony hounder
Quhilk tyll declare, it wer gret wounder.

¶ And for fynall concluſioun
Thoſe welrlyke walles, thay dang doun
Peince Tytus, with his Chewalrye
With ſound of trompe, Tryumphandlye
He enterrit in that gret Citie
Bot tyll declare I thynk piete
The paneful clamour horrabyll
Of woundit folk moſt miſerabyll
Thare wes nocht ellis, bot thak and ſlay
For thare mycht no man wyn away
The ſtrandis of blude ran throuch the ſtretis
Of dede folk, trampit vnder fetis
And Wedowis in the preis wer ſmorit
Ȝoung Virginis, ſchamefully deflorit
The gret Tempyll of Salamone
With mony A curyous caruit ſtone
With perfyte pynnakles, on hycht
Quhilkis wer rycht bewtyfull and wycht
Quhare in ryche Iowellis did abound
Thay ruſcheit rudlye to the ground
And ſett in tyll thare furious yre
(Sancta ſanctorum,) in to fyre
And with extreme confuſioun
All thare gret Dungionis thay dang doun

¶ Thare burnin wer the bolldin breiſtis
Off Byſchopis princis of the preiſtis
Thare ſankin wes, the gret vengence
On fals Scribis, and Phariſience
All thare payntit Ipocraſis
That tyme mycht mak thame no ſupplie
That day thay dulefull ye repentit
That to the deith of Chriſte conſentit
Thocht it wes oure Saluatioun
Itt wes to thare Dampnatioun Mathe
The vengeance of the blude ſaikles xxiii.
Frome Abell tyll Zacharies
That day apon Ieruſalem fell
Bot tiddius it wer to tell
The gret extreme confuſioun
And of blude ſic effuſioun
Wes neuer ſlane ſo mony ane man
At one tyme, ſen the warld began
The Iowis that day gat thare deſyre
Quhilk thay did aſke, in to thare yre
As bene in Scripture, ſpecifyit
The day quhen Chriſte wes Crucifyit
Quhen Ponce pylat, the precedent
Said tho thame, I am Innocent Mathe
Off the Iuſt blude, of Chriſt Ieſus xxvii.
Thay cryit, his Blude lycht vpon vs
And on our Generatioun
Thay gat thare Supplicatioun
Thay day, with mony cairfull cry
Thare blude wes ſched abundantly
¶ Ioſephus wryttith in his buke
His Cronicle, quho lyſte to luke
Duryng that creuell Sege certane

Wer alewin hundreth thowſand ſlane
Off Preſonaris weill tauld and ſene
Foure ſcore of thouſandis, and ſewintene
Out of the land thay did expell
All the peple of Iſraell
And for thare gret Ingratytude
Thay leif ȝit vnder Seruitude
Thare is no Iow, in no cuntre
Quhilk hes one fute of propertie
Nor neuer had, withoutin weir
Sen this day fyueten hundreth ȝeir
Nor neuer ſal, I to the ſchaw
Tyll that thay turne to chriſtis law
¶ Sum ſayis, that Iowis mony fald
Wer thretty for ane penny ſald.
As Iudas ſauld the kyng of Glore
For thretty pennyis, and no more.
¶ Efter that mony wer myſcheuit
Quhen nouellis paſt, quhow lang thay leuit
Apone thar, Gold, withouttin doute
Thay ſlit thare bellyis, to ſers it oute
The reſt in egypt, thay did ſende
Preſonaris, to thare lyuis ende
Tytus tuke in his cumpanye
Gret nummer, of the moſt worthye
With hym to Rome, he led thame bound.
Syne creuelly did thame confound
His victory for tyll decore
And for agmentyng of his glore
Gart put thame in to public placis
Quhare all folk, mycht behald thare facis
Syne with wyld Lyonis creuellye
Begart deuore thame dulefullye.

¶ This hie Tryumphand mychtie toun
At Paſche, wes put to confuſioun
Becauſe that in the tyme of Peace
Thay Crucifyit the Kyng of grace
Sum hes this mater done indyte
More Ornatly, than I can wryte
Quharefor I ſpeik of it no more
Onely to God, be laude and glore.

FINIS.

Of ye miſerabyll

end Off certane tyrane Princis, And ſpeciallye,
the Begynnaris, of the Four
Monarcheis.

NOw haue I done declare at thy deſyris
As thow demandit in to termis ſchort
And quhow begā, the principall impyris
As Cronicle and Scripture dois report
Quhair for my Sone I hartly the exhort
Perfytlie prent in yi remembrance
Off this Inconſtante warld the variance

¶ The Princis of thir foure gret Monarcheis
In thare moſt hieſt pompe Imperialis
Traiſtyng to be moiſt ſure ſett in thare ſeis
The fraudful warld, gaif to thame mortall fallis
For thare rewarde, bot dyrk memoriallis
Thocht ouir the warld, thay had preeminence

Off it thay gat none vther recompence

¶ For ſiclyke as the ſnaw, doith melt in May
Throuch the reflex, of Phebus bemys brycht
Thir gret Impyris, rycht ſo ar went away
Gone bene thare glore, thair power and thair mycht
Becauſe thay wer reuaris withouttin rycht
And blude ſcheddaris, full creuell to conclude
Rycht creuellye thare for wes ſched thare blude.

¶ Behald quhow God, aye ſen the warld began
Hes maid of tyrane Kyngis Inſtrumentis
To ſcurge peple, and to keill mony one man
Quhilkis to his law, wer Inobedientis
Quhen thay had done perfurneis his ententis
In dantyng wrangus peple ſchamefullye
He ſufferit thame be ſcurgit cruellye.

¶ Ewin as the ſcule Maiſter, doith mak one wand
To dant and dyng, Scollaris of rude ingyne
The quhilkis wyll nocht ſtudy at his command
He ſcurgis thame, and onlyto that fyne
That thay ſuld to his trew counſall inclyne
Quhen thay obey, and meſſit bene his yre
He takis the wand, and caſtis in to the fyre.

¶ God of Kyng Pharo, maid one Inſtrument
Quhilk wes the gret Kyng of Egyptience
His awin peculier peple to torment
Thst beand done, he wrocht on hym vengence
And leit hym fall, throuch Inobedience
And fynallie, he with his gret armye
In the reid ſey, thame drownit dulefullye,

¶ Rycht ſo, of Nabuchodonoſor kyng.
God maid of hym, ane furious Inſtrument
Jeruſalem and the Jowis, to doun thryng
Quhen thay to God, wer Inobedient
Syne reft hym frome his ryches, and his rent
And hym tranſformit in ane beiſt brutell
Sewin zeris and more, as wryttis Daniell

¶ Alexander throuch prydefull tyrannye
In zeris twelf, did mak his gret conqueſt
Aye ſcheddand ſaikles blude full creuellye
Tyll he wes kyng of kyngis, he tuke no reſt
In all the warld, quhen he wes full poſſeſt
In Babilone thronit tryumphantlye
Throuch poyſoun ſtrang deceiſt dule fullye

¶ Duke Hanniball, the ſtrang Cartagiane
The danter of the Romanis pompe and glorye
Be his power wer mony one thouſand ſlane
As may be red at lenth in tyll his ſtorye
At Cannas, quhare he wan the victorye
On Romanis handis yat dede lay on ye ground
Thre hepit Buſchellis wer of ryngis found.

¶ In to that mortall battell, I heir ſane,
Off the Romanis, moſte worty weriouris
By preſonaris, wer fourty thouſand ſlane
Off quhom thare wes threty wyſe Senatouris
And xx. Lordis, the quhilkis had bene Pretouris
That deit in to defence, of thare cuntre
And for tyll hald thare lande at lybertie

¶ Quhat rewarde, gatt this creuell Campioun

Quhen he had ſlane ſo gret one multitude
And quhen the glaſſe, of his glorye, wes roun
Ane ſchams full deith, and ſchortlye to conclude
This bene reward of all ſcheddaris of blude
For he gat ſic extreme confuſioun
He ſlew hym ſelf, in drynking ſtrang poyſoun.

¶ Behald the two moſte famous Campionis.
(That is to ſay.) Iulyus, and Pompey,
Quhilkis did conqueſte, all erthly Regionis
Allweill maine land, as Ilis in the ſey
And to the toun of Rome, gart thame obey
For Pompeyus ſubdewit the Orient
And Iulyus Cesar, all the Occident.

¶ Bot fynaly thir two did ſtryue for ſtait
Quhare throw thre hundreth .M. men wer ſlane
Bot Pompeyus, efter that gret debait
He murdreiſt wes, the ſtorye tellis plane
Than Iulyus wes Prince, and Souerane
Abufe the hole warld, Empriour and Kyng
Bot in to reſt, ſchorte tyme indurit his ryng.

¶ For within fyue moneth, and lytill more
Amyd his Lordis in the counſall houus
He murdreiſt wes, quhat nedeth proces more
As I haue ſaid, be Brute, and Caſcius
Gene thow wald knaw, thure dethis dolorous
Thow moſt at lenth go reid the Romane ſtorye
Quhilk hes this mater put in memorye.

¶ Gone is the Goldin warld, of Aſſerians
Of quhome Kyng Nynus, wes firſt and principall

Gone is the Syluer warld of Perſianis
The Copper warld of Grekis, now is thrall
The warld of Irne, quhilk wes the laſt of all
Comparit to the Romanis, in thare glore
Ar gone rycht ſo, I heir of thame no more.

¶ Now is the warld of Irne, myrit with clay
As Daniell at lenth, hes done indyte
The gret Impyris, ar meltit clene away
Now is the warld, of dolour and diſpyte
I ſe nocht ellis, bot troubyll infinyte
Quhare for my Sonne, I mak it to the kend
This warld I wait, is drawand to ane end.

¶ Tokinnis of darth, hunger, and peſtilence
With creuell weris, boith be ſey and land
Realme aganis realme, with mortall violence
Quhilk ſignifyis, the laſt day ewin at hand
Quharefor my Sonne be in thy faith conſtand
Raſyng thy hart to God, and cry for grace
And mend thy lyfe, quhil thow hes tyme and ſpace.

FINIS.

Heir followis the Fyft Spirituall. And Papall Monarchie.

Off the Monarche.

FAther is thare no Prince ringand
Quhilk hes the warld now at cõmand
As had the Kyngis of Aſſerianis
The Perſis Grekis, or the Romanis
Quhohes now moſt Dominioun
Off euerilk land and Regioun
¶ Thare is no Prince, my Sõne (ſaid he)
That hes the principall Monarche
Abufe the warld vniuerſall
With hole power Imperiall
As Alexander, or Darius,
Or as had Ceſar Iulyus
For Orient, and Occident
To thame wer all obedient
Nocht withſtandyng, I fynd one kyng
Quhilk in tyll Europe doith ryng
That is the potent Pope of Rome
Impyr and ouir all Chriſtindome
To quhome no Prince, may be compare
As Canon lawis, can declare
All Princis of the Occident
Ar tyll his grace obedient
For he hes hole power compleit
Boith of the body and the ſpreit
Quhilk neuer had no prince affore
Except the mychtie kyng of glore
To Chriſte hes is gret Lewtendand
In holy Peteris Saitt ſyttand
So he is of all kyngis Kyng
Quhilk is in to Europe now doith Ryng.
¶ And as the romane Empriouris
Hauyng the warld vnder thare curis
Had Princis, Knychtis, and Campionis

The thrid duke.

Rewlaris in tyll all Regionis
Uphaldyng thare Auctoritie
Uſyng Juſticie and polyſie
  ¶ Rycht ſo this Pope of Rome
  The Souerane kyng of Chriſtindoms
He hes in tyll ilk countre
His Princis of grauitie
In ſum countreis, his Cardinallis
In thare moſte precious apparallis
Archibyſcoppis Byſchoppis thow may ſe
Defendyng his auctoritie
With vther potent Patriarkis
Collegis full of cunnyng Clerkis
Abbotis, and Priouris, as ȝe ken
Miſerewlaris of religious men
Officialis, with thare Procuratouris
Quhoſe langſum law, ſpolzeis the puris
Archidenis, and Denis, of dignitis
Gret Doctouris of Diuinitye
Thare Chantouris, and thare Sacritanis
Thare Treſoureris, and thare ſubdenis
Legionis of preiſtis Seculeris
Perſonis, Vicairis, Monkis, and Freris
Off diuers Ordouris mony one
Quhilk langſum wer for tyll expone
In ſyndrie gabitis as ȝe hen
Diffrent frome vther Chriſtin men
Faird Ladyis of Relegioun
Profeſſit in euery Regioun
Fals Heremitis, faſſonit lyke the freris
Proude pariſche clerkis, and pardoneris
Thare Gryntaris, & thare Chamberlanis
With thare temporall Courtiſſianis

Thus all the warld be land and ſey
His Sanctitude, thay do obey
Nocht onely his ſpirituall kyndome
Bot the gret Empriour of Rome
And kyngis of euerilk regioun
That day quhen thay reſaue thare crown
Thay makaith, of fidelytie
Tyll defende his auctoritie
More ouir, with humyll reuerence
Thay mak tyll hym obedience
Be thare ſelfis, or Ambaſſaldouris
Or vtheris ornate Oratouris
Quho doith ganeſtand his Maieſtie
His lawis or his Lybertie
Or haldis ony opinioun
Contrar his gret Dominioun
Outher be way of deid or wourdis
Ar put to deith, be fyre or ſwourdis
Sanct Peter ſtylit wes, (Sanctus,)
Bot he is callit, (Sanctiſſimus.)
His ſtyle at lenth, gyf thow wald knaw
Thow moſte go luke the Canon law
Boith in the Sext and Clementene
His ſtaitly ſtyle, thare may be ſene
Thare ſall thow fynd reid gyf thow can
Quhow he is nother God nor man.
¶ Quhat is he than, be ʒour Iugement
Quod I, me thynk hym different Cour.
Far frome our Souerane Lord Ieſus
And tyll his kynd contrarious Ihon.i.
For Chriſt wes God, and naturall man
Gyf he be nother, quhat is he than.
¶ The Canon law my Sonne (ſaid he)

9.6 That

That queſtioun wyll declare to the Expe,
It doith tranſcend my rude Ingyne
His Sanctitude for tyll defyne
Or to ſchaw the autoritie
Pertenyng to his Maieſtie
So gret ane Prince, quhare ſall thow fynd
That ſpiritually may louſe and bynd
Nor be quhame ſynnis ar forgyffin
Be thay with his Diſciplis ſchrewin
Quhame euer he byndis, by his mycht
Thay bowndin ar, in Goddis ſycht
Quhame euer he lowſis in erth heir doun
Ar louſit be God in his Regioun
Als he is Prince of Purgatorie
Delyueryng Saulis, frome paine to glorie
Off that derke Dungeoun but doute
Quham euir he pleſis, he takis thame oute
Oure ſecreit ſynnis euery ʒeir
We mon ſchaw to ſum preiſt or freir
And tak thare abſolutioun
Or ellis we gett no remiſſioun
So be this way, thay: cleirly ken
The ſecretis of all ſeculare men
Thare ſecretis we knaw nocht at all
Thus ar we to thame bound and thrall
Quhat euir thare Miniſteris commandis
Moſt be obeyit without demandis
Quharefor my Sonne, I ſay to the
This is ane marvellous Monarche
Quhilk hes power Imperiall
Boith of the body and the Saull
¶ Father (quod I) declare to me Cour.
Quhow did begyn this Monarche

Quod he) Chriſt Ieſus God and Man — Expe.
That Impyre gratiouſlye began
Nocht be the fyre, nor be the ſwourde — Ephi.i.
Bot be the vertew of his wourde
And left in tyll his Teſtament
Mony ane deuote document — Luc.ix.
With his Succeſſouris to be vſit
Thocht mony of thame be now abuſit
For Peter and Paull, with all the reſt
Off thare Brethrin maid manifeſt
The law of God, with trew intent
Precheing the Auld & new Teſtament
Thay led thare lyfe in pouertie
Deuotioun and Humilytie
As did thare Maiſter Chriſt Ieſus
And war nocht half ſo glorious
As thare Succeſſouris now in Rome
Impyr and ouer all Chriſtindome.
¶ Efter the deth of Peter and Paull
And Chriſtis trew Diſciplis all
Thare Succeſſouris within few zeris
As at more lenth thare ſtorie beris
Full craftelye clam to the heycht
Frome Spirituall lyfe, to temporall mycht.
¶ Father or we paſſe forther more
Quhen did begyn thare temporall glore
Sonne (ſaid he) thow ſall vnderſtand
Or euer ane Pape gat ony land
Two and thretty gude Papis in Rome
Reſſauit the crown of Martyrdome
Bot nocht the Thrin fald Diadame
To weir thre crownis, thay thocht gret ſchame
Tyll Syluester the Confeſſoure

Frome Conſtantene, the Empriour
Raſſauit the Realme of Italie
Rycht ſo of Rome, the gret Cetie
That wes the rute of thare ryches
Than ſprang the well of welthynes
Quhen that the Pape wes maid ane kyng
All Princis bowit at his byddyng
This Act wes done withouttin weir
Frome Chriſtis deith, the hundreth zeir
¶ Than Lady Senſualitie
Tuke Lugeing in that gret Cetie
Quhare ſcho ſenſyde, hes done remane
As thare awin lady Souerane
Than kyngis in tyll all Nationis
Maid Preiſtis gret fundationis
Thay thocht gret mereit and honour
To contrafait the Empriour
As did Dauid of Scotland kyng
The quhilk did founde, duryng his ryng
Fyftene Abbayis, with temporall landis
Withouttin teindis and offerandis
Be quhoſe holy ſimplicite
He left the Crown in pouertie
Now haif I ſchawin the as I can
Quhow thare temporall Impyre began
Aſcendyng vp aye gre by gre
Abufe the Empriouris maieſtie
So quhen thay gat amang thare handis
Of Italie, all the Empriours landis
Efter that, in ilke cuntrie
Sprang vp thare temporalite
With ſo gret ryches, and ſic rent
That thay gan to be negligent

In makyng Miniſtratioun
To Chriſtis trew Congregatioun
And tuke no more paine, in thare precheyng
And far les trauell, in thare techeing
Changeing, thare Spiritualitie
In temporall Senſualitie.
¶ Father thynk ȝe that thay ar ſure
That thare Impyre ſall land indure Cour.
Apperandlye, it may be kende
Quod he, thare glore ſall haue ane ende
I mene thare temporall Monarchie Expe.
Sall turne in tyll humylitie
Throuch Goddis wourde, without debait
Thay ſall turne, to thare firſt eſtait
As Daniellis Propheſie apperis
Thare to ſall nocht be mony ȝeris
Quhowbeit Chriſtis faith, ſall neuer faill
Bot more and more, it ſall preuaill
Thocht Chriſtis, trew congregatioun
Suffer gret tribulatioun.
¶ Father (ſaid I) be quhat reaſſoun Cour.
Thynk ȝe thare Impyre may cum doun
Conſydderyng thare preheminence
Quod he, for Inobedience Expe.
Abuſyng the commandiment Math.
Quhilk Chriſt left in his Teſtament xxviii.
Uſyng thare awin traditioun Ihon.xv.
More than his Inſtitutioun. Actis.i.
¶ For Chriſt in his laſt conuentioun
The day of his Aſcentioun
Tyll his Diſciplis gaif command
That thay ſuld paſſe, in euery land
To teche and preche, with trew intent

His law,and his commandiment
None vther office,he to thame gaif
He did nocht bid thame ſeik nor craif
Lors preſentis,nor offerandis
Nor gett Lordſchipis of temporall landis.
¶ Bot now it may be hard and ſene
Baith with thyne eiris,and thyne eine
Quhow Prelatis now in euery land
Takis lytill cure of Chriſtis command
Nother in to thare deidis nor lawis
Neglectyng thare awin Canon lawis
Vſyng thame ſelfis contrarious
For the moſt part to Chriſt Ieſus
Chriſt thocht no ſchame to be ane Prechour
And tyll all peple,of trewth ane techour Mat.iiij
Ane Pope,Byſchope,nor Cardinall
To teche nor preche,wyll nocht be thrall
Thay ſend furth Freris for to preche for thame
Quhilk garris the peple now abhor thame
¶ Chriſt wald nocht be ane temporall kyng
Rychely in to no realme to ryng Ihon.vi.
Bot fled temporall auctorite
As in the Scripture thow may ſe
All men may knaw quhow popis ryngis
In dignitie abufe all kyngis
Als weill in temporalitie
As in to Spiritualytie
Thow may ſe be experience
The popis Princely preeminence.
In Cronicles geue thow lyk to luke
Quhow Carion wryttis in his buke
Ane notabyll narratioun
The ȝeir of oure Saluatioun

Elewin hundreth, and ſax and fyftie
Pope Alexander preſumptuouſlie
Quhilk wes the thrid pope of that name
To Fedrike Empriour did diffame
In Veneis, that tryumphand town
That nobyll Empriour gart ly down
Apone his wambe, with ſchame and lake
Syne tred his feit apone his bake
In toknyng of obedience
Thare he ſchew his preeminence
And cauſit his Clergy, for to ſyng
This wourdis efter following.

SVPER Aſpidem & baſiliſcum ambulabis,
Et conculcabis leonem & drachonem.

¶ Than ſaid this humyll Empriour
I do to Peter, this honour
The Pope anſwerit, with wordis wroith
Thow ſall me honour, and Peter boith
¶ Chriſt for to ſchaw his humill ſpreit
Did waſche his pure Diſciplis feit
The Popis olynes Iwis
Wyll ſuffer kyngis, his feit, to kys
Birdis had thare neſtis, & toddis thare den
Bot Chriſt Jeſus, Saiffer of men Lu.ix
In erth, had nocht ane penny breid
Quhare on he mycht, repoſe his heid
¶ Quhowbeit the Popis excellence
Hes Caſtellis of magnifycence
Abbotis, Byſchopis, and Cardinallis
Hes pleſand palyces royallis
Lyke Paradyſe, ar thoſe prelattis places

K Wan=

Wantyng no pleſoure, of fair faces
Ihone, Androw Iames, Peter, nor Paull
Had few houſis, amang thame all Actis. iiii.
Frome tyme thay knew the veritie
Thay did contempne, all propertie
And wer rycht hart fully content
Off mett drynk, and Abizement.
  To ſaif mankynde that weill forloyne
  Chriſt bure ane creuel crown of thorne Ihon. xix
The Pope thre crownis for the nonis
Off gold, poulderit with pretious ſtonis
Off gold, and ſyluer, I am ſure
Chriſt Ieſus tuke bot lytill cure
And left nocht quhen he zald the ſpreit
To by hym ſelf, ane wynding ſcheit.
  Bot his Succeſſoure gude pope Iohne
  Quhen he deceſſit in Auinſone
He left behynd hym one treaſſoure
Off gold and ſyluer by meſoure
Be one Iuſte computatioun
Weill fyue and twentye myllion
As dois indite Palmerius
Reid hym, and thow ſall fynd it thus.
  Chriſtis Diſciplis wer weill knawin
  Throuch vertew, quhilk wes be thame ſchawin
In ſpeciall feruent charitie
Gret pacience, and humylite
The popis floke, in all regionis
Ar knawin beſt, be thare clyppit crownis
  Chriſt he did honour Matromony
In to the Cane of Galaly Ihon. ii.
Quhare he be his power Diuyne
Did returne the walter into Wyne

And als cheaſt ſum maryit men
To be this ſeruandis as ze ken
And Peter duryng all his lyfe
He thocht no Syn, to haif ane wyfe
Ze ſall nocht fynd in no paſſage
Quhare Chriſt forbiddith mariage
Bot leiſſum tyll ilk man to marye
Quhilk wantis the gyft of chaiſtitye.
¶ The pope hes maid the contrar lawis
In his kyngdome as all men knawis
None of his preiſtis dar merye wyfis
Under no les paine nor thare lyfis
Thocht thay haif concubynis fyftene
In to that cace, thay ar ouerſene
Quhat chaiſtytie, thay keip in Rome
Is weil kend ouer al chriſtindome.
¶ Chriſt did ſchaw his obedience
Onto the Empriouris excellẽce Mat. xvii.
And cauſit Peter for to pay
Trybute to Ceſar, for thame tway
Paull biddis ws be obedient
To kyngis as the moſt excellent
¶ The contrar did pope Celeſtene
Quhen that his Sanctitude ſerene
Did crown Henry the Empriour
I thynk he did hym ſmall honour
For with his feit he did hym crown
Syne with his fute, the crown dang doun
Sayand I haif Auctoritie
Mentyll exalt to dignitie
And to mak Empriouris and kyngis
And Syne depryue thame of thare kyngis
Peter be my Opinioun

Did neuer vſe ſic Dominioun
Apperandlye be my Iugement
That Pope red neuer the new Teſtament
Gyf he had lernit at that lore
He had refuſit ſic vaine glore
As Barnabas Peter and Paull
And rycht ſo Chriſtis Diſciplis all
¶ The Capitane Cornelius Actis.x.
Quhen Sanct Peter come tyll his hous
Tyll worſchyp hym fell at his feit
Bot Sanct Peter come tyll his hous
Did rais hym vpe with diligence
And did refuſe ſic Reuerence
¶ Rycht ſo Sanct Iohn the Euangeliſt Apoca
The Angellis feit he wald haif kiſt xix & xxii
Bot he refuſit ſic honoure
Sayand I am bot Seruitoure
Rychtſo thy fallow and thy brother
Gyf glore to God, and to none vther
¶ Alyke wyis Barnabas and Paull
Sic honour did refuſe at all Ac.xiiii
In Liſtra, quhare thay wroucht gret werkis
The preiſt of Iupiter, with his clerkis
And all the peple with thare auyſe
Wald haif maid to thame Sacrifice
Off quhilk thay wer ſo diſcontent
That thay thare clothyng raif and rend
And Paull amang thame rudely ran
Sayand I am ane mortall man
Gyf glore to God, of Kyngis Kyng
That maid heuin, erth and euery thyng
Sen Peter and Paull vaine glore refuſit
With Popis quhy ſulde ſic glore be vſit

Peter, Andro,Iohne,Iame and Paull
And Chriſtis trew Diſciplis all
Be Goddis worde,thare faith defendit
To byrne, and ſkald,thay neuer pretendit
The Pope defendes his traditioun
Be flammand fyre without remiſſioun
Quhowbeit men breik the law Diuyne
Thay ar nocht put to ſo gret pyne
For huredome,nor Idolatrye
For Inceſt nor Adultrye
Or quhen zoung Virginnis ar deflorit
For,ſic thyng,men ar nocht abhorit
  Bot quho that eitis fleſche in to lent
  Ar terriblye put,to torment
And gyf ane preiſt hoppinnis to marye
Thay do hym baneis,curſſe,and warye
Thocht it be nocht aganis the law
Off God, as men may cleirlie knaw
Betuix two quhat differenſe bene
Be faithfull folke,it may be ſene
Sic Antitheſis mony mo
I mycht declare quhilkis I lat go
And may nocht tary to compyle
Off ilk ordour, the ſtaitly ſtyle
The ſeilye Nun, wyll thyk gret ſchame
Without ſcho callit be Madame
The pure Preiſt.thynkis he gettis no rycht
Be he nocht ſtylit lyke ane Knycht
And callit ſchir,affore his name
As ſchir Thomas,and ſchir Wilzame
All Monkrye,ze may heir and ſy
Ar callit Denis,for dignite
Quhowbeit his hie mother mylk the kow

He man be callit Dene Androw
Dene Peter, dene Paull, and dene Robart
With Chriſt thay tak one pain full part
With daw byll clethyng frome the cald
Eittand and drynkand, quhen thay wald
With curious Countryng in the queir
God wait gyf thay by heuinfull deir
My lorde Abbot, rycht venerabyll
Ay marſchellit vpmoſte at the tabyll
My lord Byſchope, moſte reuerent
Sett abufe Erlis in Parlement
And Cardinalis, duryng thare ryngis
Fallowis to Princis, and to Kyngis
The Pope exaltit in honour
Abufe the potent Empriour
The prode Perſone I thynk trewlye
He ledis his lyfe rycht luſtelye
For quhy, he hes none vter pyne
Bot tak his teind and ſpendit ſyne
Bot he is oblyſte be reſoun
To preche on tyll his perrychioun
Thoucht thay wāt precheing ſeuinten ʒeir
He wyll nocht want ane boll of beir
Sum perſonis hes at thare command
The wantoum Wencheis of the land
Als thay haue gret prerogatyffis
That may depart ay with thare wyffis
Without Diuors, or ſummondyng
Syne tak ane vther but weddyng
Sum man wald thynk ane luſtye fyfe
Ay quhen he lyſt to chenge his wyfe
And tak ane vther of more bewte
Bot Secularis wantis that lyberte

The quhilk ar bound in mariage
Bot thay lyke Rammis in to thair rage
Un piſtillit rynnis amang the ȝowis
So lang as Nature in thame growis.
¶ And als the Vicar, as I trow
He wyll nocht faill to tak ane kow
And vmaiſt claith (thoucht babis thame ban)
Frome ane pure ſelye houſband man
Quhen that he lyis for tyll de
Haiffeing ſmall bairnis two or thre
And hes thre ky withoutin mo
The Vichars moiſt haue one of tho
With the gray cloke, that happis the bed
Howbeit that he be purelye cled
And gyf the wyfe on the morne
Thocht all the babis ſuld be forlorne
The vther kow he clekis awaye
With hir pure coit of roploch graye
And gyf within tway dayis or thre
The eldeſt chyld hapnis to de
Of the thrid kow, he wylbe ſure
Quhen he hes all than vnder his cure
And Fater and Mother boith ar dede
Beg mon the babis without remede
Thay hauld the Corps at the kirk ſtyle
And thare it moſte remane ane quhyle
Tyll thay gett ſufficient ſouerte
For thare kirk rycht, and dewite
Tan cumis the Landis Lors perfors
And cleiks tyll hym ane herield hors
Pure laubourars, wald that law wer doun
Quhilk neuer was fundit be reſoun
I hard thame ſay onder confeſſioun

That law is brothertyll Oppreſſioun

¶ My Sonne I haue ſchawin as I can
Quhow this fyft Monarchie
Quhoſe gret Impyre for to report
At lenth tyme bene all to ſchort.

FINIS.

Heir Followis

Ane Diſcriptioun of the Court of Rome.

Father (ſaid I) quhat rewll keip thay in rome
Quhilk hes the Spirituall Dominatioun
And Monarchie, abufe all Chriſtindome.
Schaw me I mak ȝow ſupplicatioun
My Sonne, wald I mak trew narratioun
(Said he) to Peter, & Paul, thocht thay ſucceid
I thynk thay preue nocht that in to thare deid.

¶ For Peter Androw & Iohne war fyſchearis fyne
Off men and wemen to the chriſtin faith
Bot thay haif ſpred thare Net with huik and lyne
On rentis ryche, on gold and wther graith
Sic fycheing to neglect thay wylbe laith
For quhy yai haif fyſcheit in ouerthort the ſtrandis
Ane gret part trwlye of all temporall landis

¶ With that the tent part of all gude mouebyll
For the vphaldyng of thare digniteis
So bene thare fyſcheing, wounder profitabyll

On the dry land als weill as on the ſeis
Thare hery walter, thay ſpred in all countreis
And with thare hois nett, daylie drawis to Rome
The moſt fyne gold, that is in Chriſtindome.

¶ I dar weill ſay, within this fyftie zeir
Rome hes reſſett furth of this Regioun
For Bullis and Benefyce (quhilk thay by full deir)
Quhilk mycht ful weil haif payit a Kingis ranſoun
Bot war I worthye for to weir ane crown
Preiſtis ſuld no more, our ſubſtance ſo conſume
Sendyng zeirlye ſo gret ryches to Rome.

¶ In to thare Tramalt gett, thay fangit ane fyche
More nor ane quhaill worthye of memorye
Of quhome thay haue had mony dayntay dyſche
Be quhome thay ar exaltit to gret glorye
That maruelous monſtour, callit Purgatorye
Howbeit tyll ws, it is nocht amyable
It hes to thame bene veray profytable.

¶ Latt thay that fructfull fyſche eſchaip thare nett
Be quhome thay haif ſo gret commoditeis
Ane more fatt fyſche, I traiſt thay ſall nocht gett
Thocht thay wald ſers, ouerthrot the occiane ſeis
Adew the daylie dolorous Derigeis
Selye pure preiſtis may ſyng thowhart full ſorye
Want thay that painefull palyce Purgatorye.

Fairwell Monkrye, thow Chanoun Nun, & Freir
Allace thay wylbe lychtleit in all landis
Cowlis wyll no more be kend in kirk nor queir
Latt thay the fructfull fyſche, eſchaip thare handis

I counſall thame to bynd hym faſt in bandis
For Peter, Androw, nor Ihone culde neuer gett
So profytable ane Fyſche in to thare nett.

¶ Thare Merchandyce, in tyll all Nationis
As prentit lede, thare walx, and perchement
Thare pardonis and thare Diſpenſationis
Thay do exceid ſum temporall princis rent
In ſic trafyke, thay ar nocht neglygent
Off benefyce thay mak gude marchandyce
Throuch Symonye quhilk thay hald lytill vyce.

¶ Chriſt did command Peter to feid his ſcheip
And ſo he did feid thame full tenderlye Iho.xxi.
Off that command thay take bot lytill keip
Bot Chriſtis ſcheip, thay ſpolze petuouſlye
And with the woll thay cleith thame curiouſlye
Lyk gormand wolfis, thay tak of thame thare fude
That eit yair fleſche, & drynkis boith mylk & blude.

¶ For that office thay ſerue bot lytill hyir
I thynk ſic Paſtouris, ar nocht for to pryſe
Quhilk can nocht gyde yare ſcheip about the myir
Thay ar ſo beſye in thare marchandyſe
Thocht Peter wes porter of Paradyſe Mat.xvi.
That pleſand paſſage craftely thay cloſe
Throuch thame rycht few gettis entres I ſuppoſe.

¶ Chriſt Ieſus ſaid (as Mathew) did report
Wo be to Scribes, and to Phariſience Mat.xxiij
The quhilkis did cloſe, of Paradyſe the port
Off thame we haif the ſame experience
To enter thare, thay mak ſmall deligence

Thay tak ſic cure in temporall beſynes
Rycht ſo frome ws thay ſtop the planes entres.

Thoſe ſpiritual keis quhilkis Chriſt to Peter gaif
Thare colour cleir with reik, and rowſt ar fadit
Unoccupyit thay hald thame in thare neif
Off that office thay ſerue to be degradit
With Goddis worde without that thay remeid it
Oppinnyng the port quhilk lãg tyme hes bene cloſit
That we may enter with thame and be reioſit.

¶ Contrar tyll Chriſtis Inſtitutioun
To thame that deis, in habit of ane Freir   Ihon.x.
Rome hes thame grantit full remiſſioun
To paſſe tyll heuin, ſtraucht way withoutin weir
Quhilk bene in Scotland wat moy ane zeir
Be thare ſic vertew in ane Freris hude
I thynk in vane, Chriſt Ieſu ſched his blude.

¶ Wald God the Pope quhilk hes preheminence
With aduyſe of his counſall generall
That thay wald do thare detfull deligence
That Chriſtis law mycht kepit be ouir all
And trewlye precheit baith to gret and ſmall
And geue to thame Spirituall Auctorite
Quhilk culde perfytlye ſche Verite.

¶ Quho can not preche a preiſt ſulde not be namit
As may be preuit be the law Diuyne
And be the Canon law, thay ar defamit
That takis Preiſtheid, bot onely to that fyne
Tyll all vertew thare hartis thay ſuld inclyne
In ſpeciall to preche with trew intentis

And miniſter the neidfull Sacramentis.

¶ As for thare Mounkis thair Chanounis & thare (Freris
And luſtye Ladyis of Religioun
I knaw nocht quhat to thare office efferis
Bot men may ſe thare gret abuſioun
Thay ar nocht lyke, in to concluſioun
Nother in to thare wourdis nor thare warkis
To the Apoſtolis, Prophetis. nor Patriarkis.

¶ Gene preſentlye thare Prelatis can nocht preche
Than latt ilke Byſchope haif ane Suffragane
Or ſucceſſour, quhilk can the peple teche
On thare expenſis zeirlye to remane
To cauſe the peple frome thare vyce refrane
And quhen ane prelate, hapnith to deceace
Than put ane perfyte precheour in his pleace.

¶ Do thay nocht ſo, on thame ſall ly the charge
Gene and vnhable men auctorite
As quho wald mak ane ſteir man tyll ane barge
Off ane blynd borne, quhilk can no dainger ſe
Gene that ſchyp drown, forſuth I ſay for me
Quho gaif that ſteir man ſic commiſſioun
Suld of the ſchip, mak reſtitutioun.

¶ The humane Lawis, that ar contrarius
And nocht conformyng to the Law diuyne
Thay ſuld expell and hald thame odius
Quhen thay perſaue, thame cum to no gude fyne
Inuentit bot be ſenſuall mennis Ingyne
As that law quhilk forbiddis Mariage
Cauſyng zoung Clerkis byrne in luſtis rage.

¶ Difficill in Chaſtite tyll obſerue Rom.vii.
But ſpeciall grace, lauboure, and abſtinence
In tyll our fleſche, aye ryngith tyll we ſterue
That firſt Originall ſyn, Concupiſcence
Quhilk we throuch Adamis Inobedience
Hes done Incur, and ſall indure for euer
Quhill that our Saull and body deith diſſeuer.

¶ Tharefor God maid of Mariage the band
In Paradyſe (as Scripture doith recorde) Ge.ii.
In Galelie rycht ſo I vnderſtand
Wes mariage honourit be Chriſt our Lorde Iho.ii
Auld Law, and New, thare to thay do concorde
I thynk for me, better that thay had ſlepit
Nor tyll haue maid ane law, and neuer keipit.

¶ Tuke nocht Chriſt Ieſu his Humanitie Math.i.
Off ane Virgene, in mariage contractit
And of hir fleſche, cled his Diuinytie Luc.i.
Quhy haif thay done that blyſfull band deiectit
In thare kyngdome, wald God it wer correctit
That zoung prelattis mycht mary luſtye wyffis
And nocht in ſenſuall luſte, to leid thare lyffis.

¶ Did nocht Chriſt cheis, of honeſt maryit men
Alſweill as thay that kepit Chaiſtitie
For to be his Diſcipulis as ze ken
As in the Scripture cleirlye thay may ſe
Thay keipit ſtyll thare wyffis with honeſtie
As Peter, and his Apoſtill Bretherin all
Obſeruit Chaiſtitie Matrymoniall.

Bot now appeiris the prophaſie of Paull i.Ti.iiii

Quhow ſum ſuld ryis, in to the latter aige
That frome the trew faith ſulde depart and fall
And ſuld fordid, the band of Mariage
Als thow ſall fynd, in to that ſam paſſaige
Thay ſulde command frome meitis tyll abſtene
Quhilk God creat hys pepyll to ſuſtene.

¶ Bot ſen the Pope, our Spirituall prince & Kyng
He dois ouerſe ſic vyces manifeſt
And in his kyndome ſuffereth for to ryng
The men be quhome the veritie bene ſuppreſt
I excuſe nocht hym ſelf more that the reſt
Allace how ſuld we membris be weill vſit
Quhen ſo our ſpirituall heidis bene abuſit.

¶ The famous ancient Doctor Auiceane
Sayis quhen euyl rewme deſcendis, frome the heid
In to the membris, generith mekle peane
Without thare be maid haiſtalye, remeid
Quhen that cald humour doun wart dois proceid
In Senownis, it cauſis Arthetica
Rycht ſo in to the handis crampe Chiragra.

¶ Of Malideis it generis mony mo
Bot gyf men gett ſum Souerane preſerue
As in the theis Siatica Paſſio
And in the breiſt, ſumtyme the ſtrang Caterue
Quhilk cauſis men richt haiſtellye to ſterue
And Podagra, difficill for to cure
In mennis feit, quhilk lang tyme dois indure.

¶ So to this moſte triumphant court of Rome
This ſimilitude full weill I may compare

Quhilk hes bene heirſchyp of all Chriſtindome
And to the warld ane euyll exemplare
That vmquhyle was Lod ſterre, and Lumynare
And the moſte ſapient Sors of ſanctytude
Bot now allace bair of Beatytude.

Thare kyngdom may be callit Babilone Apo. xviij
Quhilk vmquhyle was ane brycht Hieruſalē
As planelye menis the Apoſtill Ihone
Thare moſte famous Citie hes tynt the fame
Inhabitaris thare of, thare nobyll name
For quhy. thay hait of Sanctis Habitacle
To Symon Magus maid ane Tabernacle.

And horribyll vaill of euerilk kynd of vyce
Ane laithlye Loch of ſtynkand Lychorye
Ane curſſit Coue corrupt with Couatyce
Bordourit aboute with pryde and Symonye
Sum ſayis ane ſyſterne full of Sodome
Quhoſe vyce in ſpeciall gyf I wald declair
It wer aneuch, for tyll peturbe the air.

Off treuth the hoill Chriſtin Religioun.
Thoucht thame ar ſcandalizat and offendit
It can nocht faill bot thare abuſioun Luc. xiii.
Affore the Throne of God it is aſcendit Apo. xviij
I dreid but doute, without that thay amendit
The plaiges of Ionis reuelatioun
Sall fall vpone thare generatioun.

O Lord quhilk hes the hartis of euerilk kyng
In to thy hand, I mak the Supplicatioun
Conuert that Court, that of thair grace benyng
Thay

Thay wald mak generall reformatioun
Amang thame ſelfis, in euerilk Natioun
That thay may be ane holy exemplair
Tyll ws thy pure lawid commun populair.

¶ Hungrit allace, for falt of Spirituall fude
Becauſe frome ws bene hyd the veritie
O Prince quhilk ſched for vs thy precious blude
Kyndle in ws the fyre of Charitie
And ſaif ws frome Eterne Miſaritie
Now lauboryng in to Kyrk militant
That we may all cum to thy Kyrk triumphant.

FINIS.

¶ Heir endis the thrid Part.

And beginnis the

Fourt, Makand mentioun of the Deith, And
of the Antichriſt And Generall Juge-
ment. And of Certane Pleſouris
of Glorifet Bodyis. And
quhow every Creature
deſyris to ſe the
laſt Day.
With ane exhortatioun be Experience
to the Courtiour. &c.

Prudent Father Experience
Sen ȝe of ȝour beneuolence **Cour.**
Hes cauſit me for to conſydder
Quhow warldlye Pōpe & glore bene ſlydder
By diuers Storyis, Miſerabyll
Quhilkis to reheirs, bene lamentabyll
Ȝitt or we paſſe, furth of this vaill
I pray ȝow geue me ȝour counſaill
Quhat I ſall do in tyme cumyng
To wyn the glore, Euirleſtyng
¶ My Sonne (ſaid he) ſett thy intent **Expe.**
To keip the Lordis commandiment
And preis the nocht to clym ouer hie
To no wardly auctoritie
Quho in the warld doith moſt reioſe
Ar farreſt aye frome thare purpoſe
Wald thow leue warldlye vaniteis
And thynk on foure extremeteis
Quhilk ar to cum, and that ſchortlye
Thow wald neuer ſyn wylfullye
Prent thir four in thy memorye
The Deith, the Hell, and heuinnis glorye
And extreme Jugement Generall
Quhare thow man rander compt of all
Thow ſall nocht fail, to be content
Of quyet lyfe, and ſobir rent
Conſiddryng no man can be ſure
In erth one hour, for tyll indure
So all wardly proſperitie
Is myxit with gret miſeritie
¶ Wer thow Empriour of Aſia
Kyng of Europe, and Affrica
Gret Dominator of the ſey

And thocht the Heuin nis did the obey
All Fyſchis, ſowmyng in the ſtrand
All beiſt, and Fowle, at thy command
Concludyng thow wer kyng of all
Under the heuin Imperiall
In that moſte heych auctoritie
Thow ſuld fynd leiſt tranquilitie
Exempyll of Kyng Salamone ii.Par.ix.
More proſperous lyfe, had none
Sic ryches, with ſo gret pleſoure
Had neuer Kyng nor Empriſoure Eccle.ii.
With moſte profunde Intelligence
And ſuperexcelland Sapience
His pleſand Habitationis
Precellit all vtheris Nationis
Gardyngis, and Parkis, for Hartis and Hyndis
Stankis with fyſche of diuers Kyndis
Moſte profunde Maiſteris of Muſike
That in the warld, wes none thame like
Sic treaſour of Gold, and pretious ſtonis
In erth had neuir no Kyng att onis
He had ſewin hundreth luſtye Quenis iii.Re.xi.
And thre hundreth fair Concubenis
In erth, thare wes no thyng pleſand
Contrarious tyll his command
Zitt all this gret proſperitie
He thoucht it vaine, and vanitie
And mycht neuir fynd repoſe compleit
Without afflixioun of the ſpreit
¶ Father (quod I) it maruellis me Cour.
He haue and ſic proſperitie
With ſo gret ryches by meſoure
Nor he had infinite pleſoure

¶ My Sonne the ſuth gyf thow wald knaw
The veritie I ſall the ſchaw Expo
Thare is no warldly thyng at all
May ſatyſfie ane mannis Saull
For it is ſo Inſaciabyll
That Heuin, and Erth, may nocht be abyll
One Saull allone to to mak content
Tyll it ſe God Omnipotent
Wes neuer none, nor neuer ſalbe
Saciate that ſycht, tyll that he ſe
Quharefor my Sonne ſett nocht thy cure
In erth, quare no thyng may be ſure
Except the deith, all anerlye Math. vi.
Quhilk followis man continuallye Luc. xii.
Therefor my Sonne, remember the
Within ſchorte tyme, that thow monde
Nocht knawing quhen, quhow, in quhat place
Bot as pleat the Kyng of Grace.

FINIS.

Off the Deith.

OF Miſarie moſte Miſerable
Is deith, and moſt abhominable
That dreidful Dragone with his dartis
Aye reddy for to peirs the hartis
Off euerilk Creature on lyue
Contra quhoſe ſtrenth may no man ſtryue
¶ Off dolent Deith, this ſore ſentence
Wes gyffin throw Inobedience
Off our Parentis, allace tharefore
As I haue done declare affore
Quhow thay, and thayre poſteritie
Wer all condamnit for to dee
Quhowbeit the fleſche to deith be thrall
God hes the Saull maid Immortall
And ſo of his benignitie
Hes myrit his Iuſtice, with mercie
Tharefor call to remembrance
Off this fals warld, the variance
Quhow we lyke Pylgramis ewin and morrow
Ay trauellyng throw this vaill of ſorow
Sum tyme in vaine proſperitie
Sum tyme in gret Miſaritie
Sum tyme in blys, ſum tyme in baill
Sum tyme rycht ſeik, and ſum tyme haill
Sum tyme full ryche, and ſum tyme pure
Quharfor my Sonne, tak lytill cure
Nother of gret proſperitie
Nor zit of gret Miſaritie
Bot pleſand lyfe, and hard myſchance
Ponder thame boith in one ballance
Conſiddryng none auctoritie
Rychyes, wyſedome, nor dignitie
Empyre of Realmes, bewtie, nor ſtrenth

May nocht one day our lyuis lenth
Sen we ar ſure, that we moſte de
Fairweill all vane felyſcitie
¶ Gretlye it doith perturbe my mynde
Off dolent Deith, the diuers kynd
Thoucht Deith tyll euery man reſortis
Zitt ſtrykith he in ſyndrie ſortis
Sum be hait Feueris violence
Sum be contagious Peſtilence
Sum be Juſtice executioun
Bene put to deith without Remiſſioun
Sum hangit, ſum doith loſe thare heidis
Sum brynt, ſum ſoddin in to leiddis
And ſum for thare vnleif ſum actis
Arrent and rewin apone the ractis
Sum ar diſſoluit by poyſoun
Sum on the nycht ar murdreſt doun
Sum fallis in to frynaſſe
Sum deis in Idropeſſe
And vtheris ſtrange Infirmeteis
Quhare in mony ane thouſand deis
Quhilk humane Nature dois abhor
As in the Gutt, grauell and gor
Sum in the fluy, and feuir quartane
Bot ay the houre of deith vncertane
Sum ar diſſoluit ſuddantlye
Be Cattarue or be Poplesye
Sum doith diſtroy thame ſelf alſo
As Hanniball, and wyſe Cato
Be thunder deith ſum doith conſume
As he did the thrid kyng of Rome
Callit Tullius Hoſtilius
As wryttis gret Walerius

For he and his houſhald attanis
Wer brynt be thounder, fleſche and bonis
Sum deith be extreme exceſſe
Of Joy, as Valeri doith expreſſe
Sum be extreme Malancolye
Wyll de but vther Maladye
In Cronicles thow may weill ken
Quhow mony hundreth thouſand men
Ar ſlane ſen firſt the warld began
In battell, and quhow mony ane man
Apone the ſee, doith loſe thare lyuis
Quhen ſchyppis apone roches ryuis
Thocht ſum de Naturally throuch aiſge
Fer mo deis raiſſand in one raige
Happy is he, the quhilk hes ſpace
Att his laſt hour, to cry for grace
Quhowbeit deith be abhomabyll
I thynk it ſuld be confortabyll
Tyll all thame of the feithfull nummer
For thay depart frome cair and cummer
Frome trubyll trauell, ſtrut, and ſtryfe
Tyll Joy and euerileſtand lyfe
¶ Polidorus Virgilius
To that effect, he wrytis thus
In grace, quhen ony chylde be borne
Thare kyn, and freindis, cumis thame beforne
With dolent Lamentatioun
For the gret trybulatioun
Calamitye cummer and cure
That thay in erth, ar to indure
Bot at thare deith and burying
Thay mak gret Joy ane Banketyng
That thay haue paſt frome miſarie

To reſt and gret felycite.
¶ Sen deith bene fynall concluſioun
Quhat valis wardly prouiſioun
Quham wyſedome may nocht contramand
Nor ſtrenth that ſtoure may nocht ganeſtand
The x thouſand Myllzeone of treaſoure
May nocht prolong thy lyfe one houre
Efter quhoſe dolent departyng
Thy ſpreit ſall paſſe but tarying
Straucht way tyll Joye Ineſtimabyll
Or to ſtrang Pane Intolerabyll
Thy vyle corruptit carioun
Sall turne in Putrefactioun
And ſo remane in pulder ſmall
On to the Jugement Generall.

FINIS.

Ane ſchort diſcriptioun Of the Antechriſte.

Quod I) Father I heir men ſay, Cour
That thare ſall ryſe affore the day
Quhilk ze call generall Iugement
One wyckit man from ſathan ſent
And contrar to the law of Chriſt
Callit the creuell Antechriſt
And ſum ſayis that myſcheuous man
Diſcende ſall of the Trybe of Dan
And ſuld be borne in Babilone
The quhilk diſtane ſall mony one
Infydelis ſall of euery art
With that fals Propheit tak one part
And quhow that Enoch, and Elias
Sall preche contrar that fals Meſſias
Bot fynally his fals Doctrine
And he ſall be put to rewyne
Bot nother be the fyre nor ſwourd
Bot be the vertew of Chriſtis wourd
And gyf this be of veryte
The ſuith I pray zow ſchaw to me.
¶ My Sonne (ſaid he) as wryttis Iohne
There ſall nocht be one man allone Expe.
Hauyng that name in ſpeciall
Bot Antechriſtis in generall
Hes bene, and now ar mony one
And rycht ſo in the tyme of Iohne
Wer Antechriſtis as hym ſelf ſayis
And preſentlye now in thir dayis i,Ihon.ij
Ar rycht mony withouttin dout
Wer thare fals lawis weill ſouchtout,
¶ Quha wes one greter Antechriſt
And more contrarious to Chriſt
Nor the fals Propheit Machomeit

Quhilk his curſſe Lawis, maid ſo ſweit
In Turkye, zit thay ar obſeruit
Quhare throucht the hell, he hes deſeruit
All Turkis, Sarazenis, and Iowis ii.Iohn.i.
That in the Sonne of God nocht trowis
Ar Antechriſtis, I the declare
Becauſe to Chriſt thay ar contrare
¶ Daniell ſayis in his propheſeis Dan.viij
That efter the gret Monarcheis.
Sall ryſe ane maruellous potent Kyng
Quhilk with ane ſchameles face ſall ryng
Mychtie and woyſe in dirk ſpeikyngis
And proſpir in all pleſand thyngis
Throuch his falſheid and craftynes
He ſall flow in to welthynes
The Godlye pepyll he ſall noye
By creuell deith, and thame diſtroye
The kyng of Kyngis, he ſall ganeſtand
Syne be diſtroyit withouttin hand.
¶ Paull ſayis affore the Lordis cumyng
That thare ſalbe one departyng Teſſa.ii.
And that man of inſquitye
Tyll all men he ſall opened be
Quhilk ſall ſitt in the holy ſait
Contrary God, to mak debait
Bot that Sonne of Perditioun
Salbe put to confuſioun
Be power of the holy Spreit
Quhen he his tyme hes done compleit
¶ Beleue nocht that in tyme cumyng
One gretar Antechriſt to ryng
Nor thare hes bene and preſentlye
Ar now, as Clerkis can eſpye

Tharefor my wyll is that thow knaw
Quhat euer thay be that makis one law
Thocht thay be callit Chriſtin men
By naturall reaſſoun thow may ken
Be thay neuer of ſo gret valour
Pape, Cardinall, Kyng, or Empriour
Extolland thare traditionis
Abufe Chriſtis Inſtitutionis
Makand Lawis contrar to Chriſte
He is ane verray Antechriſte
And quha doith fortifye or defend
Sic Law, I mak in to the kend
Be it Pape, Empriour, Kyng or Quene
Gret ſorrow, ſall be on thame ſene
Att Chriſtis extreme Jugement
Without that thay in tyme repent.

¶ FINIS.

¶ Heir followis a Schort remembrance of the moſte Terrabyll day of the extreme Jugement.

Father ſaid I) with zour Lycence Cour.
Sen ze haith ſic experience
Zit one thyng at zow wald I ſpeir
Quhen ſall that dreidfull day appeir
Quhilk ze call Jugement Generall
Quhat thyngis affore that day ſall fall
Quhare ſall appeir that dreidfull Juge?
Or quhow may faltouris gett refuge
(Quod he) as to thy firſt queſtioun
I can mak no ſolutioun Expe.
Quharefor perturbe nocht thyne intent
To knaw day, hour, nor moment
To God allone, the day bene knawin
Quhilk neuer was to none Angell ſchawin
Howbeit be diuers coniectouris
And principall Expoſitouris
Of Daniell, and his Prophicie
And be the ſentence of Elie
Quhilkis hes declarit as thay can
How lang it is ſen the warld began
And for to ſchaw, hes done thare cure
How lang thay traiſt it ſall indure
And als how mony ages bene
As in thare warkis may be ſene.
¶ Bot tyll declare thir queſtionis
Thare bene diuers opinionis
Sum wrattaris hes the warld deuidit
In ſex age,is (as bene decidit)
In to (Faſciculus Temporum)
And (Cronica Cronicarum)
Bot be the ſentence of Elie
The warld deuidit is in thre
As cunnyng maiſter Caricun

Hes maid plane expoſitioun
How Elye ſayis withouttin weir
The warld ſall ſtand ſax thouſand zeir
Off quhome I follow the ſentence
And lattis the vter Bukis go hence
Frome the Creatioun of Adam
Two thouſand zeir tyll Abraham
Frome Abraham, be this narratioun
To Chriſtis Incarnatioun
Rycht ſo hes bene two thouſand zeris
And be thir Prophiceis aperis
Frome Chriſt, as thay mak tyll ws kend
Two thouſand tyll the warldis end
Off quhilkis ar by gone ſickirlye
Fyue thouſand, fyue hundreth, thre and fyftye
And ſo remanis to cum but weir
Four hundreth, with ſewin and fourtye zeir
And than the Lorde Omnipotent
Suld cum tyll his gret Iugement
Chriſt ſayis the tyme ſalbe maid ſchort Mat. xxiiii
As Mathew planelye doith report
That for he warldis Iniquite
The letter tyme, ſall ſchortnit be
For pleſour of the choſin nummer
That thay may paſſe, frome care and cummer
So be this compt it may be kend
The warld is drawand neir ane end
For legionis ar cum but doute
Off Antechriſtis, wer thay ſoucht out
And mony toknis dois appeir
As efter ſchortlye thow ſall heir
Quhow that Sanct Iherome doith indyte
That he hes red, in Hebrew wryte

Off fyftene ſignis in ſpeciall
Affore that Jugement Generall
Off ſum of thame, I tak no cure
Quhilk I fynd nocht in the ſcripture
One part of thame thocht I declare
Firſt wyll I to the Scripture fare.
¶ Chriſte ſayis, affore that day be done Mar.
Thare ſalbe ſignis in Sonne and Mone xiii.
The Sonne ſall hyde his beymes brycht Math.
So that the Mone, ſall gyf no lycht xxiiii.
Sterris be mennis Jugement
Sall fall furth of the Firmament.
¶ Off this ſignis, or we farther gone
Sum morall ſence, we wyll expone
As cunnyng Clerkis hes declarit
And hes the Sonne, and Mone comparit
The Sonne to the ſtait ſpirituall
The mone to Princis temporall
Rycht ſo the ſterris, thay do compare
To the lawd common populare
The mone and ſterris hes no lycht
Bot the reflex of Phebus brycht
So quhen the Sonne of lycht is dyrk
The mone and ſterris, man be myrk
Rycht ſo quhen Paſtouris ſpirituallis
Popis, Byſchoppis, and Cardinallis
In thare begynnyng ſcew gret lycht
The Temporall ſtait, wes rewlit rycht
¶ Bot now allace, it is nocht ſo
Thoſe ſchynand Lampis bene agone
Thare Radious beymes, ar turnit in reik
For now in erth, no thyng tay ſeik
Except ryches, and Dignitis

67

Followyng thare ſenſualitie
Mony prelatis, ar now ryngand
The quhilkis no more dois vnderſtand
Quhat doith pertene to thare office
Nor thow can kendyll fyre with yce
Wo to Papis, I ſay for me
Quhilk ſufferis ſic enormite
That ignorant warldly creaturis
Suld in the Kirk, haif ony curis
No maruell thocht the peple ſlyde
Quhen thay haue blynd men to thare gyde
For ane Prelat, that can nocht preche
Nor Goddis law, to the peple teche
Eſaye comparith hym in his warck Eſay.lvi.
Tyll ane dum Dog, that can nocht bark
And Chriſt hym callis in his grief
Moſte lyke ane murdrer, or ane theif John.x.
The cunnyng Doctour Auguſtyne
Wolfis and Deuyllis, doith thame defyne
The Canon Law, doith hym defame
That of ane Prelat beris the name
And wyl nocht preche the diuine Lawis
As the Decreis, planelye ſchawis
Bot thoſe that hes Auctoritie
To prouide ſpirituall dignite
Mycht geue thay pleaſt to tak pane
Gar thame lycht all thare Lampis agane
Bot euer allace, that is nocht done.
So dirknit bene boith Sonne and Mone.
¶ Wat Kyngis lyuis weill declarit
The quhilkis ar to the Mone comparit
Men mycht conſydder thare eſtate
Frome Charitie degenerate

I thynk, thay ſulde thynk mekle ſchame
Of Chriſt for to tak thare Surname
Syne leif nocht lyke to Chriſtianis
Bot more lyke Turkis, and to Paganis
Turks contrar Turke, makis lytill weir
Bot Chriſtiane Princis, takis no feir
Quhilkis ſuld aggre as brother to brother
Bot now ſik ane dyngis doun ane uther
I knaw no reſonnabyll cauſe quharefore
Except Pryde, Couatyce, and vaine glore
The Empriour mouis his ordinance
Contrar the potent Kyng of France
And France rychtſo, with gret regour
Contrar his freinde the Empriour
And rycht ſwa France agane Ingland
Ingland alſo aganis Scotland
And als the Scottis, with all thare mycht
Doith feycht for tyll defend thare rycht
Betuix thir Realmes of Albione
Quhare Batellis hes bene mony one
Can be maid none Affinitie
Nor zit nor conſanguinitie
Nor be no waye thay can conſydder
That that may haue lang Peace togydder
I dreid that weir makis none endyng
Tyll thay be boith onder ane Kyng
Thocht Chriſt, the Souerane Kyng of grace
Left in his Teſtament lufe and peace
Our Kyngis frome weir wyll nocht refrane
Tyll thare be mony ane thouſand ſlane
Gret eirſchipis maid be ſee and land
As all the warld may underſtand. **Cour.**
¶ Father I thynk that temporall Kyngis

May fecht for tyll defend thare ryngis
For I haif ſene the ſpirituall ſtait
Mak weir thare rychtis tyll debait
I ſaw Pape Iulius manfullye
Paſſe to the feild tryumphantlye
With ane rycht aufull ordinance
Contrar Lues, the Kyng of France
And for to do hym more diſpyte
He did his Regioun interdyte.
My Sonne (ſaid he) as I ſuppoſe Expo.
That langith weill tyll our purpoſe
How Sonne and Mone, ar, boith denude
Off lych, as Clerkis dois conclude
Comparyng thame, as ȝe hard tell
To Spirituall ſtait, ane Temporall
And commoun peple haif diſparit
Quhilk to the ſterris, bene comparit
Lawd peple followis ay thare heidis
And ſpeciallye in to thare deidis
The moſte part of Religioun
Bene turnit in abuſioun
Quhat dois auaill religious wedis
Quhen thay ar contrar in thare dedis
Quhat holynes is thare within
Ane wolf, cled in ane Wodderis ſkin
So be thir toknis dois appeir
The day of of Iugement drawis neir
Now latt ws leif tyll morall ſens
Proceidyng tyll our purpoſe hens
And of this mater ſpeik no more
Begyning quhare we left affore.
¶ The ſcripture ſayis, efter thir ſignis
Salbe ſene mony maruellous thingis Mat.xxiiij

Than ſall ryſe tribulationis Mar. xiii.
In erth, and gret mutationis Luc xxi.
Als weill heir vnder as aboue
Quhen vertewis of the heuin ſall moue
Sic creuell weir ſal be or than
Wes neuer ſene ſen the warld began
The quhilk ſall cauſe gret indigence
As darth, hunger, and peſtilence
The horribyll ſoundis of the ſey
The peple ſall perturbe and fley
Jerome ſayis, it ſall ryſe on heycht
Aboue montanis to mennis ſycht
Bot it ſall nocht ſpred ouir the land
Bot lyke ane wallewin ſtraycht vpſtand
Syne ſatell doun agans ſo law
That no man ſall the walter knaw
Gret Quhalis ſall rummeis rowte & rair
Quhoſe ſound redound, ſall in the air
All fyſche and Mouſtouris maruellous
Sall cry with ſoundis odious
That men ſall wydder on the erd
And wepyng wary ſall thare weird
With lowde allace, and welaway
That euer thay baid to ſe that day
And ſpeciallye thoſe that dwell and be
Apone the coſtis of the ſee
Rycht ſo as Sanct Jerome concludis
Sall be ſene ferleis in the cludis
The ſey with mouyng maruellous
Sall byrn with flammis furious
Rycht ſo ſall byrn fontane and fluds
All herb and tre, ſall ſweit lyk blude
Fowlis ſall fall furth of the air

Wylde beiſtis to the plane repair
And in thare maner mak gret mone
Gowland with mony greſlye grone Ezechiel.
The bodeis of dede creaturis xxxvii.
Appeir ſall on thare Sepulturis
Than ſall boith men, wemen, and bairnis
Cum crepand furth, of howe Cauernis
Quhare thay for dreid, wer hid effore
With ſeych and ſob, and hartis ſore
Wangryng about, as thay war wode
Affamyſt, for falt of fude
Nou may mak vtheris confortyng
Bot dule for dule, and Lamentyng
Quhat may thay do, bot weip and wounder
Quhen thay ſe roches ſchaik in ſchounder
Throw trimlyng of the erth and quakyng
Off ſorrow than ſal be no ſlakyng
Quho that bene leuand in thoſe dayis
May tell of terrabyll affrayis
Thare ryches, rentis, nor treſoure
That tyme ſall do thame ſmall pleſour
Bot quen ſic wounderis dois appeir
Men may be ſure, the day drawis neir
That Juſte men pas ſall to the glore Dan. xiii.
Iniuſte to pane for euer more.
¶ Father (ſaid I) we daylie reid
One Artekle in to our creid Conc.
Sayand that Chriſte Omnipotent
In to that generall Jugement
Sall Juge boith dede and quik alſo
Quharefore declare me or ȝe go
Gene thare ſall ony man or wyue
Tat day be funding vpon lyue

(Quod he) as to that queſtione **Exp.**
I ſall mak ſone ſolutione
The Scripture planelye doith expone **Math.**
Quhen all tokynnis, bene cum and gone **xxiiii.**
Zitt mony one hundreth thouſand
That ſamyn day, ſalbe leuand
Quhowbeit thare ſall no Creature
Nother of day, nor hour be ſure
For Chriſt ſall cum ſo ſuddantlye
That no man ſall the tyme eſpye
As it wes in the tyme of Noye
Quhen God did all the warld diſtroye
Sum on the feild ſalbe lauborand
Sum in the templis Mariand
Sum afore Iugis makand pley
And ſum men ſaland on the ſey
Thoſe that bene on the feild going
Sall nocht returne, to thare luging
Quho bene apone this hous aboue
Sall haif no laſer to remoue
Two ſalbe in the Myll grindyng
Quhilkis ſalbe taking but warnyng
The one tyll euerlaſtyng glore
The vther loſte for euer more
Two ſalbe lying in one bed
The one to pleſour ſalbe led
The vther ſalbe left allone
Gretand with mony gryſlie grone
And ſo my Sanne, thow may weill trow
The warld ſalbe as it is now
The peple vſyng thare deſynes
Vs holy Scripture doith expres
Sen no man knawis the hour nor day

The Scripture biddis vs walk and pray
And for our Syn be penitent
As Chriſt wald cum Incontinent,

FINIS.

The maner
quhow Chriſt all cum to his Iugement.

Quhen al takinnys bene brocht till end
Than ſall the ſone of god diſcend Expe.
As fyre flaucht haiſtely glanſyng Hebr .xii.
Diſcend ſall that moſt heuinly Kyng
As Phebus in the Orient
Lychtnis in haiſt the Occident
So pleſandlye, he ſall appeir
Amand the heuinlye cluddis cleir
With gret power, and Maieſtie Luc.xxi.
Aboue the cuntrie of Iudee
As Clerkis doith concluding haill
Direct aboue the luſtye vaill
Off Ioſaphat, and Mont Olyueſt
All Propheſie, thare ſalbe compleit Actis.i.
The Angellis of the Ordoris Nyne
Inueron ſall, that throne Diuyne Math.xxv.
With heuinlye conſolatioun
Makand hym Miniſtratioun
In his preſens, thare ſalbe borne
The ſignis of Cros, and Croun of thorne
Pillar, Nalis, Scurgis, and Speir

With euerilk thyng that did hym deir
The tyme of his grym Paſſioun
And for our conſolatioun
Appeir ſall in his handis and feit
And in his ſyde, the prent compleit
Off his fyue woundis precious
Schynnand lyke Rubeis Radious
Tyll Reprobatt confuſioun
And for fynall concluſioun
He Sittand in his Trybunall
With gret power Imperiall i.Cori.xv.
Thare ſall ane Angell blawe a blaſt Mat.xxiiii
Quhilk ſall mak all the warld agaſt
With hydous voce, and vehement
Ryſe dede folk, cum to Jugement
With that all Reaſon abyll Creature
That euer wes formit be Nature
Sall ſuddantlye ſtart vp attonis
Conuinit with Saull, Fleſche, Blude, and Bonis
That terribyll Trumpat, I heir, tell
Beis hard in Heuin, in erth, and hell
Thoſe that wer drownit in the ſey Apoc.xx.
That bouſtious blaſt thay ſall obey
Quhare euer the body buryet waſe
All ſalbe fundyng in that plaſe
Angellis ſall paſſe, in the four airtis Mar.xii
Off erth, and bryng thame frome all partis
And with one inſtant diligence
Preſent thame to his excellence
¶ Sanct Jerome, thoucht continuallye
On this Jugement ſo ardentlye.
He ſaid, quhidder I eit or drynk
Or walk, or ſleip, forſuth me thynk

That terrabyll Trumpat lyke ane bell
So quiklye in my eir doith knell
As Inſtantlye it wer preſent
Ryſe dede folk, cum to Iugement
Geue Sanct Ierome tuke ſic ane fray
Allace quhat ſall we Synnaris ſay
¶ All thoſe, quhil, funding bene on lyue
Salbe Immortall maid belyue
And in the twynkling of one Ee i.Pe.iiii.
With fyre thay ſall tranſlatit be Cori.xv.
And neuer for to dee agane
As Diuine ſcripture ſchawis plane
Als reddy boith for pane and glore
As thay, quhilk deit lang tyme affore,
¶ The ſcripture ſayis, thay ſall appeir
In aige of thre and thretty zeir
Quhidder thay deit zoung or auld
Quhoſe gret mummer may nocht be tauld
That day ſall nocht be myſt one man
Quhilk borne wes, ſen the warld began Mathe.
The Angelis ſall thame ſeparate .xxvi.
As Hird the Scheip doith frome the Gate
And thoſe quhilk bene of Baliallis band
Trymling apone the erth ſall ſtand
On the left hand, of that gret Iuge
But eſpirance to gett refuge.
¶ Bot thoſe quhilk bene Predeſtinate
Sall frome the erth be Eleuate i.Theſ.iiii.
And that moſt happy cumpanye
Sall ordourit be tryumphantlye
Att the rycht hand of Chriſte our Kyng
Heych in the air, with loude louyng
¶ Full Gloriouſlye, thare ſall compeir

Before

More brycht than Phebus in his ſpeir
The Virgene Marie, Quene of Quenis
with mony ane thouſand brycht Virgenis
The Fatheris of the auld Teſtament
Quhilk wer to God obedient
Father Adam, ſall thame conuoye
with Abell, Seith, Enoch, and Noye
Abraham with his faithfull warkis
withall the prudent Patriarkis
Johne the Baptiſte, thare ſall compeir
The Principall, and laſt Meſſyngeir
Quhilk come bot half ane ȝeir affore
The cumyng of that Kyng of glore
Moyſes, Eſayas, honorabyll
witht all trew Prophetis Venerabyll
Dauid, with all the faithfull Kyngis
Quhilk verteouſlye did rewle thare ryngis
Thenobyll Cheiftane Joſue
with gentyll Judas Machabe
with mony one nobyll Campioun
Quhilk in thare tyme with gret renoun
Manfullye tyll thare lyuis ende
The Law of God, thay did defende.
¶ With Eue, that day ſalbe preſent
The Ladyis of the Auld Teſtament
Delbora, Adamis, Douchter deir
With the four luſty Ladyis cleir
Quhilk kepit wer, in the Arkwith Noye
Sara, and Cithara with Joye
The quhilkis to Abraham wyffis bene
With gude Rebecka, thare ſalbe ſene
The prudent wyffis of Iſrael
Gude Lya, and the fair Rachell

With

With Judeth, Heſtar, and Suſanna
And the rycht ſapient Quene Saba
¶ Thare ſall compeir, Peter and Paull
With Chriſtis trew Diſciplis all
Lawrence and Stewin, with thare blyſt band
Off Martyris mo, than ten thouſand
Gregor, Ambroſe, and Auguſtyne
With Confeſſoris, ane tryumphand tryne
With ſanct Francois, and Diminic
Sanct Bernard, and ſanct Benedic
With ſmall nummer, of Monkis and Freris
Off Carmeletis, and Cordeleris
That for the lufe of Chriſt onlye
Renuncit the warld vnfen atlye.
With Elezabeth and Anna
All gude wyffis ſall compeir that da
The blyſt and holy Magdelane
That day affore hir Souerane
Rycht pleſandlye ſche ſall preſent
All Synnaris, that wer penitent
Quhilk of thare gylt, heir aſkit grace
In Heuin with hir, ſall haue ane place.
¶ Bot wo beis to that bailfull band
Quhilk ſall ſtand Lawe, at his left hãd
Woo than to kyngis, and Empriouris
Quhilkis wer, vnrychteus Cõquerouris
For thare glore, and perculiar gude
Gart ſched ſo mekle ſakles blude
But Ceptour, Crown, and Robe Royall
That day thay ſall mak compt of all
And for thare creuell tyrannye
Sall punyſt be, perpetuallye
¶ Ze Lordis, and Barronis, more and les

That zour pure Tennantis dois oppres
Be gret Gyrſome, and dowbyll maſll
More than zour landis bene auaill
With ſore exhorbitant cariage
With merchetis of thare mariage
Tormentit boith in peace and weir
With birdyngis more than thay may beir
Be thay haif payit to zow thare maill
And to the Preiſt, thare teindis haill
And quhen the land agane is ſawin
Quhar reſtis behynd, I wald wer knawin
I traiſt thay, and thare pure houſhauld
May tell of hunger, and of cauld
Without ze haif of thame piete
I dreid ze ſall gett no mercie
That day, quhen Chriſt Omnipotent
Cummis tyll his generall Iugement
¶ Wo beis to publict oppreſſouris
To tyrannis, and to tranſgreſſouris
To Murdararis, and commoun theifis
Quhilk neuer did mend, thare gret miſcheifis
Fornicatoris, and Ockararis
Commoun publict Adulteraris
All pertinat wylfull Arratikis
All fals diſſait full Syſmatykis
All ſalbe preſent in that place
With mony Lamentabyll allace.
¶ The curſt Cayn, that neuer wes gude
With all ſcheddaris of ſaikles blude
Nemrod, fundar of Babylone
With fals Idolatris mony one
Nynus, the kyng of Aſſeriay
With gret dule ſall compeir that day

Quhilk firſt inuentit Imagery
Quharethrouch come gret Idolatry
For makyng of the Image Bell
That day his hyir ſalbe in hell,
¶ The gret oppreſſour, Kyng Pharo
The tyrrane Empriour Nero
Sall with thame curſt Kyng Herode bryng
With mony vther cairfull Kyng
The creuell Kyng Antiochus
With the moſte furious Olofernus
Gret oppreſſouris, of Iſraell
That day, thare hyre ſalbe in hell
¶ With Iudas ſall compeir one clan
Off fals Tratouris, to God and man
Thare ſall compeir of euerilk land
With Ponce Pylat, one bail full band
Off temporall and of ſpirituall ſtatis
Fals Iugis, with thare Aduocatis
Thare ſall cum Senzeouris of the ceſſioun
Off all thare faltis: mak cleir confeſſioun
Thare ſalbe ſene, the fraudfull failzeis
Off Schireffis, Proueſtis, and of bailzeis
Officiallis, with thare conſtry Clerkis
Sall mak compt, of thare wrangus werkis
Thay and thare peruerſt Procuratouris
Oppreſſouris boith of riche and puris
Throw Delaturis, full of diſſait
Quhilk mony one gart beg thare mait
Gret dule that day to Iugis bene
That cumis nocht, with thare conſcience clene
That day ſall pas be Peremptoris
Without cawteill or Dilatoris
No Duplicandum, nor triplicandum

Bot ſchortlye pas to ſantenciandum
without contineuationis
Or ony Appellationis
That ſentence, ſall nocht be retratit
Nor with no man of Law debaittit
¶ Zit Lauboraris, be ſey and landis
Perfite Craftiſmen, & ryche merchandis
Leif zour diſſait, and crafty wylis
Quhilk ſyllie ſimpyll folk begylis
Mak recompence heir, as ze may
Remembryng on this dreidfull day
¶ With Machomeit, ſal cōpeir but doute
Off Antechriſtis one hydduous route
Byſchope Annas, and Cayphas
with hym in cumpany ſall pas
with Scribis, and fals Phariſianis
Quhilk wrocht on Chriſt gret violencis
With mony one Turk, and Sariſcene
With gret ſorrow thare ſalbe ſene
Papis for thare traditionis
Contrar Chriſtis inſtitutionis
With mony one cowle, and clyppit crown
Quhilk Chriſtis Lawis ſtrampit down
And warld nocht ſuffer for to preche
The veritie, nor the peple teche
Bot Lawiſmen, pas to gret torment
Quhilk vſit Chriſtis Teſtament
All Kyngis and Quenis, thare ſalbe kend
The quhilk ſic Lawis did defend
In that court ſall cum mony one
Off the blak byik of Babilone
The Innocent blude that day ſall crye
One loude vengeance, full petuouſlye

M 6

On thoſe creuell bludy bouchouris
Martyreris of Prophetis and prechouris
Sum with the fyre, ſum with the ſworde
Quhilk planely precheit Goddis worde
That day thay ſall rewaldit be
Conforme to thare Iniquitie.
¶ The Sodometis, and Gomoriance
On quhome God wrocht ſo gret vẽgeance
With Choro, Dathan, and Abyrone
With thare aſſiſtance mony one
The holy Scripture, wyll the tell
Quhow thay ſank all doun to the hell
With Symon Magus, ſall reſort
Off proude Preiſtis, ane ſchame full ſort
¶ That ſamyn day, thare ſalbe ſene
Mony one creuell cairfull Quene
Quene Semeram, Kyng Nynus wyfe
Ane Tygir full of ſturt and ſtryfe
To gydder with Quene Ieſabell
Quhilk wes doith couetous and creuell
The fals deſaitfull Dalyda
The creuell Quene Clitamiſtra
The quhilk did murdres on the nycht
Agamenon, boith wyſe and wycht
The quhilk wes hir awin ſouerane Lorde
As Grekis ſtoryis dois recorde
With creuell Quenis, mony one
Quhilk langſum wer, for tyll expone
¶ Ze wantoun Ladyis, & burgis wyuis
That now for ſydeſt talis ſtryuis
Flappand the fylth, amang zour feit
Raſyng the duſte, in to the ſtreit
That day for all zour pomp and pryde

Zour ſalis ſall nocht zour hyppis hyde
Thir vaniteis, ze ſall repent
Without that ze be penitent
¶ With Phitoniſſa, I heir tell
Quhilk raiſt the Spreit of Samuell
That day with hir thare ſall reſorte
Off rank wycheis, one ſorrowfull ſorte
Brocht frome all partis mony one myle
Frome Sauoy, Athell, and Argyle
And frome the ryndes of Gallowaye
With mony wofull Wallawaye.
¶ Ze brether of Religioun
In tyme leif zour abuſioun
With quhilk ze haif the warld abuſit
Or ze that day ſalbe refuſit
I ſpeik to zow all generallye
Nocht tyll one ordoure ſpeciallye
That day all Creature ſall ken
Geue ze war Sanctis or wardly men
Or gyf ze tuke the Skappellarye
That ze mycht leif more pleſandlye
And gett ane gude groſſe portioun
Or for Godlye deuotioun
That day zour faynit Sanctitudis
Sall nocht be knawin be zour Hudis
Zour Superſtitious Ceremoneis
Participand tyll Idolatreis
Corde, cuttit ſchorne, nor clippit hede
That daye, ſall ſtande zow in no ſtede
For cowlis blak, gray, nor begand
Ze ſall that day get no rewaird
Zour polit payntit flatterye
Zour diſſimulat Ypocraſye

That day, thay ſall be cleirlye knawin
Quhen ze ſall ſcheir, as ze haue ſawin
Tharfore in tyme, be penitent
Or ellis that day, ze wylbe ſchent.
¶ I pray zow hartlye as I may
Remember on that dreidfull day
Ze Abbot, Pryor, and Pryores
Conſydder quhat ze did profes
And quhow that zour promotioun
Wes no thyng for deuotioun
Bot tyll obtene the abbaſye
Ze maid zour wow of Chaiſtitye
Off powertie, and obedience
Tharefor remord zour conſcience
Quhow thir thre wowis bene obſeruit
And quhat rewarde, ze haue deſeruit
Quharefore repent, quhill ze haue ſpace
Sen God is lyberall of his grace.
¶ Father (quod I) declare to me
Quhare ſall our Prelatis ordorit be Cour.
Quhilk now bene in the warld leuand
With quhome ſall cum that Spirituall band?
(Quod he) as ſanct Barnard diſcryuis Expe.
Without that thay amendy thare lyuis
And leif thare wantoun vitious warkis
Nocht with Prophetis, nor Patriarkis
Nocht with Martyris, nor Confeſſouris
The quhilkis to Chriſt, wer trew prechouris
That Predeceſſouris, Peter, and Paull
That day wyll thame myſken at all
So ſall thay nocht, I ſay for me
With the Apoſtolis, ordourit be
I traiſt thay ſall dwell on the bordour

Off Hell, quhare thare ſalbe non ordour
Endlang the flude of Flagitone
Or on the brais of Acherone
Cryand on Caron, I conclude
To ferre thame ouer, that furious flude
Tyll eternall confuſioun
Without thay leif thare abuſioun
I traiſt thoſe Prelatis, more and les
Sall mak cleir compt of thare ryches
That dreidfull day, with hartis ſore
And quhat ſeruice, thay did tharefore
The Princely pomp, nor apparell
Off Pope, Byſchoppe, nor Cardinall
Thare Royall rentis, nor Dignite
That day ſall nocht regardit be
Thare ſall no talis, as I heir ſay
Off Byſchoppis, be borne vp that day
Cum thay nocht with thare conſcience clene
On thame gret ſorrow ſalbe ſene
Without that thay thare lyfe amend
In tyme, and ſo I mak ane end.

¶ FINIS.

Heir followis the Maner quhow Chriſt ſall geue his Sentence.

QUhen all thir congregationis Exp.
Beis brocht furth frome all nationis
Quhilk wilbe without lang proces
Thocht I haif maid ſum lang degres
For in the twinklyng of one E
All mankynd, ſall preſentit be
Affore that Kyngis Excellence Mat.xxv
Than ſchortlye ſall he geue ſentence
Firſt ſayand to that blyſfull band
Quhilk beis ordourit, at his rycht hand
Cum with my Fatheris bennyſoun
And reſſaue zour poſſeſſioun
Quhilk bene for zow preordinat
Affore the warld wes firſt creat
Quhen I wes hungry, ze me fed
Quhen I wes naikit, ze me cled
Oftymes ze gaue me Herberye
And gaif me drynk quhen I wes drye
And veſyit me, with myndis meik
Quhen I wes preſonar and ſeik
In all ſic trybulatioun
Ze gaif me conſolatioun.
¶ Than ſall thay ſay, O potent Kyng
Quhen ſaw we the, deſyre ſic thyng
We neuer ſaw thyne excellence
Subdewit to ſic indigence

Zis

Ȝis (ſall he ſay) I ȝow aſſeure
Quhen ever ȝe did reſſaue the pure
And for my ſaik, maid thame ſupple
That gyft but doute, ȝe gaif to me
Tharefor ſall now begyn ȝour glore
Quhilk ſall indure for ever more.
¶ Than ſall he luke on his left hand
And ſay on to that ball full band
Pas with my Maledictioun
Tyll Eternall Afflictioun
In cumpany with feindis fell
In everleſtyng fyre of Hell
Quhen I ſtude naikit at ȝour ȝett
Houngry, thriſty, cauld, and wett
Rycht febyll, ſeik, and lyke to de
I never gat of ȝow ſupple
And quhen I lay in preſoun ſtrang
For ȝow, I mycht haif lying full lang
Without ȝour conſolatioun
Or ony ſupportatioun.
¶ Trymling for dreid, than ſall thay ſay
With mony hydous harmeſay
Allace gude Lorde, quhen ſaw we the
Subiect to ſic neceſſitie
Quhen ſaw we the, cum to our dure
Houngry, thriſty, naikit, pure
Quhen ſaw we the in preſounly
Or the refuiſt herbery.
Than ſall that moſt precelland kyng
Tyll thoſe wrachis mak anſweryng
That tyme, quhen ȝe refuiſit the puris
Quhilk is neidfull cryit at ȝour duris
And of ȝour ſuperfluitie

For my ſaik maid thame no ſupplie
Refuſand thame, ȝe me refuſit
With wrechitnes, ſo ȝe wer abuſit
Thare for ȝe ſall haue to ȝour hyre
The euerleſtyng byrning fyre
But grace, but peace, or confortyng
Than ſall thay cry, full ſore weipyng
That we wer maid, allace gude Lorde
Allace, is thare non Miſericorde
But thus withouttin hope of grace
Tyne preſens of thy pleſand face
Allace for vs, it had bene gude
We had bene ſmorit in our cude.
¶ Than with one rair, the erth ſall ryue
And ſwolly thame boith man and wyue
Than ſall thoſe Creaturis forlorne
Warie the hour, that thay wer borne
With mony ȝamer, ȝewt and ȝell
Frome tyme thay feill, the flammis fell
Apone thare tender bodeis byte
Quhoſe torment ſalbe Infinyte
The erth ſall cloſe be, and frome thare ſycht
Sall taking be all kynde of lycht
Thare ſalbe gowlyng, and gretyng
But hope of ony confortyng
In that Ineſtimabyll pane
Eternallye thay ſall remane
Byrn and in furious flammys rede
Euer deand, bot neuir be dede
That the ſmall Minuth of one hour
To thame ſalbe ſo gret dolour,
Thay ſall thynk thay haif done remane
Ane thouſand ȝeir, in to that pane

Allace,I trimyll tyll heir tell
The terribyll Turmentyng of hell
That panefull pytt,quho can deplore
Quhilk mon indure,for euer more
¶ Than ſall thoſe glorifyit Creaturis
With myrth and infinyte pleſouris
Conuoyit with Ioy Angelicall
Paſſe to the Heuin Imperiall
With Chriſt Ieſu,our Souerane Kyng
In glore,Eternallye to ryng
Off man,quhilk paſſis the Ingyne
The thouſand part,for tyll defyne
Allanerlie of the leiſt pleſoure
Preordinat for one Creature.
Than ſall one Fyre,as Clerkis ſane
Mak all the hyllis and valais plane ii.Pet.iii.
Frome erth,vp to the Heuin Impyre
Als beis renewit,by that Fyre
Purgeyng all thyng materiall
Under the heuin Imperiall
Boith erth,and walter,Fyre,and air,
Salbe more perfyte maid and fair
The quhilkis affore had myxit bene
Sall than be purifyit and maid clene
The erth lyke Chriſt all ſalbe cleir
And euerilk Planeit,in his ſpeir
Sall reſt withouttin more moueyng
Boith ſterny heuin,and Chriſtellyng
The firſt and haiſt heuin mouabyll
Sall ſtand but turnyng,firme and ſtabyll
The ſone in to the Orient
Sall ſtand,and in the Occident
Reſt ſall the Mone,and be more cleir

Nor now bene Phebus, in his ſpeir
And als that Lantern, of the Heuin
Sall gyf more lycht, be greis ſewin
Nor it gaue ſen the warld began
The Heuin renewit ſalbe than
Richt ſo the erth, with ſic deuyſe
Compair tyll heuinlye Paradyſe.
¶ So heuin and erth ſalbe allone Apo.xxi.
As menith the Apoſtill Iohne
The gret ſey ſall no more appeir
Bot like the Chriſt all pure and cleir
Paſſyng Imaginatioun i.Cor.ii.
Off Man, to mak narratioun
Off glore, quhilk God, hath done prepair
Tyll euery one that cummis thare
The quhilk with eris, no with eine
Off man may nocht be hard nor ſene
With hart it is vnthynkabyll
And with toungis Inpronunciabyll
Quhoſe pleſouris ſalbe ſo perfyte
Haueyng in God, ſo gret delyte
The ſpace now of one thouſand zeir ii.Pet.iii.
That tyme ſall nocht, one hour appeir
Quhilk can nocht comprehendit be
Tyll we that pleſand ſycht ſall ſe. ii.Cor.xii
¶ Quhen Paull wes reuiſt in the ſpreit
Tyll the thrid Heuin, of glore repleit
He ſayith the Secretis quhilk he ſaw
Thay wer nocht leiſſum for to ſchaw
To no man on the erth leuand
Quharefor preis nocht tyll vnderſtand
Quhowbeit thare to thow haif deſyre
The Secretis of the heuin Impyre

The more men lukis on Phebus brycht
The more febyll, ſalbe thare ſycht
Rycht ſo latt no man ſett thare cure
To Sers, the heych Diuyne Nature
The more men ſtudye, I ſuppoſe
Salbe the more frome thare purpoſe
To knaw, quhare to ſulde men Intend
Quhilk Angellis can nocht comprehend
Bot efter his gret Jugement
All thyng tyll ws ſalbe patent
  Latt ws with Paull, our mynde addres
  He beand full of Heuinlynes
Full humilye, he techeit ws
Nocht for to be to curious
Quhowbeit men be of gret Ingyne
To ſeik the heych Secretis Diuyne   Rom. xi
Quhoſe Jugementis ar vnſerchabyll
And ſtrange wayis Inueſtigabyll
(That is to ſay) paſt out fyndyng
Off quhome na man may fynd endyng
It ſufficith ws for tyll Imploze
Gret God, to bryng ws to that gloze.

FINIS.

¶ Off certane pleſouris of the glorifeit bodeis.

Sen thare is non in erth, may comprehend
The Heuinlye glore, and pleſouris infinyte
Quhairfor my ſone, I pray the not pretend
Ouer far to ſeik, that maner of delyte
Quhilk paſſit Naturall reaſoun to Indyte   Expe.
That God afore that he the wald creat
Preparit to thame, quhilk ar predeſtinat.

¶ All Mortall men, ſalbe maid Immortall
(That is to ſay) neuer to de agane
Impaſſabill, and ſo Celeſtiall
That fyre, nor ſwerd may do of thame no pane
Nor hote, nor cauld, nor froſt, nor wynd, nor rane
Thocht al thyng wer, may do to thame no deir
Thoſe Creaturis, ſycht ſo ſalbe als cleir

As flamm and Phebus, in his Manſioun
Conſider than, gyf thare ſalbe gret lycht
Quhen euery one, in to that Regioun
Sall ſchyne lyke to the Sonne, and be als brycht
Lat vs with Paull, deſyre to ſe that lycht
To be diſſoluit, Paull had A gret deſyre
With Chriſt, to be in tyll the heuin Impyre.

And more attour, as Clerkis can diſcryue
Thare maruellous myrthis, beis incomparabyll
Amang the reſt, in all thare wyttis fyue

Thay ſall haue ſenſuall pleſouris delectabyll
The heuinlye ſound, quhilk ſalbe Innarrabyll
In thare eris, continuallye ſall ryng
And als the ſycht of Chriſt Ieſus our Kyng.

In his tryumphant throne Imperiall
With his Mother, ye Virgene Quene of quenis
Thare ſalbe ſene, the Court Celeſtiall
Apoſtolis, Martyris, Confeſſoris, and Virgenis
Brycht ar than Phebus, in his ſpeir ſchynis
The Patriarkis, and Prophetis, Venerabyll,
Thare ſalbe ſene, with glore Ineſtimabyll.

¶ And with thare Spirituall Eis ſalbe ſene,
That ſycht, quhilk bene moſt Superexcelland
God as he is, and euermore hes bene
Continuallye, that ſycht contempland
Auguſtine ſayis, he had leuer tak on hand
To be in Hell, he ſeyng the aſſence
Of God, nor be in Heuin, but his preſence.

¶ Quho ſeis God, in his Diuynitie,
He ſeis in hym, all vther pleſand thyngis
The quhilk with toung, can nocht pronuncit be
Quhat pleſour bene, to ſe that Kyng of Kyngis,
The greteſt pane, the Dampnit folk doun thryngis
And to the Deuyllis, the moſt punytioun
It is of god, to want fruitioun.

And mairattour, thay ſall feill ane ſmell,
Sur mountyng far, the fleure of erthly flowris
And in thare mouth, ane taiſt as I heir tell
Of, ſweit, and Supernaturall Sapowris

As thay ſall ſe the heuinlye brycht colowris
Schenyng amang thoſe Creaturis diuyne
Quhilk tyll diſcryue, tranſcendith mannis Ingyne

¶ And als thay ſall haif ſic agilitie,
In one Inſtant to paſſe for thare pleſour
Ten thouſand mylis in twynkling of one E
So thare Ioyis ſalbe without meſour
Thay ſall reioyis, to the gret dolour
Off dampnit folk in hell, and thare torment
Becauſe of God it is the Iuſte Iugement

Subtellyte thay ſall haue marueillouſlye
Supponyng that thare wer ane wall of bras
One glorifeit body, may rycht haiſtellye
Out throw that wall, without Impediment pas
Siclyke as doith the Sone bemis throw the glas
As Chriſt tyll his Diſcipilis did appeir
All entreſclos, and non of thame did ſteir.

¶ Quhowbeit in heuin, thoch euerilk Creature
Haue nocht alyke felicitie nor glore i. Cor.
Zit euerilk one ſall haif ſo gret pleaſure
And ſo content, thay ſall deſyre no more
To haue more Ioye, thay ſall no way Implore
Bot thay ſalbe all ſatyſfeit and content
Lyke to this rude exempyll ſubſequent,

Tak ane crowat, one pynte ſtope, and one quart
One galloun pitchair, one puntioun & one tun
Of wyne, or watter, gyf euerilk one thare part
And fyll thame full, tyll that thay be ouir run
The lytill crowat, in compariſoun

Salbe ſo full, that it may hald no more
Off ſic miſſouris, thocht thare be twenty ſcore.

In to the Tun, or in the Pontioun,
So all thoſe veſchellis, in one qualitie
May hald no more, without thay be ouir rvn
Zitt haif thay nocht, alyke in quantitie
So be this rude exempyll thow may ſe
Thocht euerilk one, be nocht alyke in glore
Ar ſatyſfeit, ſo that thay deſyre no more.

Thocht preſentlye be Goddis prouiſance,
Beiſtis fowlis, and fyſchis, in the ſeis
Ar neceſſar now, for mannis ſuſtenance
With cornis, herbis, flowris: and frutfull treis
Than ſall thare be non ſic commoditeis
The erth ſall beir no plant, nor beiſt bruitall
Bot as the Heuinnis brycht lyke buriall.

Supone ſum be on erth, walkand heir doun,
Or heycht abone, quhare euer thay pleis to go
Of God, thay haue ay cleir fruitioun
Boith eſt, or weſt vp doun, or to, or fro
Clerkis declaris pleſouris mony mo
Quhilk dois tranſcend al mortal mannis ingyne
The thouſand part, of thoſe pleſouris diffyne.

In to the Heuin thay ſall perfytlie knaw
Thare tender freindis yare father and yare mother
Thare predeceſſouris quhilkis thay neuer ſaw
Thair ſpouſis, bairnis, ſyſter, & thare brother
And euerilk one ſall haue ſic lufe tyll vther
Of vtheris glore and Joy thay ſall reioyſe

As of thare awin, as Clerkis doith ſuppoſe.

¶ Than ſalbe ſene, that brycht Jeruſalem
Quhilk Jhone ſaw, in his Reuelatione Apo.xxi.
We mortall men, allace ar far to blame Esa.lxvi
That wyll nocht haif conſideratione
And one continuall contemplatione
With hate deſyre, to cum on to that glore
Quhilk pleſour ſall indure for euer more.

¶ O Lorde our God, & Kyng Omnipotent Ro.viij
Quhilk knew, or thow the heuin, and erth, creat
Quho wald to the, be inobedient
And ſo diſarue, for to be reprobatt
Thow knew the nomer, of predeſtinat
Quhome thow did call, and hes thame Juſtifeit
And ſall in Heuin with the be Glorifeit.

¶ Grant ws to be Lorde, of that choſin ſort
Quhame of thy mercy ſuperexcellent
Did purify, as ſcripture doith report
With the blude of that holy Innocent
Jeſu, quhilk wald hym ſelf obedient
On to the deth, and ſteruit on the rude
Lat ws O Lorde, be purgit with that blude.

¶ All Creature, that euer God Creat Ro.viij.
As wryttis Paull, thay wys to ſe that day
Quhen the Childryng of God predeſtinat
Sall do appeir, in thare new freſche array i.Co.xv
Quhen Corruptioun, beis clengit clene away
And cheangit beis, thare mortall qualitie
In the gret glore, of Immortalitie.

¶ And more attour, all dede thyngis corporall
Under the Concaue, of the Heuin Impyre
That now to laubour ſubiect ar and thrall
Sone, Mone, & Sterris, Erth, watter, air, & Fyre
In one maneir, thay haue ane hote delyre
Wyſſing that day that thay may be at reſt
As Eraſmus Exponith Manifeſt.

¶ We ſe the gret Gloube, of the Firmament
Continuallye, in moueyng maruellous
The ſewin Planetis, contrary thare intent
Ar reſt about, with courſſe contrariours
The wynd, and See, with ſtormis furious
The trublit Air, with Froſtis, Snaw and Rane
On to that day, thay trauell euer in pane.

¶ And all the Angellis, of the Ordouris Nyne,
Haue and compaſſioun of our Miſareis
Thay wys efter that day, and to that Fyne
To ſe ws fred, frome our Infirmiteis
And clengit frome thir gret Calamiteis
And trublus lyfe, quhilk neuer ſall haue end
On to that day, I mak it to the Kend.

FINIS.

And

A 6

Ane exhortatioun

Gyffin be Father Experience, vnto his Sone the Curteour.

My Sone now mark weill in thy memory
Of yis fals warld, the trublus tranſitory
Quhoſe dreidfull dayis drawis neir a end
Tharfor tak god to be yi adiutory
And every day my Sonne, (Memento Mori,)
And wait not quhen, nor quhare that thow ſal wend
Heir to remane, I pray the nocht pretend
And ſen thow knawis the tyme is verray ſchort
In Chriſtis Blude, ſett all thy hole confort.

¶ Be nocht to myche ſolyſt in temporall thyngis
Sen you perſauis, Pape, Empriour nor Kyngis
In to the erth, haith no place parmanent
Thow ſeis the deith, yame dulefully doun thringis
And rauis yame frome yare rent, ryches and ryngis
Tharfor, on Chriſt confirme thyne hole intent
And of thy callyng, be rycht weill content
Than God that fedis the fowlis of the air
All neidfull thyng for the he ſall prepair.

¶ Conſydder in thy contemplatioun
Ay ſen the warldis, firſt Creatioun
Mon kynd hes tholit this miſary mortall
Ay tormentit wyth trybulatioun
With dolour, dreid, and deſolatioun
Gentiles, and Choſin peple of Iſraell

To this vnhap, all ſubiect ar and thrall
Quhilk Miſary but doute ſall euer indure
Tyll the laſt day, my Sonne thare of be ſure.

¶ That day, as I haue maid narratioun
Salbe the day of conſolatioun
Tyll all the Childryng, of the choſin noumer
Thare endit beis, thare deſolatioun
And als I mak the ſupplycatioun
In erthlye materis, tak the no more cummer
Dreid nocht to dee, for deith is bot ane ſlummer
Leue ane Iuſte lyfe and thow ane Ioyus hart
And of thy guddis, tak pleſandlye thy part.

¶ Off our talkeing, now latt vs mak ane end
Behald quhow Phebus, down wart dois diſcend
Towart his palyce, in the Occident
Dame Synthea Iſe, ſcho dois pretent
In tyll hir wattry Regioun tyll aſcend
With viſage paill, vp frome the Orient
The dew now dounkis, the roſſis redolent
The Mareguldis that all day wer reioſit
Off Phebus heit, now crafftelly ar cloſit.

¶ The blyſfull byrdis, downis to the treis
And ceiſſis of thare heuinlye armonye
The Cornecraik in the croft, I heir hir cry
The bak, the Howlat, febyll of thare eis
For thare paſtyme, now in the ewinnyng fleis
The Nychtyngall, with myrth full melody
Hir naturall notis, perſith throw the ſky
Tyll Synthea, makand hir obſeruance
Quhilk on the nycht, dois tak hir dalyance.

Iſe Polartike, in the North appeir
And Venus ryſſing with hir bemes cleir
Quharefor my Sonne, I hald it tyme to go
Wald God (ſaid I) ȝe did remane all ȝeir
That I mycht ef ȝour heuinlye Leſſonis leir
Off ȝour departyng, I am wounder wo
Tak pacience (ſaid he) it mone be ſo
Perchance I ſall returne, with deligence
Thus I departit, frome Experience.

¶ And ſped me home, with hert ſychyng full ſore
And enterit in my quyet Oritore
I tuke paper, and thare began to wryt
This Miſerie, as ȝe haue hard afore
All gentyll Redaris, herelye I Implore
For tyll excuſe, my rurall rude Indyte
Thoucht Phareſeis, wyll haue at me diſpyte
Quhilkis wald not yat, thare craftynes wer kend
Latt God be Iuge, and ſo I mak ane end.

¶ FINIS.

Quod Lyndeſay.

Heir followis the dreme of Shir Dauid lindſay of the mont Knyt, alias Lion Kyng of armes derecket onto our ſouerane Lord Kyng James the Fyft.

¶ And Imprentit at the command, and
expenſes of maiſter Samuel
Jaſcuy, In Paris.

1558.

Rycht potent prince, of hie Imperiall blude
Onto thy grace I traiſt it be weill knawin
My ſeruice done onto thy celſitude
Quhilk neidis nocht at lenth for to be ſchawin
And thocht my zowtheid now be neir ouerblawin
Excerſit in ſeruice, of thyn excellence
Hope his me hecht, ane gudly recompence.

¶ Quhen thow was zowng I bure the in myne arme
Ful tenderlye tyll thow begowth to gang
And in thy bed oft happie the full warme
With lute in hand ſyne ſoftlye to the ſang
Sum tyme in danſyng ferely I flang
And ſum tyme playand farſis on the flure
And ſum tyme on myne office takand cure.

¶ And ſum tyme lyke ane feind tranſfigurate
And ſum tyme lyke the gryſly gaiſt of gye
In diuers formis oftymes diſfigurate
And ſum tyme diſagyſit full pleſandlye
So ſen thy birth I haue continewallye
Bene occupyit and ay to yi pleſoure
And ſum tyme ſewar coppar and carboure.

¶ Thy purs maiſter, and ſecreit theſaurare
Thy yſchar ay ſen thy natiuite
And of thy chalmer cheif cubiculare
Quhilk to this hour hes keipit my laute
Louing be to the bliſſit trinitie
That ſic ane wrachit worme hes maid ſo habill
Till ſic ane prince to be ſo aggreabill.

¶ Bot now thow art be influence naturall
Hye of ingine and richt inquiſityue

Of antique ſtoreis and deidis marcial
Moir pleſandlye the tyme for till ower dryue
I hef at lenth the ſtoreis done diſcryue
Of Hectour, arthour, and gentil Iulius
Of Alexanderand, worthye Pompeyus.

¶ Of Iaſone and media all at lenth
Of Hercules the hanorabill
And of ſampſone the ſupernaturall ſtrenth
And of leill luffers ſtoreis amiabill
And oftymes hef I feinzeit mony fabill
Of troyelus the ſorow and the ioy
And ſegeis all of tyrethebes and troy.

¶ The prophiteis of rymour beid and marlyng
And of mony wther pleſand ſtorye
Of the reid eitin and the gyir carlyng
Confortand the quhen yat I ſaw the ſorye
Now with the ſupport of the kyng of glorye
I ſal the ſchaw ane ſtorie of ye new
The quhilk affoir I neuer to the ſchew.

¶ Bot humilye I beſeik thyne excellence
Wyth ornat termis thocht I can nocht expres
This ampill mater for laik of eloquence
Zit nocht wyth ſtandyng, all my beſynes
With hart and hand my pen I ſal addres
As I beſt can and moiſt compendious
Now I begyne the mater hapnit thus

THE PROLOG.

IN to the kalendis of Januarie
Quhē freſche phebus be mouyng circulare
From capricorne was enterit in aquarie
With blaſtis yat the brāchis maid full bair
The ſnaw and ſleit perturbit all the air
And flemit flora from euery bank and bus
Throw ſupport of the auſtere eolus.

¶ Eſtir yat, I the lang winteris nycht
Hade lyme walkyng in to my bed allone
Throw heuy thocht that no way ſlepe I mycht
Rememberyng of diuers thingis gone
So vp I rais and cleythit me anone
Be this fair tytane with his lemes lycht
Ouer all the land hand ſpred his banair brycht.

¶ With cloke and hude, I dreſſit me belyue
With dowbill ſchone, and mittanis one my handis
Howbeit the air was rycht penitratyue
Zit fure I furth lanſing werthort the landis
Towart the ſe to ſchort me on the ſandis
Becaus vnblomit was bayth bank and bray
And ſo as I was paſſyng by the way.

¶ I met Dame flora in dule weid diſagyſit
Quhilk in to may was dulce and delectabill
With ſtalwart ſtormes hir ſweitnes was ſuppryſit
Hir heuynly hewis war tornit in to ſabyll
Quhilk vmquhyle war to luffers amiabill
Fled from the froſt the tender flouris I ſaw
Vnder Dame natures mantill lurkyng law.

¶ The ſmall fowlis in flokis ſaw I fle
To nature makand greit lamentatioun

Thay lychtit doun beſyid me on ane tre
Off yair complaint I had compaſſioun
And with ane pietuous exclamatioun
Thay ſaid bliſſit be ſomer with his flouris
And wareit be thow winter with yi ſchowris.

¶ Allace aurora the ſelye lark can crye
Quhar hes thow loſt thy balmy liquor ſweit
That ws reioiſt we mornyng in the ſkye
Thy Silver drappis ar tornit in to ſleit
O fair phebus quhar is thy holſum heit
Quhy tholis thow the hevynly pleſand face
With miſtye vapours to be obſcurit allace.

¶ Quhar art thow may with iune thy ſiſter ſchene
Weill bordurit with daſeis of delyit
And gentill iulet with thy mantill grene
Enamalit with roſis reid and quhyte
Now auld and cauld ianuar in deſpite
Rewis from ws all paſtyme and pleſure
Allace quhat gentill hart may this indure.

¶ Owerſylit ar withcludis odius
The goldin ſkyis of the orient
Changeyng in ſorow our ſang melodius
Quhilk we had wont to ſing with gude intent
Reſoundand to the hevynis firmament
Bot now our day is changeit in to nycht
With yat thay raiſd and flew furth of my ſycht.

¶ Penſyve in hart paſyng full ſobirlye
Unto the ſey forwart I fure anone
The ſey was furth the ſand was ſmothe and drye
Than vp and doun I muſt myne allone

Till yat I ſpyit ane lytill cave of ſtone
Hychin ane craing vpwart I did approche
But tarying and clam vp in the roche.

¶ And purpoſit for paſſing of the tyme
An dto defend me from ocioſite
With pen and papir to regiſter in ryme
Sum mery mater of antiquite
Bot ydilnes grownd of iniquite
Sche maid ſo dul my ſpreit is my within
That I wiſt nocht at quhat end to begyn.

¶ Bot ſat ſtil in yath cove quhar I mycht ſe
The walteryng of the wallis vp and doun
And this fals warldis inſtabilite
Unto yat ſey makand compariſoun
And of the warldis wrachit wariſoun
To yame yat fixis on it yair intent,
Conſidring quho moſt had ſuld moſt repent.

¶ So with my hude me heid I happit warme
And in my cloik I faldit boyth me feit
I thocht my corps with cauld ſuld nocht tak harme
My mittanis held my handis weill in helt
The ſkowland crage me coverit from the ſleit
Thair ſtill I ſat my bonis for to reſt
Till morpheus with ſleip my ſpreit oppreſt.

¶ So throw the buſtuous blaſtis of eolus
And throw my walkyng on the nycht befoir
And throw the ſeyis movyng mervalis
Be neptunus with mony rout and roir
Conſtranit I was to ſleip within moir
And quhat I dremit in concluſioun

I ſat

I ſal ȝow tell ane maruelous viſioun.

¶ Heir endith the Prolog.

And followith the dreme.

Theſſalon. v.

☞ Prophetias nolite ſpernere: omnia
autem probate quod bonum eſt tenete.

I Thocht ane lady of portratour perfyte
Did ſalus me with benyng contenance
And I quhilk of hir preſens had delyte
Till hir agane maid humill reuerance
And hir demandit ſauing hir pleſance
Quhat was hir name, ſche anſwerit courteſlye
Dame rememberance, ſche ſaid callit am I.

¶ Quhilk cummyn is for paſtyme and pleſour
Of the and for to beir the companye
Becaus I ſe thy ſpreit without meſour
So ſoir perturbit be malencolye
Cawſing thy corps to waxin cauld and drye
Thair for get vp and gand anone with me
So war we boyth in twynklyng of ane E.

¶ Doun throw the erd in middis of the centir
Or euer I wiſt in to the laweſt hell
In to yat cairfull coue quhen we did entir
ȝowting and ȝowling we hard with mony ȝell
In flamme of fyre rycht furious and fell
Was cryand mony cairfull creatures

Blaſ

Blaſphemand god, and Warland nature.

¶ Thair ſaw we diuers papis and empryoures
Without recouer mony cairfull kyngis
Thair ſaw we mony wrangous conqueroures
Withoutin richt reiſſares of vthers ryngis
The men of kyrk lay bundin in to bingis
Thair ſaw we mony cairfull cardinall
And archebiſchopis in yair pontificall.

¶ Proud and peruerſt prelatis out of nommer
Priouris, Abbots and fals flatterand freirs
To ſpecifie yame all it war bot cummer
Regular chanonnis, chrul monks and chartereirs
Curious clerks and preiſtis ſeculeirs
Thair was ſum part of ilk religioum
In haly kyrk quhilk did abuſioun.

¶ Thay I demandit dame rememberance
The caus of their prelatis punition
Sche ſaid the caus of yair vnhappy chance
Was couatice luſt and ambitioun
The quhilk now garrs yame want fruitioun
Of god, and heir eternaly manne dwel
In to this painful poyſonit pit of hell.

¶ Als thay did nocht inſtruct the ignorent
Prouocand yame to penence be prechyng
Bot ſeruit warldly princis inſolent
And war promouit be yair feinzeit flechyng
Nocht for thair ſcience, wiſdome, nor techeyng
Be ſymonie was yair promotioun
Mair for dinein, nor for deuotioun.

¶ And vther cauſis of ye punitioun Of

a 5

Of yir vnhappy prelates Imprudent
Thay maid nocht equal diſtributioun
Of haly kyrk the patrimonie and rent
Bot temporally thay hef it all miſpent
Quhilks ſuld heue bene tripartit in to thre
Fuſt to vphald the kyrk in honeſte.

¶ The ſecund part to ſuſtene yair eſtaitis
The thryd part to be giuin to the puris
Bot yai diſponit yat geir all vther gaitis
One cairtis and dyce on harletry and huris
Thir catiuis tuke no cōpt of yair awin curis
Thair kyrkis rowin thair ladyis clenly cled
And richely rewlit bay at bured and bed.

¶ Thair baſtard bairnis prowdly thay prouidit
The kyrk geir langely thay did on thame ſpend
In thair defaltis thair ſubditis war miſgydit
And comptit nocht yair god for till offend
Quhilk gart yame want grace at yair lattirend
Rewland yat rowt I ſaw in tapis of bras
Symone magus and biſchop Cayphas,

¶ Biſchop Annas and the tratour Iudas
Machomeit yat propheit poyſonabyll
Choro dathan and abirone yair was
Heritiks we ſaw Immumerabill
It was ane ſeycht rycht wonder lamentabill
How yat ya ſlay in to thay flammis fleting
With cair full tryis girning and greting.

¶ Religious men war puneiſt pans fullye
For vane gloir als for inobedience
Brekand thair conſtitutions wil fullye

Nocht hes yair owermen in reuerence
To knaw yair rewill yai maid no deligence
Vnleiſumlye thay wſit própirte
Paſſing the boundis of wil full pouerte.

¶ Ful ſoir weipyng with votis lamentabill
Thay cryit lowd O empryour conſtantine
We may wyit thy poſſeſſioun poiſonabill
Of all our greit puneſſioun and pyne
Howbeit thy purpois was till ane gud fyne
Thow banieſt from ws trew deuotioun
Heuand ſik and till our promotioun.

¶ Than we beheld ane den ful dolorous
Quhar yat princes and lordis temporall
War cruciat with panis regorus
Bot to expreme yair panis inſpeciall
It dois exceid all my memoriall
Importabill pane thay had but confortyng
Thair blud royall maid yam no ſupportyng.

¶ Sum catyue kyngis for crewell oppreſſioun
And vther ſum for yair wrangus conqueſt
War condanid thay and yair ſucceſſioun
Sum for publict adultrye and inceſt
Sum leit yair pepill neuer leif in reſt
Delyting ſo in pleſour ſenſuall
Quharfor yair pane was yair perpetuall.

¶ Thair was the curſit empriour nero
Of euerylk vyce the horribill veſchell
Thair was pharo wyth diuers princis mo
Oppreſſouris of the bairnis of Iſraell
Herode and mony mo yan I cantell

a 6

Ponce pſlat was hangit be the hals
Wyth iniuſt Iuges for yair ſentence fals.

¶ Dukis Merques Erlis Baronis knychtis
Wythyai princis war puneſt panfullye
Participant thay war of yair unrycht!
Fordwuart we went and leit Lordis lys
And ſaw quhar ladeis lament abillye
Lyke wod lyonis war cair fully cryand
In flamme of fyre rycht furcouſlye fryand.

¶ Empryces quenis and ladyis of honors
Mony docheſſis and concteſſis ful of cair
Thay peirſt myne hart thay tender creators
So pynit in yat pit ful of diſpair
Plungit in pane wyth mony rewthful rair
Sũ for yair pryde and ſum for yair adultrye
Sum for yair tyiſtyng men to lycherye.

¶ Sum had bene crewel and malicious
Sum for makyng of wrangus heretors
For till rehers yair lyvis vicious
It war bot tarye to the auditours
Of lycherie thay war the veray lurs
Wyth yair provocatyue impudicite
Browcht mony ane man till infelicite.

¶ Sum wemen for yir puſillanimite
Owerſet wth ſchame thay did yam neuer ſchryve
Of ſecreit ſynnis done inquiete
And ſum repentit neuer in yair lyve
Quharfor but rewth thay ruffeis did yam riue
Regorouſly wythout compaſſioun
Greit was yair dule and lamentatioun.

¶ That we war maid yai cryit oft allace
Thus tormentet wyth panes intollerabill
We mendit nocht quhen we had tyme & ſpace
Bot tuke in erd our luſtis delectabill
Quharfor wyth feinds wgly and horrabill
We ar condampnit for euer moir allace
Eternaly wythoutin hop of grace.

¶ Quhar is the meit and drink delicious
Wyth quhilk we fed our cair ful carionis
Gold ſiluer ſilk wyth perlis precious
Our ryches rentis and our poſſeſſionis
Wythoutin of our remiſſionis
Allace our panis ar inſufferabill
And our tormentis to compt innumerabill.

¶ Than we beheld quhar mony ane thowſand
Commwn pepill lay flychterand in the fyre
Of euerylk ſtait was ane bail ful band
Tair mycht be ſene mony ſorowful ſyre
Sum for invy ſufferit, and ſum for yre
And ſum for laik of reſtitutioun
Of wrangus geir wythout remiſſioun.

Manſworne marchandis for yair wrangus wynnyng
Hurdars of gold and commown occarars
Fals men of law in cawtelis rycht cunnyng
Theiffis revaris, and publice oppreſſars
Sum part yair was of wnleſill laborars
Craftimen yair ſaw we out of nummer
Of ilk ſtait, to declair it war ane cummer

¶ And als langſum to me for till indyte
Of this preſoun the pans in ſpeciall

This

The heit, the cauld, the dolour and diſpyte
Quharfor I ſpeik of yame in generall
That dully den, yat furnes infernall
Quhois reward is rew, wythout remeid
Euer de and, and neuer to be deid.

¶ Hunger and thriſt in ſteid of meit and drynk
And foryair cleything tadis and ſcorpionis
That mirk manſiounis tapeſſit with ſkyulz
Thay ſe bot horribill viſionis
Thay heir bot ſcorne and direſſionis
Of foull feindis, and blaſphlimationis
Thair feilyng is importabill paſſionis.

¶ For melodye miſerabill murnyng
Thair is no ſolace bot dolor infinite
In bail ful beddis bitterly burnyng
With ſobbyng ſyching ſorow and with ſyte
Thair conſcience yair hairtis ſo did byte
To heir yair flyit it was ane cace of care
So in diſpyte, plungit in to diſpair.

¶ A lytill aboue yat dolorus dungeoun
We enterit in ane cuntre ful of cair
Quhar yat we ſaw mony ane legioun
Gretand and gowland wit mony rewthful rair
Quhat place it this quod I of blis ſo bair
Sche anſwerit, and ſaid purgatorie
Quhilk purgis ſaulis or thay cum to glorie.

¶ I ſe no pleſour heir bot mekill pane
Quharfor (ſaid I) leif we thir ſore in thrall
I purpos ne euer to cum heir agane
(Bot zit I do beleif and euer ſall

That the fre wkyrk canno way erre at all)
Syk thing to be greit clerkis dois conclude
Howbeit my hope ſtand moiſt in chriſtis blud

¶ A boue yat in the thryd preſoun anone
We enterit in ane place of perditioun
Quhar mony babis war makād drery mone
Becaus thay want it the fruitioun
Of god quhilk was ane greit puniſſioun
Of baptiſme thay wantit the enſeinze
Wpwart we wēt, & left yat myrchles meinze

¶ In till any volt aboue yat place of pane
Onto the quhilk but ſudgeorne we aſcendit
That was the lymbe ĩ the quhilk did remane
Our foir fathers becaus ā dame offendit
Eit and the fruct the quhilk was defendit
Mony ane zeir thay duelt in yat dungeoun
In myrknes and in deſolatioun.

¶ Than throw the erd of nature cauld and drye
Glaid till eſchaip thois places perolus
We haiſtit ws rycht wonder ſpedilye
Zit we beheld the ſecreitis maruelus
The myns of golde and ſtonis precious
Of ſiluer and of euery fyde metell
Quhilk till declair it war owerlang to duell

¶ Wp throw the walter ſchortly we intendit
Quhilk inuironis the erth without in dout
Syne throw the air ſchortlye we aſcendit
His regionis throw, behaldyng in and out
Quhilk erthand walter cloſis round about
Syne ſchortly wpwart throw the fyre we went

Quhilk was the heyeſt and hotteſt eliment.

¶ Quhen we had all yir elimentis ouer paſt
That is to ſay erth walter air and fyre
Vp wart we went without in ony reſt
Toſet he heuinis was our moiſt deare
Bot or we mycht wyn to the heuin Empire
We behuffit to pas the way full euin
Vp throw the ſpeiris of the planetis ſeuin.

¶ Firſt to ye mone and viſyit all hir ſpeir
Quene of the ſey and bewte of the nycht
Of nature wak and cauld and no thing cleir
For of hir ſelf ſche hes none vther licht
Bot ye reflex of phebus bemes brycht
The welf ſignis ſche paſſis round about
In awcht ane twenty dayis without in dout.

¶ Than we aſcendit to mercurious
Quhilk poetis callis god of eloquence
Richt doctour lyk with termes delicious
In art expart, and full of ſapience
It was pleſour to pance on his prudence
Paintoures, poetis ar ſubiect to his cure
And hort and drye he is of his nature.

¶ And als as cunnyng aſtrologis ſayis
He dois compleit his cur naturallye
In thre thundreth and aucht and threty dayis
Syne vpwart we aſcendit haiſtalye
To fair venus quhar ſche richt luſtelye
Was ſet in till ane chare of ſiluer ſchene
That freſche goddes that luſtye luſtis Quene.

Than

¶ Thay perſit myne hart hir blenkis amorus
Howbeit yat ſum tyme ſche is changeabill
With countenance and cheir full dolorus
Quhylumis richt pleſand, glad and delectabill
Sum tyme conſtant, and ſum tyme variabill
Zit hir bewte reſplendant as the fyre
Swagis the wrath of mars the god of yre.

¶ This pleſand plenet gif I can richt diſcriue
Sche is boith hoit and wak of hir nature
That is the caus ſche is prouocatiue
Till all yame yat ar ſubiect till hir cure
Till Venus warkis till yat thay may indure
Als ſche compleitis his courſis naturall
In twelf monethis withoutin ony fall.

¶ Than paſt we to the ſpeir of phebus brycht
That luſty lamp, and lanterne of the heuin
And glaidar of the ſteris with his lycht
And principall of all the planetis ſeuin
And ſet in mydis of yame all ful euin
As roy royall rollyng in his ſpeir
Full pleſandlye in till his goldin chieir.

¶ Quhois influence and vertew excellent
Gyvis the lyfe till everylk erthly thing
That prynces of everylk planet precellent
Dois foſter flouris and garris herbis ſpring
Throw the cauld erth and cauſis birdis ſing
And als his regulare movyng in the hevin
Is Iuſt onder the zodiak full evin.

¶ For to diſcryve his diademe royall
Bordourit wyth pretious ſtonis ſchynyng brycht

His

His goldis cart or trone imperiall
The four ſtedis yat drawith it full rycht
I leif to poetis becaus I hef no ſlycht
Bot of his nature he is hoit and drye
Complet and in ane ȝour his cours trewlye.

¶ Than wp to mars in hye we haſtit ws
Wondour hoit, and dryar than the tunder
His face flammand as fyre rycht furious
His boiſt and brag moir awful yan the thunder
Maid all the hewin moiſt lyk to ſchakin ſchonder.
Quha wald behald his contenance and feir
Mycht call him weill the god of men of weir.

¶ Wyth colour reid and luke malicious
Richt colerick of his complexioun
Auſtere angro ſuir and ſeditious
Principall caus of the diſtructioun
Of mony gude and nobill regioun
War nocht venus his yre dois metigate
This warld of pace wald be ful deſolate.

¶ This god of greif wythoutin ſudgeornyng
In ȝeiris twa his cours he dorth compleit
Than paſt we wp quhar Jupyter the kyng
Sat in his ſpeir rycht amiabill and ſweit
Complexion at with waknes and wyt heit
That pleſand prince fair dulce and delicate
Provokis pace, and baneiſs debate.

¶ The auld poet is, be ſuperſtitioun
Held Jupiter the father principall
Of all thair goddis in concluſioun
For his prerogativis in ſpeciall

Als by his verteu in to generall
To auld ſaturne he makis reſiſtence
Quhen in his malice he wald wirk vẽgence.

¶ This Jupiter withoutin ſudgeornyng
Paſſis throw all the twelf planets full evin
In zeirs twekl, and yan buttarying
We paſt unto the heyeſt of the ſevin
Till Saturnus quhilk trublis all the hevin
Wych hevy cheir and colur paill; as leid
In him we ſaw bot dolour to ye deid.

¶ And cauld and dry he is of his nature
Foul lyk ane owl of evill conditioun
Rycht wnpleſand he is of portrature.
His intoxicat diſpoſitioun
It puttis all thing to perditioun
Grownd of ſeiknes and malancolius
Perverſt and pure bayth fals and invyus.

¶ His qualite I can nocht loif bot lak
As for his moving naturall but weir
About the ſignis of the zodiak
He dois compleit his cours in threty zeir
And ſo we left him in his froſty ſpeir
Upwart we did aſcend incontinent
But reſt till we come to ye firmament.

¶ The quhilk was fixit full of ſterris brycht
Of figour round rycht pleſand and perfyit
Quhois influence and rycht excellent lycht
And quhois nummer may nocht be put in wryit
Zit cunnyng clerkis dois naturally indyit
How yat he dois compleit his cours but weir

In ſpace of ſevin and thretye thowſand zeir.

Than the nynt ſpeir and movare principall
Of all the laif we viſyit all yat hevin
Quhois daly motioun continewall
Bayth firmament and all the planets ſevin
From eiſt to weſt garreis yame torne ful evin
In to the ſpace of four and twenty houris
Zit be ye myndis of thr aſtronomouris.

The ſevin planetis in to yair propir ſpeiris
From weſt till eiſt thay move naturalle
Sum ſwift ſum ſlaw as to yair kyng effeiris
As I hef ſchawin affoir ſpeciallye
Quhois motioun cauſis continewallye
Richt melodius armony and ſownd
And all throw mouyng of thois planetis rownd.

Than montit we with richt fervent deſyir
Vp throw the heuyn callit chriſtalyne
And ſo we enterit in the heuyn impyir
Quhilk to diſcryve it paſſis myn ingyne
Quhar god in till his holy trone devyne
Ringis in till his gloir ineſtimabill
Wyth angelis cleir quhilks ar innumerabill.

In ordours nyne thir ſpreitis glorius
Ar devidit the quhilks excellentlye
Makis levyng with ſownd melodius
Syngand Sanctus, rycht wonder feruentlye
Thir ordous nyne thay ar full pleſandlye
Devydit in till Ierarcheis thre
And thre ordours in euerylk Ierarchie.

¶ The laweſt ordour ar of angelis brycht
As meſſingeris ſend onto this law regioun
The ſecund ordour, archangelis ful of mycht
Virtus, poteſtats, principatis of renown
The ſext is callit dominatioun
The ſevynt thronis, the anchtant cherubin
The nynt and heyeſt callit ſeraphin.

¶ And nixt on to the bliſſit trinite
In his tryvmphant trone imperiall
Thre in till one and one ſubſtance in thre
Quhois indiviſabill eſſens eternall
The rude ingyne of mankyng is to ſmall;
Till comprehend quhois power infinyit
And, devyne nature no creature can vryit.

¶ So myn ingyne is nocht ſufficient
For to treit of his heicht diuinite
All mortall men ar inſufficient
Till conſider thay thre in vnite
Sic ſubtill mater I may on neid lat be
To ſtudy on my creid it war full fair
And lat doctours ſic hie maters declair.

¶ Than we beheld the bliſt humanite
Of chriſt ſittand in till his ſege royall
At the richt hand of the diuinite
With ane excellent court celeſtiall
Quhois exercitioun contineWall
Was in louing yir prince with reuerence
And on this wyis thay keipit ordinance.

¶ Nyxt to the trone we ſaw the quene of quenis
Weil compeneit with ladyis of delyit

Sweit was the ſang of thois bliſſit virginis
No mortall man yair ſolace may indyit
The angelis brycht of nummer infinyit
Euerylk ordour in yair awin degre
War officiars onto the deite.

¶ Patriarkis and prophetis honorabill
Collaterall counſalouris of his conſiſtorie
Euangeliſtis, Apoſtlis venerabill
War capitanis onto ye kyng of glorye
Quhilk chiftans lyk had wone the victorie
Of yat triumphant court celeſtiall
Sanct Peter was lewtenent generall.

¶ The martyris war as nobill ſtalwart knychtis
Diſcomfitures of crewell battellis thre
The fleſche the warld, the feind and all his mychtis
Confeſſoures doctours in diuinite
As chapell clerkis on till his deite
And laſt we ſaw infinite multitude
Makand ſeruice ontill his ſanctitude.

¶ Quhilks be ye hie deuine permiſſion
Felicite thay had invariabill
And of his godheid cleir cognitioun
And compleit pace thay had interminabill
Thair gloir and honour was inſeperabill
That pleſand place repleit pulchrytude
Innumerabill it was of magnitude.

¶ Thair is plaintye of all pleſour perfyte
Euident brychtnes but obſcurite
Withoutin dolour, dulcore, and delyte
Withoutin rankor, perfite cherite

Without ſyn hunger,ſatiabilite
O happy ar thois ſaulis predeſtinat
Quhen ſaule and bodye ſalbe glorificat.

¶ Thair maruelous myrthis for to declair
Be arithmetik thay ar innumerabill
The portratour of yat palice preclair
By Geomatrie it is immeſurabill
By Rhetorick als impronunciabill
Thair is none eiris may heir,nor ene may ſe
Nor hart may think yair greit felicite.

¶ Quhar to ſuld I preſume for till indite
That ſanct Paul,yat doctour ſapient
Can nocht expres nor in to papir wryit
The hie excellent wark indeficient
And perfite pleſour euer permanent
In preſence of yat mychty kyng of gloir
Quhilk was and is and ſalbe euer moir.

¶ At rememberance humely I did inquyir
Gif I mycht in yat pleſour ſtill remane
Sche ſaid aganes reſſone is thy deſyir
Quharfor my frend thow mone retorne agane
And for yi ſinnis be penence ſuffir pane
And thoil the deith with crewell panis ſoir
Or thow be ding to dwell in to this gloir.

¶ Than we returnit ſoir aganes my will
Down throw the ſpeiris of the heuinis cleir
Hir commandement hebuffit I fulfill
With ſory hart,wit ʒe withoutin weir
I wald ful fame haf taryit yair all ʒeir
Bot ſche ſaid to me,yair may no remeid

Or thow remane, heir firſt thow mon be deid.

¶ Quod I, I pray zow hartfully madame
Sen we hef had ſic comtemplatioun
Of heuinly pleſoures zit or we pas hame
Lat ws hef ſum conſideratioun
Of erth and of his ſituatioun
Sche anſwerit, and ſaid, yat ſalbe doun
So war we boith browith in the air full ſoun.

¶ Quhar we mycht ſe the erth all at one ſycht
Bot lyke ane mote, as it apperit to me
In to the reſpect of the heuins brycht
I haue maruel quod I quhow this may be
The erth ſemis of ſo lytill quantetie
The leiſt ſterne fixit in the firmamant
Is moir yan all the erth be my Iugement.

¶ Sche ſayis ſone thow hes ſchawin the veritie
The ſmalleſt ſterre fixte in the firmament
In deidit is of greitar quantite
Than all the erth eftir the intent
Of wyiſe and cunnyng clerkis ſapient
Quhat quantite is yan the erth (quod I)
That ſal I ſchaw to the quod ſche ſchortlye.

¶ Eftir the myndis of the aſtronomors
And ſpeciallye the auctor of the ſpeir
And vther diuers greit Philoſophors
The quantite of the erth circuleir
Is fyftye thowſand liggis withoutin weir
Seuin hundreth and fyfty and no mo
Deuidyng ay ane lig in mylis two.

¶ And euery myle in aucht ſtagis deuiſde
Ilk ſtage ane hundꝛeth pas twenty and fiue
Ane pas fiue fute quha wald yam weil decide
And fute four palmes gife I cã richt diſcriue
Ane palme four inche, & quho ſa wald bely'as
The circuit of the erth pas rownd about
May be conſiderit on this wyſe but dout.

¶ Suppone yat yair war none impediment
Bot yat ye erth but perell war and plane
Syne yat ye perſoun war rycht deligent
And ȝeid ilk day ten liggis in certane
He mycht pas rownd about and cum agane
In fourȝeir, ſextend owlkis and dayis two
Ge reid the auctoꝛ, and thow ſal find it ſo.

¶ Than certanlye ſcho tuke me be ye hand
And ſaid my ſone cum on thy way wyt me
And ſo ſche gart me cleirly vnderſtand
Quhow yat ye erth tripartit was in thꝛe
In, Africk Europe, and Aſie
Eftir the myndis of the coſmographours
That is to ſay the warldis diſcriptours.

¶ Firſt Aſia contenis the Oꝛient
And is weill moir yan boyt ye vther twane
Affrick and Europe in ye Occident
And ar devidit be ane Sey certane
And yat is callit the Sey Mediterrane
Quhilk at ye ſtranit of Marrock hes entrie
That is betuix Spanȝe and Barbarie.

¶ Towart the ſowthweſt lyis Africa
And in ye noꝛth weſt Ewropa dois ſtand

And all the eiſt conteniſth Aſia
On this wyis is devidit the firme land
It war mekill to me to tak on hand
Thir regionis to declair in ſpeciall
Zit ſal I ſchaw yair names in generall.

¶ In mony diuers famous regionis
Is devidit this part of Aſia
Weill pleneiſt with Citeis Touris and Towni
The greit ynde, and Meſopotania
Pentapolis Egipt and Seria
Capadocia Seres and Armenie
Babilone Caldia Perth and Arabie.

¶ Sedone Iudea and Paleſtina
Euer Seithea, Tyre and Galelie
Hiberia Bactria, and Pheliſtina
Hircanea Compagena, and Samarie
In lytill Aſia ſtandis Galathie
Pamphilia, Iſaria and leid
Regia Arathuſa Aſſeria and meid,

¶ Secundlye we conſiderit Africa
With mony fruct full famous regioun
As Ethiop and Tripolitana
Zewges quhar ſtandis the triumphant Toun
Of nobill Cartage yat Citie of renoun
Garamantes, Nadabar, Libia
Getulia, and Maritania.

¶ Futhenſis numedie and thingitane
Of Affrik, yair ar the principall
Than Ewrop we conſiderit in certane
Quhois regionis ſchortly rehers I ſall

Four principall I fand above yame all
Quhilk war Spanze, Italie and France
Quhois ſubregionis war mekill till avance.

¶ Nether Scithia, Trace, and Germanie
Thuſia, Hiſtria, and Panonia
Demmarh, Gotland, Grunland and Almanie
Pole Hungrye Boeme Norica Rethia
Teutonia, and mony diuers ma
And was in four devydit Italye
Tuſcane, Ethuria, Napillis, and Champ..

¶ And ſubdividit ſindry wther wayis
As Lumbardie Wenis and wther ma
Calaber, Romanye. and Ianewayis
In Grece, Epirus and Dalmatica
Teſſalie, Athica, and Illeria
Achaya, Boetia, and Maledone
Archadie, Pierie, and Lacedone.

¶ And France we ſaw devydit in to thre
Belgica, Rethia, and Aquitane
And ſubdividit in Flanderis Picardie
Normandie, Gaſconze, Burguinze, and Bretan
And wtheris diuers dumthere is in certane
The quhilkis war to lang for to declair
Quharfor of yame as now I ſpeik no mair.

¶ In Spanzie lyis Caſtalze and Arragone
Nauerne, Galice, Portugale and Garnat
Than ſaw we famous ylis mony one
Quhilkis in the Occiane ſe waſt ſituate
Thame to diſcryue my wit was deſolate
Of Coſmographie, I am nocht expart

For I did neuer ſtudie, in yat art.

¶ Zit I ſal ſum of air names declair
As Madagaſcar, Gardes and Taprobane
And vtheris diuers Ilis gude and fair
Situat in the Sey Mediterrane
As Syper, Candie, Corſica, and Sardane
Crete, Abidos, Thoes, Cecilia
Tapſone, Eolie, and mony vther ma.

¶ Quhe wald at lenth heir the diſcriptioun
Of euerylk yle, alſweill as the firme land
And propirteis of euerylk regioun
To ſtudy and to reid man tak on hand
And the attentik warkis vnderſtand
Of plenius and worthy tholomie
Quhilk war expert, in to Coſmographie.

¶ Thair ſal thay find the names & propirteis
Of euerylk yle, and of ilk regioun
Than I inquirit of erthly paradice
Of the quhilk adame, tynt poſſeſſioun
Than ſchew ſche me, the ſituatioun
Of yat precellent place, ful of delyte
Quhois properteis, war lang, for till indyte.

¶ This paradice of all pleſours repleit
Situat I ſaw in to the Orient
That glorious garth of euery flouris did fleit
The luſty lilyis, the roſis redolent
Freſche hailſum fructis indeficient
Bayth herb and tre yair growis euer grene
Throw vertu of ye temporall air ſerene.

¶ The ſweit hailſum aromatiks odours
Proceding from the herbis medicinall
The heuinly heuis of the fragrant flours
It was ane ſeyt wonder celeſtiall
The perfectioun to ſchaw in ſpeciall
And Joyis of yat regioun deuine
Of mankynd it excedis the ingine.

¶ And als ſo hie in ſituatioun
Surmontyng the myd regioun of the air
Quhar no maner of perturbatioun
Of wedder may aſcend ſo hye as pair
Flour fludis flowing from ane fontane fair
As Tygris Ganges, Ewfrates, and Nyle
Quhilks in ye eiſt tranſcuris mony ane myle.

¶ The cuntre cloſt is about ful richt
With wallis hie of hote burnyng fyir
And ſtraitly keipit be ane Angell brycht
Sen the departyng of Adam our grand ſchyir
Quhilk throw his cryme incurrit godds Jir
And of yat place, tynt poſſeſſioun
Baith from him ſelf, and his ſucceſſioun.

¶ Quhen this lufſum lady rememberance
All this forſaid had gart me underſtand
I prayit hir of hir beneuolence
To ſchaw to me the cuntre of Scotland
Weil ſone ſche ſaid that ſal I tak on hand
So ſuddanlye ſche browcht me in certane
Euin iuſt aboue the braid yle of Bertane.

¶ Quhilk ſtandis northweſt in the Occiane Sey
And deuidit in famous regionis two

The ſowth part Ingland, ane full riche cuntre
Scotland be nort, with mony ylis mo
Bewaſt Ingland Irland doith ſtand alſo
Quhois propirteis I wil not tak on hand
To ſchaw at lenth, bot onlye of Scotland.

¶ Quhilk eftir my ſimpill entendiment
And as rememberance did to me report
I ſall declair the ſuth in verament
As I beſt can and in to termes ſchort
Quharfor effectuuſly I ȝow exhort
Quhowbeit my wryting be not till auance
Ȝit quhar I faill excuſe myne ignorance.

¶ Quhen yet I had owerſene yis regioun
The quhilk of nature is bayt gude and fair
I did propone ane lytill queſtioun
Beſeikand hir the ſam for till declair
Quhat is the caus our boundis bene ſo bair
Quod I, or quhat mouis our miſerie
Or quharof dois proceid our pouertie.

¶ For throw the ſupport of ȝour prudence
Of Scotland I perſaue the propirteis
And als conſideris be experience
Of this cuntre the greit commoditeis
Firſt the habundance of fyſches in our ſeis
And frutfull montanis for our beſtiall
And for our cornis mony luſty vall.

¶ The riche reuaris pleſand and proffitabill
The luſty lochis with fyſche of ſundry kyndis
Huntyng, halkyng for noblis conuenabill
Forreſtis full of da ra, hartis and hyndis

The freſche fontanis quhoſis hailſum criſtall ſtrandis
Refreſchis ſo, the fair flureiſt grene meidis
So lak we no thing yat to nature neidis.

¶ Of euery metall we hef the riche mynis
Baith Gold and Siluer, and ſtonis precious
Howbeit we want the, ſpices and the wynis
Or vther ſtrange fructis delicious
We hef als gude, and moir neidfull for ws
Meit drink fyir claythis, that myt be gart abund
Than als is nocht il all the mapamund.

¶ Moir fairar pepill nor of greitar ingine
Nor of moir ſtrenth greit deidis till indure
Quharfor I pray zow yat ze wald define
The principal caus yat we ar ſo pure
For I maruel greitly I zow aſſure
Conſiderand the pepill and the grownd
That riches ſuld noch in yis realme redound.

¶ My ſone ſche ſaid be my diſcretioun
I ſal mak anſwer as I vnderſtand
I ſay to the onder confeſſioun
The falt is nocht I dar weil tak on hand
Nowther in the pepill, nor in the land
As for the land it laikis none vther thing
Bot labour, and the pepill gouernyng

¶ Than quhar in lyis ower improſperitie
Quod I, I pray zow hart fully ma dame
Ze wald declair to me the veritie
Or quhar ſal beir of all our barret the blame
For be my trewt toſe I think greit ſchame
So pleſand pepil and ſo fair ane land.

And ſo few vertuous deidis tane on hand.

¶ Quod ſche I ſal eſtir my Iugement
Declair ſum cauſis in to generall
And in to termes ſchort ſchaw myne intent
And ſyne tranſcend moir in to ſpeciall
And this is my concluſioun finall
Wantyng of Iuſtice, policie and pace
Ar caus of yis vnhappines allace.

¶ It is difficill riches till incres
Quhar policye makeith no reſidence
And policye may neuer hef entres
Bot quhar yat Iuſtice dois deligence
To puneis quhar thay may be fund offence
Iuſtice may nocht hef dominatioun
Bot quhar pace makis habitatioun.

¶ Quhat is the caus that wald I vnderſtād
That we ſuld want Iuſtice and policye
Moir than dois France, Italie, & Ingland
Ma Dame quod I ſchaw me the verite
Sen we hef lawis in to yis cuntre
Quhy want we lawis exercitioun
Quha ſuld put Iuſtice till executioun.

¶ Quharin dois ſtād owe principall remeid
Or quha may mak amendis of yis miſcheif
Quod ſche I find the falt in to the heid
For yai in quhame dois lyall our releif
I find yame rout and grownd of al our grief
For quhen the hendis ar nocht deligent
The membris on neid mon be negligent.

¶ So I conclude the cauſis principall
Of all the trubill of this natioun
Is in to princes in to ſpeciall
The quhilks hes the gubernatioun
And of the pepill dominatioun
Quhois continewall exercitioun
Suld be in iuſtice executioun.

¶ For quhen the ſlewthfull hird dois lunge and ſleyp
Takyng no cure in keipyng of his flok
Quho will gang cers amang ſic hirdis ſcheip
May habill find mony pure ſkabbit crok
And goyng will at large withoutin lok
Than lupus cumis and laurence in ane ling
And dois but rewth, the ſely ſcheip down thryng.

¶ Bot be the gud hirde walkryfe and deligent
Than ar his flokis rewlit all at rycht
To quhois quhiſſill all ar obedient
And gif the wlfis cumis day or nycht
Thame to devore than ar yair put to flycht
Howndit and ſlane be yair weill dantit doggis
So ar thay ſure bayt zowis lambis and hoggis.

¶ So I conclude yat throw the negligence,
Of our infatuat heidis inſolent
Is caus of all this realmes indigence
Quhilks in Juſtice hes nocht bene deligent
Bo to gude counſale inobedient
Havand ſmall, E, vnto the commoun weill
Bot to yair ſingulare prophit euery deill.

¶ For quhen yir wolfis be oppreſſioun
The pure pepill but piete dois oppres

Than ſuld the princes mak punctioun
And caus thay rebaldis for to mak redres
That ryches mycht be polices incres
Bot rycht difficill is to mak remeid
Quhen yat ye falt is ſo in to ye heid.

¶ And thus as we war talkyng to and fro
We ſaw ane buſtuous berne cum ower ye bent
But hors on fute als faſt as he mycht go
Quhois rayment was, and raggit revin an rent
With vyſage lene as he had faſtit lent
And fordwart faſt his way he did avance
With ane malicious contenance.

¶ With ſcrip on hip and pykſtafe in his hand;
As he had purpoſit to pas fra hame
Quod I, gud man I wald fane underſtand
Gif ȝe pleiſt, to wit quhat is ȝour name
Quod he, my ſone of yat I think greit ſchame
Bot ſen thow wald of my name hef ane feill
Forſuthe thay call me Iohne the commoun weill.

¶ Shir commoun weill quho hes ȝow ſo diſgyſit
Quod I, or quhat maks ȝow ſo miſerabill
I hef marvell to ſe ȝow ſo ſuppryſit
The quhilk yat I hef ſene ſo honorabill
Till all the warld ȝe hef bene profitabill
And honorit in everylk regioun
How happynnis this tribulatioun

¶ Allace quod he, thow ſeis how it dois ſtand
Wyth me, and quhow I am diſheriſſit
Of all my grace, and monne pas of Scotland
And go afoir quhar I was cheriſſit

Remane I heir I am bot periſſit
For yair is few, yat to me takis tent
That garris Me go yus raggit revin and rent.

¶ My tender frendis ar all put to the flycht
For policye is fled agane in France;
My ſiſter iuſtice almaiſt hes tynt his ſycht
That ſche can nocht hald evinly the ballance
Plane wrang is clene capitane of ordinance
The quhilk debarris laute and reſoun
And ſmall remeid is fund for opin treſſoun.

¶ In to the ſowth I was allace neir ſlane
Ower all yat land I culd find no releif
Al moiſt betuix the Mars and lochmabane
I culd nocht knaw ane leill man be ane theif
Till ſchaw yair reif thift murthour, and miſcheif
And viciouſnes it wald infecte ye air
And als langſum to me for to declair.

¶ In the hie land I cowth fint no reſort
Bot ſuddanly I was put in exill
Thay ſweir ſwingeours wald mak me no ſupport
Nor amãg yame lat me repois ane quhyll
Syklykin to ye out ylis, and argyll
Vnthryſt, ſweirnes falſheid, powrteth and ſtryve
Put polycie in danger of hir lyve.

¶ In the law land I come to ſeik refuge
And purpoſt yair to mak my reſidence
Bot ſingulare profict gard me ſone diſluge
And did me greit iniuris and offence
And ſaid to me ſwyth harlot hyet he hence
And in this cuntre ſe thow tak no curis

So lang as,my authorite induris.

¶ And now I may mak no laugar debait
Nor I wait nocht quham to,to mak my mane
For I hef Gowecht throw all the ſpirituall ſtait
Quhilk tuke no compt for to heir me complane
Thair officiars thay held him at diſdane
For ſymonye he rewlit all yat rout
And covatyce yat carle gart bar me out.

¶ Pryid hes chaiſt far from yame humilite
Devotioun is fled onto the freiris
Senſuall pleſour hes baneiſt chaiſtite
Lordis of religioun thay go lyke ſeculeiris
Takyng moir compt in tellyng yair deneiris
Nor thay do of yair conſtitutioun
Thus ar thay blindit be ambitioun.

¶ Our Gentill men ar all degenerat
Liberalite and lawte bayt ar loſt
And cowardice with Lordis is lareat
And knychtly corage,changeit in braſt and boſt
And civil weir,miſgidis everylk coſt
Thair is nocht ellis bot ilk man for him ſelf
That garris me go thus baneiſt lyk ane elf.

¶ Thairfor adew I may langar tarye
Fair weil quod I and with ſanct Johane to borow
Bot wit ʒe weill my hart was wonder ſarye
Quhen commowun weill ſo ſewpit was in ſorow
Ȝit eftir nycht cummis the glaid morow
Quharfor I pray ʒow tel me in certane
Quhen yat ʒe purpois for to cum agane.

¶ Quhat thow requiris it ſalbe ſone decidit
Quod he, yair ſal na ſcot hef confortyng
Of me, till yat I ſe the cuntre gydit
Be wiſdome of ane gude auld prudent kyng
Quhilk ſal delite him moiſt abone all thyng
Till put Juſtice till executioun
And on ſtrang tratours mak puneſſion.

¶ Als zit I ſay to the ane vther thyng
I ſe richt weill yat prouerbe is richt trew
Wo to the realme yat haith ane ower zowng kyng
With yat he turnit his bak and ſaid adew
Ower firth and fell richt faſt fra me he flew
Quhois departing to me was diſpleſand
With yat rememberance tuke me be the hand.

¶ Ane ſone me thocht ſche browcht me to ye roche
And to the coiſt quhar I began to ſleip
With yat ane ſchip did ſpedelye approche
Ful pleſandlye ſalyng wpone the deip
And ſyne did ſlaik hir ſalis and gan to creip
Towart the land anent quhar yat I lay
Bot wit ze weill I gat ane felloun fray.

¶ All hir cannownis ſche leit crak of attonis
Doun ſchuk the ſtremars from the top caſtell
Thay ſparit nocht the pulder nor the ſtonis
Thay ſchoit yair boittis and down yair ankirs fell
The marinars thay did ſo zowt and zell
That haiſtalye I ſtart out of my drame
Half in ane fray and ſpedely paſt hame.

¶ And lychtly dinit and left with appetyit
Syne eftir paſt in till ane oratour

And tuke my pen and yai began to wryit
All this mater yat I hef ſchawin affoir
Schir of mi drame as now I hef no moir
Bot I beſeik god for to ſend the grace
Till rewll thy realme in unite and pace.

¶ And exhortatioun to the kyngis grace.

SChir ſen yat god of his pre ordinance
Hes granti the to hef the gouernance
Of his pepill and creat the ane kyng
Faill nocht to prent in thy rememberance
Quhow he wil nocht excuſe thin Ignorãce
Gif thow be rakles in thy gouerning
Quharfor dres the aboue all erthly thing
Of his lawis to keip the obſeruance
And thow ſchaip lang in royaltye to ring.

¶ Thank him yat hes commandit dame nature
To prent the of ſo pleſand portrature
Hir giftis cleirlye may be on the knawin
Till dame fortune thow neidis no procuratour
For ſche hes largely on the kyhit hir cure
Hir gratitude ſen ſcho hes on the ſchawin
Becaus yat thow mone ſcheir as thow hes ſawin
Hef all the hope in god thy creature
And aſk him grace yat thow may be his awin.

¶ And ſyne conſider thy vocatioun
That for to hef the gubernatioun
Of this kyngryk thow art predeſtinat
Thow may weill heir be trew narratioun

Quhat ſorow and quhat tribulatioun
Hes bene in yis pure realme infortunat
Now confort yame yat hes bene deſolat
And of thy pepill hef compaſſioun
Sen thow be god art ſo preordinat.

Take manly corage, and leif thin inſolence
And vſe counſale of nobill dame prudence
Fund the firmlye on faith and fortitude
Draw to the court Juſtice and temporance
And to thy commoun weill hef attendence
And allſwa J beſeik thy celſitude
Hait vicious men and luif yame yat ar gude
And all flatterars thow fleme frõ thy preſẽce
And fals report out of the court exclude.

Do equal Juſtice, bayt to greit and ſmall
And be example, to the pepill all
Exerſyng vertuous deidis honorabill
Be nocht ane wrathe for owcht yat may be fall
Till yat vnhappy vyce and thow be thrall
Till all men thow ſalbe abhominabill
Kyngis and knychtis ar neuer conuenabill
To rew pepill, be yai nocht liberall
Without fredome is none to honor habill.

And tak exampill of the wrachett endyng
Quhilk maid creſus of pers the mychty kyng
Quhilk till his goddis maid inuocatioun
Throw gredynes, yat all ſubſtantiall thing
That euer he wychit, ſald turne but tarying
In fyne gold, he gat his ſupplicatioun
All yat he wychit but dilatioun
Turnit in gold bayt meit drynk and cleting

And deyit of hunger but recreatioun.

¶ Als I beſeik thy maieſtie ſerene
Fra licherye thow keip thy body clene
Taiſt neuer yat incoxicat poyſoun
From yat wnhappy luſty thy ſelf abſtene
Till yat thow get ane luyſtie pleſand Quene
Than tak thy pleſour with my beneſone
Tak tent quhow prydful Tarquyne tint his crown
For the deflor Fyng of Lucres the ſchene
And was depryuit, and baniſt Rommis toun.

¶ And in diſpyit of his lycherous levyng
The Romanis wald be ſubiect to no kyng
Mony lang ȝeirs as ſtoreis dois record
Till Iulius throw vertuous governyng
Fredome, and manheid, han ower thame to ryng
And choſin Romes Empryour and Lord
Quharfor my ſeuerane in thy mynd remord
That vicious lyfe, maks oft ane e vill endyng
Without thaye be throw ſpeciall grace reſtord.

¶ And gif thow walk thy fame and honour grew
Wyſe counſale of thy prudent Lordis trew
And ſe thow nocht preſumptuouſly pretent
Thy awin perculiar weill for till enſew
Wirk with counſall yan ſal thow neuer rew
Rememberyng of thy frendis fatale end
Quhilk to gud counſal wald not coundiſcend
Till bitter deyth allace did yame perſew
From at wnhap I pray god the defend.

¶ And fynalye remember thow mon de
And ſuddanlye pas of yis mortall ſe

Thow art nocht ſickir of thy lyfe twa hours
Sen from yat ſentence yair is none may fle
Kyng quen nor knyt of law eſtait nor hie
Bot all mon thole of bittir deyt the ſchours
Quhar ar thay gone thir Papis and Empryours
Ar thay nocht deis ſo ſal it far of the
In no remeid, ſtrenth, ryches nor honors.

And ſo for concluſioun
Mak our proviſioun
To get the infuſioun.
Of his hye grace.
Quhilk bled with effuſioun
With ſcorne and deriſioun
And deyit with confuſioun.
Confirmand our pace.

Amen.

¶ The deploratioun of the deyth of Quene Magdalene.

O Crewell deyth to greit is thy puſſance
Devorar of all erthly levyng thingis
Adame we may the wyit of yis miſchance
In thy default this crewell tyranne ryngis
And ſpairis nother empryour nor kyngis
And now allace hes reſt furth of this land
The flour of France and confort of Scotland

¶ Father adame allace yat thow abuſit
Thy fre will beyng inobedient
Thow cheiſit deyth, and leſtyng lyif refuſit
Thy ſucceſſioun allace yat may repent
That thow hes maid mankynd ſo impotent
That it may maik to deyth no reſiſtance
Exãpill of our our Quene the flour of Frãce.

¶ O dreid ful Dragone wyth thy dulfull dart
Quhilk did nocht ſpair of femynine the flour
Bot crewellye did pers hir throw the hart
And wald nocht gif hir reſput for ane hour
To remane wyth hir prynce and paramour
That ſche at laſer mycht heſtane licence
Scotland on the may cry and loud vengence.

¶ Thow leit matuſſalem leiſt nynne humdreth zeir
Thre ſcoir and nyne, bot in thy furious rage
Thew did devoir this zowng princes but peir
Or ſche was compleit ſevintene zeir of age
Gredye gorman quhy did thow nocht aſſwage
Thy furious rage contrar yat luſtye Quene
Till we ſum fruct had of hir body ſene.

¶ O dame nature thow did no deligence
Contrar this theif quhilk all the warld confundis

Had thow wyth naturall targis maid defence
That brybour had nocht cumd wytin hir bundis
And had bene ſauit from ſic mortall ſtoundis
This mony ane zeir, bot quhar was thy diſcretioun
That leit hir pas till we had ſene ſucceſſioun.

¶ O Venus wyth thy blud ſene Cupido
Fy on zow bayth yat maid no reſiſtance
In to zour court ze never had ſic two
Soleil luffars wythout diſſimulance
As James the fift, and Magdalene of France
Diſcendyng boyth of blude imperiall
To quhom in lufe I find no parcgall.

¶ For as Lyander ſwame outhrow the flude
To his fair lady Hero mony nychtis
So did this prynce throw bulryng ſtrennis wode
Wyth erlis, barronis, ſquyaris, and wyth knychtis
Contrar Neptune, and eoll and yair mychtis
And left his realme, in greit diſaperance
To ſeik his lufe, the firſt dochter of France.

¶ And ſche lyke prudent Quene penelope
Ful conſtantly wald change hun for nonne wther
And for his pleſour left hir awin cuntre
Wythout regard to fader or to moder
Takyng no cure of ſiſter nor of brother
Bot ſchortly tuke hir leif and left yame all
For lufe of him to quhom lufe maid hir thrall.

¶ O dame fortune quhar was thy greit confort
Till hir to quhome thow was ſo fauorabill
Thy ſlyding giftes maid hir no ſupport
Hir hie lynage nor Riches intellebill

I ſe thy puiſſance bene bot variabill
Quhen hir father the moiſt hie Criſtinit Kyng
Till hir deir chyld myt mak no ſupportyng.

¶ The potent Prince, hir luſty lufe and knycht
With his moiſt hardy noblis of Scotland
Contrar yat bail full bribour had no mycht
Thocht all the men had bene at his command
Of France, Flanders, Italie, and Ingland.
With fifte thowſand millioun of threſour
Mycht nocht prolong y at ladyis lyfe ane hour.

¶ O Pareis of all Citeis principall
Quhilk did reſſaue our Prince with laud and glorie
Solempnitly throw arkis triumphall
Quhilk day bene ding to put in memorie
For as Pompey eftir his victorie
Was in to Rome reſſauit with greit Ioy
So thow reſſauit, our richt redoutit Roy.

Bot at his mariage maid vpone the morne
Sic ſolace and ſolempnizatioun
Was neuer afoir ſen Chriſt was borne
Nor to Scotland ſic conſolatioun
Thair ſelit was the confirmatioun
Of the weil keipit ancient alliance
Maid betuix Scotland, and the realme of France.

¶ I neuer did ſe one day moir glorious
So mony in ſo riche abilzementis
Of Silk and Gold with ſtonis precious
Sic banketting ſic ſownd of inſtrumentis
With ſang and dance and marcial tornamentis
Bot lyk ane ſtorme eftir ane pleſand morow

O tratour

Sone was one ſolace chageit in to ſorow.
¶ O tratour deid quhom none may contramand
Thow micht hef ſens the preparatioun
Maid be the thre eſtaitis of Scotland
With greit confort and conſolatioun
In euerylk Cite, Caſtell, Toure, and Town
And how ilk nobill ſet his hoil intent
To be excellent in abilzement.

¶ Theif ſaw thow nocht the greit preparatiuis
Of Edinburgh the nobill famons toun
Thou ſaw the pepill laboryng for yair liuis
To mak triumphe with trium and clarioun
Sic pleſour was neuer in to yis regioun
As ſuld hef bene the day of hir entrece
With greit propinis giffin till hir grace.

¶ Thow mak and richt coſtly ſcaffalding
Depaintit weill with Gold and aſure fyne
Reddye preparit for the vpſetting
With fontanis flowing walter cleir and wyne
Diſagyſit folks lyk creaturs deuine
On ilk ſcaffald to play ane ſundry ſtorie
Bot all in greting, turnit thow yat glorie.

¶ Thow ſaw mony ane luſtye freſche galland
Weill ordourit for reſſauing of yat Quene.
Ilk craftiſman with bent how in his hand
Ful galzeart lye in ſchort clething of grene
The honeſt burges cled thow ſuld hef ſene
Sum in ſcarlet, and ſum in clayt of grane
For till hef met yair lady ſouerane.

¶ Proueſt Baillies, & Lordis of the Toun

Cled

The Senatouris in ordour conſequent
Cled in to Silk of purpure blak or brown
Syne the greit Lordis of the perliament
With mony knychtly barrown and baurent
In Silk and Gold in colours confortabill
Bot thow allace all turnit in to ſabill.

¶ Syne all the Lordis of religioun
And Princes of the preiſtis venerabill
Ful pleſandly in yair proceſſioun
With all the cunnyng clerkis honorabill
Bot chiſtuouſly thow tyrane treſonabill
All yair greit ſolace, and ſolempniteis
Thow tornit in till dulefull derigeis.

¶ Syne nixt in ordour paſſing throw the Toun
Thow ſuld hef hard the dyne of inſtrumentis
Of tabrone, trumpet ſchalme, and clarioun
With reid redoundand throw the elimentis
The herauldis with yair awful veſtimentis
With maſers wpone ather of yair handis
To Rewll ye preis with burneiſt Siluer wandis.

¶ Syne laſt of all in ordour triumphall
That moiſt Illuſter Princes honorable
With hyr the luſty ladyis of Scotland
Quhilk ſuld hef bene ane ſycht moiſt delectabill
Hir rayment to rehers I am nocht habill
Of Gold and perle and precious ſtonis brycht
Twynklyng lyk ſterris in ane froſtye nyhht.

¶ Onder ane pale of Gold ſche ſuld hef paſt
Be burgis borne clothit in ſilkis fyne
The greit maiſter of howſhold all yair laſt
With him in ordour all the Kyngis tryme

Quhais ordinance war lang ſum to deuiſe
On this maner ſche paſſing throw the Toun
Suld hef reſſauit mony beneſoun.

¶ Of virginis and of luſty burges wyiffis
Quhilk ſuld hef bene ane ſycht celeſtiall
Viua la royna, cryand for yair lyiffis
With ane armonious ſound Angelicall
In euerylk corner myrthis muſicall
Bot thow tyrane in quhome is fund no grace
Our Allelluya, hes turnit in allace.

¶ Thow ſuld hef hard the ornat oratours
Makand hir hynes ſalutatioun
Boith of the clergy town and counſalours
With mony notabill narratioun
Thow ſuld hef ſene hir coronatioun
In the fair abay of the holy rude
In preſence of ane myrthfull multitude.

¶ Sic banckatyng ſic aufull tornamentis
On hois and fute yat tyme quhilk ſuld hef bene
Sic chapell royall wyt ſic inſtrumentis
And craftye muſic ſingyng from the ſplene
In this cuntre was neuer hard nor ſene
Bot al this greit ſolempnite and game
Turnit thow hes In requiem æternam.

¶ Inconſtant warld ty frend ſchip I defye
Sen ſtrenth nor wiſdome Riches nor honour
Vertew nor bewte, nane may certefie
Wythin thy bowndis for to remane ane hour
Quhat valith to be kyng or Empryour
Sen pryncely, puiſſance may nocht be exemit

The Senatouris in ordour conſequent
From Deyth, quhas dolour, car not be expremit.

¶ Sen man in erth hes na place permanent
Bot all mon pas be yat horribill port
Lat ws pray to ye Lord omni potent
That duleful day to be our greit comfort
That in his realme, we may with him reſort
Quhilks from the hell with his blud ranſonit bene
With Magdalene, vmquhile of Scotland Quene.

¶ O Deyth thocht thow the body may devoir
Of every man zit hes thow no puiſſance
Of yair vertu, for to conſume ye gloir
As ſalbe ſene of Magdalene of France
Vmqly our quene quhom poetis ſall avance
And put hir in perpetuall memorie
So ſal hir fame of the hes victorie.

¶ Thocht thow hes ſlane the hevinly flour of Frãce
Quhilk impit was vnto the thriſſil kene
Quharin all Scotland ſel yair haill pleſance
And maid the lyoun reioſit from ye ſplene
Thocht rute be pullet from the lyvis grene
The ſmell of it ſal in diſpyte of the
Keip ay twa realmes in pace and amite.

¶ FINIS.

Heir followis the Tragedie of the vnqhyle/ Maiſter

Reuerende Fader Dauid, be the mercy of God, Cardinal,
and Archibyſchope of Sanctandrous: And of the
haill Realme of Scotlãde Primate, Legate, And Chã-
celare, And Adminiſtrator, of the Byſchoprik of Me-
rapoys in France: And Commendator perpetuall
of the Abay of Aberbrothok: Compylit be
Schir Dauid Lyndeſay, Of the Mont,
Knycht, Alias, Lyone, Kyng
of Armes. &c.

¶ And Imprentit at the command, and
expenſes of Maiſter Sammuel
Iaſcuy, In Paris.
1558.

❡ THE PROLOG.

Nocht lang ago, Efter the hour of prime
Secreitly ſitting, in mine Oratorie
I tuke ane buke, till occupy the tyme
Quhair I fand mony, tragedie and ſtorie
Quhilk Jhon bochas, had put in memorie
Quhov mony Princis, Conquerouris, and Kyngis
War dulefullie depoſit, frome thair Ringis.

❡ Quhov Alexander, the Potent Conquerour
In Babilone, was poyſonit, petuouſlie.
And Julius, the mychtie Empriour
Murdreiſt at Rome, cauſles, and creuellie.
Prudent Pompey, in Egypt, ſchamefullie
He murdreiſt was; quhat nedith proces more.
Quhois Tragediis, war piete till Deplore.

❡ I Sittyng ſo, apone my buke reding.
Richt ſuddanlie, affore me did appeir.
Ane woundit man, aboundandlye bleding
With vyſage paill, and with ane deidlye cheir
Semand ane man, of two and fyfty zeir
In Rayment reid, clothit ful curyouſlie
Off Veluot, and of Sating Crammoſie.

❡ With febill uoce, as man oppreſt with pane
Softlye he maid, me ſupplicatione
Sayand my freinde, go reid, and reid agane
Gyf thov can fynd, by trew Narratione
Off any pane, lyke to my Paſſione
Richt ſure I am, war Johne Bochas on lyfe.
My tragedie at lynth, he wald diſcryfe.

¶ Sen he is gone, I pray the thow indyte.
Off my Inforte, ſum Remembrance.
Or at the leiſt, my tragedie to wryte.
As I to the, ſal ſchaw the circumſtance
In teirmes breue, of my vnhappy chance
Sen my begynnyng, til my fatel ende.
Quhilk I waldtil, al creature war kende.

¶ I not (ſaid I) mak ſic Memoriale.
Geue off thy name, I had intelligens,
I am Dauid, that cairfull Cardinale.
Quhilk doith appeir (ſaid he) to thy preſens
That vmquyle had, ſo gret Preemynens
Than he began, his dedis tyl Indyte,
As ȝe ſal heir, and I began to Wrytte.

THE TRAGEDIE.

I Dauid bethone, Vmquyle Cardinale
Off nobyl blude, be lyne I did diſcend
Duryng my tyme, I had no perigale
Bot now is cum, allace my fatel ende
Aye gre, by gre, vpwarte, I did aſcende
Swa that in to, this realme, did neuer ring
So gret ane man (as I) vnder ane Kyng.

¶ Quhen I wes ane ȝong Ioly gentil man
Princis to ſerue, I ſett my hole intent
Firſt til aſcende, at Arbroch I began
Aneabaſſe, off gret ryches, and rent
Off that eſtait, ȝit was I not content
To gett more Ryches, Dignite, and Glore.
My hart was ſett, Allace allace thairfore.

¶ I Maid ſic ſeruyce, til our Souerane King
He did Promoue, me til more hie eſtait
One Prince abuſe, al Preiſtis, for til King
Archibiſchop, of Sanctandros, conſecrait,
Tyl that honoure, quhen I was Eleuate
My prydful hart, wys not content at all
Tyl that I creat wes, ane Cardinall.

¶ Zit praiſt I tyl, haue more auctoritie.
And fynalie, was choſin Chancelare.
And for vphalding, off my dignitie.
Was maid Legate, than had I no compare
I purcheſt for, my proffeit ſingulare
My Bokis, and my Threaſure, tyl awance
The Byſchoprik, off Merapoys in France.

¶ Off al Scotlande, I had the Gouernale
But my awyſe, concludit was no thing
Abbot, Byſchope, Archibiſchope, Cardinale
In to this Realme, no hiear culd I ryng.
Bot I had bene, Pape, Empriour, or Kyng
For ſchortnes off, the tyme, I am not able
At lynth to ſchaw, my actis Honorable.

¶ For my moſt Princelie, Prodigalite
A mang Prelatis, in France, I tuke the pryſe
I ſchew my Lordlye Liberalite
In bangetting, playing, at cartis and Dyſe
In to ſic wyſdome, I was haldin wyſe
And ſparit not, to play with King nor Knycht.
Thre thouſand crownis, of gold apon ane nycht.

¶ In France I maid, ſeir honeſt Voyagis
Quhare I did actis ding, off Remembrance

Throuch me war maid, Trymphand Mariagis.
Tyl our Souerane, boith proffet and pleſance
Quene Magdalene, the firſt Dochter of France
With gret ryches was, in to Scotland brocht
That mariage throch, my wyſdom wes, wrocht.

¶ Efter quhois deith, in France I paſt agane
The ſecunde Quene, homwart I did conuoye
That luſtye Princes, Marie de Lorane
Quhilk wes reſſauit, wyth gret tryumphe and Ioye.
So ſeruit I, our rycht Redouttit Roye
Sone efter that, Harye of Ingland King
Off our Souerane, deſyrit ane commonyng.

¶ Off that metyng, our king was weil content
So that in Zork, was ſet boith tyme and place
But our Prelatis, nor I wald neuer conſent
That he ſuld ſe, King Harye in the face
But we wer weil content, quhow beit his grace.
Had ſalit the ſey, to ſpeik with ony vther
Except the King, quhilk wes his mother brother.

¶ Quhar throch yar roſe, gret weir and mortal ſtryfe
Gret heir ſchyppis, hounger, darth, and deſolations
On ather ſyde, did mony loce thare lyfe
Geue I wald mak, ane trew Narratione
I cauſit al, that trybulatione
For tyll tak pace, I neuer wald conſent.
Without the King, of France, had bene content.

¶ Duryng this weir, war tak in Preſoneris
Off nobyl men, fechting ful furiouſlie,
Mony one Lord, Barrone, and Bachleris
Quhare throuch our King, tuk ſic melancolie

Quhilk draue hym to the ded rych dule fullie
Extreme Dolour, ouerſet did ſo his hart
That frome this lyfe, allace he did depart.

¶ Bot efter the, boith ſtrynth, and ſpeche war leſt
Ane papar blank, his grace I gart ſubſcryue
In to the quhilk, I wrait that I pleſt
Efter is deth, quhilk lang war til diſcriue
Throuch that wrytting, I purpoſt beſius
With ſupport off, ſum Lordis beneuolens
In this Regione, til haue Preemynens.

¶ As for my Lord, our Rychtuouſt Gobernour
Geue I wald ſchortlie, ſchaw the veritie
Tyl hym I had, no maner of Fauour
During that tyme, I purpoſt, that Hee
Sulde neuer cum, til none Auctoritie
For his ſupport, thairfore be brocht amang ws,
Furth of Inglande, the Nobyl Erle of Angus.

¶ Than was I put, abak frome my purpois
And ſuddanlie, caſt in captiuitie
My prydful hart, to dant, as I ſupoois
Deuiſt by, the Hieght Diuinitie
Zit in my hart, ſprang no humilitie
Bot now the word, of God, ful weil I knaw
Quho dois exalt, hym ſelf, god ſal hym law.

¶ In the meine tyme, quhen I was ſo ſubiectit
Ambaſſadouris, war ſent, in tyl Ingland
Quhare that boith pace, and mariage contractit
And more ſurelie, for til obſerue that band
War Promeiſt, diuers plegis of Scotland
Of that contract, I wes no way content

Noꝛ neuire wald, thare to geue my conſent.

¶ Tyll Capitanis, that kepit me in waird
Gyftis of Gold, I gaiff thaim gret plente
Rewlaris of court, I rychelie did reward
Quhare throuch I chapit, frome captiuitie
Bot quhen I was, fre at my libertie
Than lyke ane Lyone, lowſit of his caige
Out throuch this realme, I gan to reſt and raige.

¶ Contrare the Gouernoure, and his compagnie
Ofte tymes maid, I inſurrectione
Purpoſing foꝛ, till haiff hym haiſtelie
Subduit, on to my coꝛrectione
Oꝛ put hym til, extreme ſubiectione
During this tyme, gyffit war weil diſſydit
This realme be me, was vterlie deuidit.

¶ The Gouernoure, purpoſing to ſubdew
I raiſit one oyſte, of mony bald Barroun
And maid ane raid, quhilk Lythgo vꝛit may rew
Foꝛ we diſtroyit, ane myle aboute the town
Foꝛ that I, gatt, mony blak Maliſoun.
Zit contrare, the Gouernouris intent
With our ȝong Pꝛinces, we to Styꝛuilling went.

¶ Foꝛ heygh contemptione, of the Gouernoure
I bꝛocht the Erle, of Lennox, furth of France
That luſtyl Loꝛde, leuande in gret pleſour
Did loꝛe that lande, and honeſt oꝛdinance
Bot the, and I, fel ſone at variance
And throuch my counſel, was within ſchoꝛt ſpace
Foꝛfaltit, and flemit, he gat none vther grace.

¶ Than throuch my prudens, prettik and ingine,
Our Gouernour, I cauſit to conſent
Full quyetlie, to my counſale inclyne
Quhare of his no billis, war not weil content
For quhy, I gart diſſolue, in plane Parliament
The band of pace, contractit with Ingland
Quhar throche comharme, and heirſchip to Scotland,

¶ That peace brokin, arrois new mortall weris
Be ſey, and lande, ſic reiff, without releue
Quhilk to report, my frayit hart afferis
The veritie to ſchaw, in termes breue
I was the rute, of all that gret myſcheue
The ſouith countre, may ſay, it had bene gude
That my Noryce, had ſmord me in my cude

¶ I wes the cauſe, off mekle more myſchance,
For vphald of, my glore and dignitie
And pleſoure off, the potent Kyng of France
With Ingland wald, I haue no vnitie
Bot quho conſydder, wald the veritie
We mycht ful weil, haue leuit in peace and reſt
Nyne, or ten ȝeris, and than playit lowis or faſt,

¶ Had we with Ingland, kepit our contrackis
Our nobyl men, had leuit in pace, and reſt
Our marchandis had, not loſt ſa mony packis
Our commone peple, had not bene oppreſt
On ather ſyde, al wrangis had bene redreſt
Bot Edinburgh, ſen ſyne, Leith and Kyngorne
The day, and hour, may ban that I was borne.

¶ Our Gouernour, to mak hym to me ſure
With ſweit, and ſubtel wordis, I did him ſyle

Tyl I his Sone, and air, gat in my cure
To that effect, Iſ and that crafty wyle
That he no maner, of way mycht me begyle
Than leuch I quhen, his liegis did allege
Quhow I his Sone, had gottin in to plege.

¶ The Erle of Angus, and his Germane brother
I purpoſt, to gar thaim loce the lyfe
Richt ſo tyl haue, diſtroyit mony uther
Sum with the fyre, ſum with the ſword and knyfe
In ſpeciale, mony gentyll men, off fyfe
And purpoſt, tyll put to gret Torment
All fauorarris, of the ald, and new Teſtament.

¶ Than euery freik, thay tuke of me ſik feir
That tyme quhen I, had ſo gret Gouernans
Gret Lordis dreiding, I ſulde do thaim deir
Thay durſt nocht cum, till court, but aſſurans
Sen ſyne thair hes, not bene ſik varians
Now tyll our Prince, Barronnis obedientlye
But aſſurans, thay cum ful courteſlye.

¶ My hope was moſt, in to the kyng of France,
To gydder with, the Popis Holynes
More nor in God, my worſchipe till auance
I treſtit ſo, in to thair gentilnes
That no man durſt, preſume me till oppres
Bot quhen the day, come of my fatel houre
Far was frome me, thare ſupport, and ſuccoure.

¶ Than to preſerue, my Riches, and my lyfe
I maid ane ſtrinth, of wallis heigh, and braid
Sik ane Fortres, wes neuer funde in fyfe
Beleuand thare, durſt no man me inuaid

Now fynd I trew, the ſaw, quhilk Dauid ſaid
Without God, of ane Houſſ, be maiſter of wark
He wyrkis in vaine, thocht it be neuer ſo ſtark.

¶ For I was throuch, the hie power Deuine
Richt dule fullie, doung down, amang the aſſ
Quhilk culd not be, throch mortel mannis ingine
Bot as Dauid, did ſlay, the gret Golliaſſ
Or Holopharne, be Iudeth, keillit waſſ,
In mid amang, his triumphand Armie
So was I ſlayne, in to my cheiff Cetie.

¶ Quhen I had greteſt, Dominatione
As Lucifer had, in the heuin Impyre
Came ſuddandlye, my Depryuatione
Be thaim quhilk did, my dolent deith conſpyre
So creuel was, thare furyous byrnand yre
I gat no tyme, layſer, nor Libertie
To Say, In Mapus Tuas Domine.

Behauld my Faitell, Infylicitie
I beand in my ſtrinth, incomparabill
That dreidful dungioun, maid me no ſupple
My gret riches, nor rentis proffitabil
My Syluer wark, Iowellis, ineſtimabil
My Papel pomp, of Gold, my riche threaſoure
My lyfe and al, I loſte in half ane hour.

¶ To the peple, was maid ane Spectable
Off my dede, and deformit Carioun.
Sum ſaid it was, ane manifeſt myrakle
Sum ſaid it was, diuine punitioun
So to be ſlane, in to my ſtrang dungeoun
Quhen euery man, had Iugit as hym lyſt

Thay Saltit me, ſyne cloſit me in ane kyſt.

¶ I lay unburyit, ſewin monethis and more
Or I was borne, to cloſter, kirk, or queir
In ane mydding, quhilk pane bene til deplore
Without ſuffraige, of Channoun, Monk, or freir
All proude Prelatis, at me may Leſſonnis leir
Quhilk rang ſo lang, and ſo triumphandlye
Syne in the duſt, doung down ſo dullefullie,

¶ To the Prelatis.

O Ze my Brether, Pryncis of the Preiſtis
I mak zow hartlye, ſupplicatione
Boith nycht and day, reuolfe in to zour breiſtis
The Proces of, my depriuatione
Conſydder, quhat bene zour vocatione
To follow me. I pray zow not pretend zov
Bot reid at lynth, this Sedull, that I ſend zov.

¶ Ze knaw quhov Iheſu, his Diſcipils ſent
Amvaſſaldouris, til euery Natione
To ſchav his law, and his commandiment
To al peple, by Predicatione
Tharefore I mak, to zov Narratione
Sen ze to thaim ar verray ſucceſſouris
Ze aucht til do, as did zour Predeceſſouris.

¶ Quhov dar ze be ſo bald, tyl tak on hande
For to be Herraldis, tyl ſa gret ane Kyng
To beir his meſſage, boith to brugh, and lande
Ze beand dum, and can pronunce no thing
Lyk Menſtrellis, that can not play, nor ſing
Or quhy ſuld men, gyff to ſik Hirdis hyre
Quhilk can not gyde, thair ſcheip, about the myre.

¶ Schame ze nocht, to be Chriſtis ſeruituris
And for zour fee, hes great Temporall landis
Syne of zour office, can nocht tak the curis
As Cannone Law, and ſcripture zow commandis
Ze wyl not, teinde cheiff, nor offrandis
Teinde wol, teind lamb, teind calf, teind grice & Guſe
To mak ſeruyce, ze ar al out of vſe.

¶ My deir brother, do nocht, as ze war wount,
Amend zour lyfe, now quhil zour day Induris
Treſt weil ze ſal, be callit to zour count
Off euerylk thyng, belangyng to zour curis
Leiff haſartrie, zour harlottrie, and huris
Remembring on, my vnprouiſit dede
For efter deith, may no man mak remede.

¶ Ze Prelatis quhilkis, hes thouſandis for tyl ſpend
Ze ſend ane ſempyl freir, for zow to preche
It is zour craft, I mak it to zow kende
Zour ſelfis in zour Templis for to teche
Bot farlye nocht, thocht ſyllie frer is fleche
For and thay planlye, ſchaw the veritie
Than wyl thay want, the byſchoppis cheritie.

¶ Quharefore bene gewin, zow ſik Royal rent
Bot for til ſynd, the peple, Spirituall fude
Prechande to thaim, the auld and new Teſtment
The law of God, doith planelie ſo conclude
Put nocht zour hope, in to no warldly gude
As I haue done, behauld my gret threaſoure
Maid me no help, at my vnhappy houre.

¶ That day quhen I, was byſchope conſecrait
The gret Bible, was bound apon my bak

Quhat was tharein, lytil I knew gode wat
More than ane beiſt, berand ane precious pak
Bot haiſtelie, my conuenent I brak
For I wes oblyſt, with my awin conſent
The law of god, to preche, with gude intent.

¶ Brether rycht ſo, quhen ʒe wer conſecrait
Ze oblyſt ʒow al, on the ſammyn wyſe
Ze may by callit, Byſchoppis contrafait
As Gallandis buſkit, for to mak ane gyſe
Now think I Princes, ar no thing to pryſe
To gyff ane famous, office tyl ane fule
As quho wald put, ane Myter on ane Mule.

¶ Allace and ʒe, that ſorow full ſycht had ſene
Quhov I lay bulcande, bathit in my blude
Tomend ʒour lyfe, it had occaſione bene
And laiff ʒour auld, corroptit conſuetude
Failʒeing thareof than ſchortlie I conclude
Without ʒe frome, ʒour rebaldrye arryſe
Ze ſal be ſeruit, on the ſammyn wyſe.

¶ To the Prynces.

¶ Imprudent Prynces, but diſcretione
Hauyng in erth, power Imperiall
Ze bene the cauſe, of this tranſgreſſione
I ſpeik to ʒow al, in to generall
Quhilk doith diſpone, al office ſpiritual
Geuand the ſaulis, quhilkis bene Chriſtis ſcheip
To blynde Paſtouris, but conſcience to keip.

¶ Quhen ʒe Prynces, doith laik ane officiar
Ane Baxſter, Browſter, or ane maiſter cuik
Ane trym Tailʒeour, ane cunnyng Cordonar
Ouer al the land, at lynth ʒe wyl gar luik

a 7

Moſt able men, ſik officis to bruik
Ane browſter quhilk, can brew moſt hailſum aill
Ane cunnyng Cuke, quhilk beſt can ceſſone caill.

¶ Ane Tailzeour quhilk, has foſterit bene in France
That can mak garmentis, on the gayeſt gyſe
Ze Princis bene, the cauſe of this myſchance
That quhen thare doith, vaik ony benefyſe
Ze aucht tyl do, apone the ſammyn wyſe
Gars ſcers, and ſeik, boith in to burgh, and land
The law of God, quho beſt can vnderſtande.

¶ Mak hym Biſchope, the prudentlye can preche
As doith pertene, tyl his vocatione
Ane perſone quhilk, his Pariſone can teche
Gar Vicaris mak, dew Myniſtratione
And als I mak zow, ſupplicatione
Mak zour Abbotis, of rycht relygeous men
Quhilk Chriſtis law, can to thair Conuent ken.

¶ Bot not to rebaldis, new cum frome the roſte
Nor of ane ſtuffat, ſtollin out of ane ſtabill
The quhilk in to, the ſcule, maid neuer na coſte
Nor neuer was, tyl ſpiritual ſcience abil
Except the cartis, the dyce, the ches, and tabil
Off Rome rakaris, nor of rude Ruffianis
Off calſay Paikaris, nor of Publicanis.

¶ Nor to Fantaſtyk, feanzeit flaterraris
Moſt meit to gather, muſſillis in to may
Off Cowhubeis, nor zit of clatterraris
That in the kirk, can nother ſyng nor ſay
Thocht thay be clokit, vpe in clerkis array
Lyke doytit Doctouris, new cum out of Athenis

And mummyll ouer, ane pair of maglit matenis.

Nocht qualifyit, to bruke ane benefyſe
Bot throuch Schir Symonis ſollicitatione
I was promouit, on the ſammin wyſe
Allace throuch Princis ſupplicatione
And maid in Rome, throuch fals narratione
Byſchoppe, Abbote, bot no religious man
Quho me promouit, I now thair banis ban.

Quhowbeit I was, Legat, and Cardinale
Lytil I knew, tharein quhat ſuld be done
I vnderſtude, no ſcience ſpirituale
No more than did: blynd Alane of the mone
I dreid the Kyng, that ſyttith heygh abone
On zow Princis, ſal mak ſore puniſchement
Richt ſo on ws, throuch rychtuous Jugement.
On zow Princes, for vndiſcreit gyffing
Tyl Ignorantis, ſik officis til vſe
And we for our, in oportune aſking
Quhilk ſuld haue done, ſik dignitie refuſe
Our Ignorance, has done the warld abuſe
Throuch cowatyce, of riches, and of rent
That euer I was, ane Prelate I repent.

O Kyngis mak ze, no cair to gyff in cure,
Virginis profeſt, in to religione
In till keipin, off ane comone Hure
To mak think ze, nocht gret deriſione
Ane woman perſone, of ane Pariſone
Quhare in thare bene, two thouſand ſaulis to gyde
That frome Harlottis, can nat hir hyppis hyde.

Quhat and Kyng Dauid, leuit in thir dayis

Or out of hewin, quhat and he lukit down
The quhilk did founde, ſo mony fair Abayis
Scande the gret, Abhominatioun
In mony Abayis, off this Natioun
He wald repent, that Narrowit ſo his boundis
Off zeirly rent, thre ſcore of thouſande poundis.

¶ Quharefore I counſale, euerylk chriſtinit kyng
With in his realme, mak reformatione
And ſuffer no mo, rebaldis for till ryng
Abufe Chriſtis, trew Congregatione
Failzeing thareoff, I mak Narratione.
That ze Pryncis, and Prelatis, al at onis
Sal buryit be in hel, ſaule, blud, and bonis.

¶ That euer I brukit, benefyce I rew
Or to ſik heyght, ſo proudely did pretend
I man depart, thareforꝛe my freindis adew
Quhare euer it pleſith God, now man I wend
I pray the til, my freindis me recommende
And failze nocht, at lenth, to put in wryte
My Tragedie, as I haue done indyte.

¶ FINIS.

Quod Lyndeſay.

Heir followis the
Teſtament and complaynt of
our ſouueraine Lordis Papyngo.
Kyng James the Fyft.

¶ Quhilk lyis ſore woundit and may nocht dee,
tyll euery man haue harde quhat he ſayis.
Quharefore gentyll redaris, haiſtzow that
he wer out of his pane.

¶ Compylit be the ſaid Schir Dauid Lyndeſay
of the Mont, knycht Alias Lyoun,
Kyng of Armes.

¶ And Imprentit at the command, and
expenſes of Maiſter Sammuel
Iaſcuy, In Paris.
1558.

THE PROLONG.

SUppoſe I had Ingyne angelicall
With ſapience more than Salamonicall
I not quhate mater putt in memorie
The Poetis aulde in ſtyle Heroycall
In breue ſubtell termes rethorycall
Off euerilke mater, tragedie, and ſtorie
So ornatlie to thare heych laude and glorie
Haith done Indyte, quhoſe ſupreme ſapience
Tranſcendith far, the dull Intelligence.

¶ Off Poetis now, in tyll our vulgare toung
(For quhy) the bell of Rethorick bene roung
Be Chawceir, Goweir, and Lidgate laureate
Quhoo dar preſume, thir Poetis tyll Impung
Quhoſe ſweit ſentence, throuch Albione bene ſoung
Or quho can now, the werkis cuntrafate
Off Kennedie, with termes aureate
Or of Dunbar, quhilk language had at large
As maye be ſene, in tyll his goldin targe.

Sum tyme, Merſar, Rowle, Henderſon, Hay, & Holād
Thoucht thay bene dede, thare Libellis bene leuande
Quhilkis to rehers, makeith redaris to reioſe
Allace for one, quhilk lampe wes of this land
Off Eloquence the flowande blamy ſtrand
And in our Inglis, rethorick, the roſe
As of Rubeis, the Charbunckle bene choſe
And as Phebus, dois Synthia precell
So Gowane Dowglas, byſchope of Dunkell.

¶ Had quhen he wes, in to this lande on lyue
Aboue vulgar Poetis prerogatyue

Boith in pratick, and ſpeculatioun
I ſaye no more, gude redaris may diſcryue
His worthy werkis, in nowmer mo than fyue
And ſpecialie the trew tranſlatioun
Off Virgill, quhilk bene conſolatioun
To cunnyng men, to knaw his gret Ingyne
Als weill in naturale ſcience as deuyne.

¶ And in the courte, bene preſent in thir dayis
That ballattis breuis, luſtelie and layis
Quhilks tyll our Prince, daylie thay do preſent
Quhow can ſay more, than ſchir James Inglis ſayis
In ballatts, farſes, and in pleſande playis
Bot Culroſe haith his pen maid Impotente
Kyd: in cunnyng, and pratick rycht prudent
And Stewarte, quhilk diſyrith one ſtaitly ſtyle
Full ornate werkis, daylie dois compyle.

¶ Stewarte of Lorne, wyll carpe rycht curyouſlie
Galbreith, Kynlouch, quhen thay lyſte thame applie
In to that art, ar craftie of Ingyne
Bot now of lait, is ſtarte vpe haiſtelie
One cunnyng clerk, quhilk wrytith craftelie
One plant of Poetis, callit Ballentyne
Quhoſe ornate workis, my wytt can nocht defyne.
Gett he in to the courte auctoritie
He wyll precell Quintyng and Kennetie.

¶ So thoucht I had ingyne, as I haue none
I watt nocht quhat to wrytt, be ſweſit ſant Ihone
(For quhy) in all the garth of Eloquence
Is no thyng left bot barrane ſtok and ſtone
The polsit termes ar pullit euerilk one

Be thir forenamit Poetis of prudence
And ſen I fynd no vther new ſentence
I ſall declare or I depart zow fro
The complaynt of one woundit papyngo.

¶ Quharefore because myne mater bene ſo rude
Off ſentence and of rethorik denude
To rurale folk myne dyting bene directit
Far flemit frome the ſycht of men of gude
For cunnyng men I knawe wyll ſoune conclude
I dowe no thyng bot for to deiectit
And quhen I heir myne mater bene defractit
Than ſall I ſweir I maid it bot in mowis
To landwart laſſis, quhilks kepith key and zowis.

¶ Heir endis the Prolong. And followis the complaynt.

QWho clymmith to hycht perforce his feit man fail
Expreme I ſall that be experience,
Gyff that zow pleis to heir one pieteous taill
How one fair bird be fatell violence
Deuorit was and mycht mak no defence
Contrare the deth ſo failzeit naturale ſtrenth
As efter I ſall ſchaw zou at more lenth.

¶ One Papingo rycht pleſande and perfyte
Preſentit was tyll our moſt nobyll Kyng
Off quhome his grace one lang tyme had delyte
More fair of forme I wate flew neuer on wyng
This propir bird he gaue in gouernyng
To me quhilk wes his ſimpyll ſeruetoure
On quhome I did my deligence and cure.

¶ To lerne hir language artificiall
To play platfute and quhiſſill fute before
Bot of hir inclynatioun naturall
Scho countrafatit all fowlis les ans more
Off hir corage ſcho walde without my lore
Syng lyke the Merle, & crawe lyk to the coke
Pewlyke the Gled, & chãt lyke the Laueroke.

¶ Bark lyke ane Dog, & kekill lyke ane ka
Blait lyke one hoge and buller lyke one bule
Gaill lyke one goik, and greit quhen ſcho wes wa
Clyme one ane corde, ſyne lauch and play the fule
Scho mycht haue bene one menſtrall agane zulle
This blyſſit bird wes to me ſo pleſande
Quhare euer I fure I bure hir on my hande

¶ And ſo befell, in tyll one myrth full morrow
In to my garth, I paſt me to repoſe
This bird and I as we wer wount aforrow
Amand the flowris freſche, fragrant and formoſe
My vitale ſpretis, dewlie did reioſe
Quhen Phebus roſe, and raue the cloudis ſabyll
Throuch brychtnes of his beamys amyabyll.

¶ Without vapour, was weill purificate
The temporate air, ſoft ſober and ſerene
The erth, be nature ſo edificate
With holſum herbis, blew, quhyte, reid, and grene
Quhilk eleuate my ſpretis frome the ſplene
That daye Saturne, nor Mars, durſte nocht appeir
Nor Eole, of his coſe, he durſte nocht ſteir

¶ That daye perforce, behuiſſit to be fair
Be Influence, and cours celeſtiale

No Planete preſt, for to perturbe the air
For Mercurius, be mouyng naturale
Exaultit wes, in to the throne tryumphale
Off his manſioun, vnto the fyftant gree
In his awin ſouerane ſigne of virginee

That daye did Phebus, pleſandlie depart
Frome Geminie, and enterit in Cancer
That daye Cupido, did extendit his dart
Venus that daye, coniunit, with Jupiter
That daye Neptunus, hyd hym lyke one ſker
That daye dame Nature, with gret beſynes
Fortherit Flora, to keyth hir craftynes.

And retrograde, wes Mars, in Capricorne
And Synthea, in Sagittar aſſeſt
That daye dame Ceres, goddes of the corne
Full Joyfullie Johane Vponelande appleſt
The bad eſpect, of Saturne, wes appeſt
That day be Juno, of Jupiter the Joye
Perturbande ſpretis, cauſyng to halde caye.

The ſounde of birdis, ſurmontit all the ſkyis
With melodie, of notis Muſycall
The balmy droppis of dew, Tytane vpdryis
Hyngande vpone, the tender twyſtis ſmall
The heuinlye hew, and ſounde angelicall
Sic perfyte pleſoure, prentit in myne hart
That with gret pyne, frome thyne I mycht depart.

So ſtyll amang, thoſe herbes amyabill
I did ramane one ſpace, for my paſtance
Bot warldlye pleſoure, bene ſo variabill
Mixit with ſorrow, dreid and inconſtance

That thare in tyll, in none continuance
So mycht I ſaye, my ſchorte ſolace allace
Was dreuin in doulour, in one lytill ſpace.

¶ For in that garth, amang thoſe fragrant flowris
Walkyng allone, none bot my bird and I
Vnto the tyme, that I had ſaid myne howris
This bird I ſett, vpone one branche me by
Bot ſcho begane, to ſpeill rycht ſpedalye
And in that tree, ſcho did ſo heych aſcende
That be no waye, I mycht hic apprehende.

¶ Sweit bird ſaid I be war, mont nocht ouer hie
Returne in tyme perchance thy feit maye failze
Thow art rycht fate, and nocht weill vſt to flee
The gredie gled I dried ſcho the aſſailze
I wyll ſaid ſcho aſcende, vailze ꝗ vailze
It is my kynde to clyme aye to the hycht
Off feather and bone I wate weill I am wycht.

¶ So on the heycheſt lytill tender twyſte
With wyng diſplayit ſcho ſatt full wantounlie
Bot Boreas blew one blaſte or euer ſcho wyſte
Quhilk braik the branche, and blew hir ſoddanlie
Down to, the grounde with mony cairfull crye
Vpone ane ſtob ſcho lychtit on hir breiſte
The blude ruſchit out, and ſcho cryit for one preiſte.

¶ Gode wate gyff than my hart wes wo begone
To ſee that fowle flychter amang the flowris
Quhilk with gret murnyng gan to mak hir mone
Now cumyng ar ſaid ſcho, the faitall howris
Of bitter deith now mone I thole the ſchowris
O Dame Nature I praye the of thy grace

Len me layſer to ſpeik one lytill ſpace.

¶ For to complene my fate infortunate
And ſo diſpone my geir or I depart
Sen of all conforte I am deſolate
Allone except the deith heir with his dart
With aufuil cheir reddye to perſe myne hart
And with that worde ſcho tuke one paſſioun
Syne flatlyngs fell, and ſwappit in to ſwoun.

¶ With ſory hart, peirſt with compaſſioun
And ſalte teris, diſtellyng frome myne Ene
To heir that birdis lamentatioun
I did aproche, onder one hawthorne grene
Quhare I mycht heir, and ſee, and be vnſene
And quhen this bird, hade ſwonit twyſe or thryſe
Scho gan to ſpeik, ſayng on this wyſe.

¶ O fals Fortune, quhy hes thow me begylit
This day at morne, quho knew this carefull cace
Waine hope in the, my reaſſoun haith exilit
Hauyng ſic traiſt, in to thy fenzeit face
That euer I wes, broucht in to the courte allace
Hade I in forreſte, flowne amang my feris
I mycht full weil, haue leuit mony zeris.

¶ Prudent counſale allace I did refuſe
Agane reaſſoun, vſyng myne appetyte
Ambitioun did ſo myne hart abuſe
That Eolus, had me in gret diſpyte
Poetis of me, haith mater to indyte
Quhilk clam ſo heych, and wois me tharfore
Nocht dowtyng, that the deth, durſte me deuore.

¶ This daye at morne, my forme and feddreme fair
Abuſe the prude Pacoke, war precellande
And now one catyue, carioun full of cair
Baythande in blude, doun frome myne hart diſtellāde
And in myne eir, the bell of deith bene knellande
O fals warld, fy on thy felicitie
Thy pryde, Auarice, and Immundicitie.

¶ In the Iſle none thyng bene permanet
Off thy ſchorte ſolace, ſorowe is thy ende
Thy fals Infortunate gyftis bene bot lent
This day full proude, the morne no thyng to ſpende
O ze that doith pretende, aye tyll aſcende
My fatale ende, haue in rememberance
And zow defende frome ſic vnhappy chance.

¶ Quhydder that I wes ſtrickin in extaſie
Or threuch one ſtarke Imagynatioun
Bot it apperit in my fantaſie
I harde this dolente lamentatioun
Thus dullit in to deſolatioun
Me thocht this bird did breue, in hir manere
Hir counſale to the Kyng, as ze ſall here.

¶ Heir follovvis the firſt Epyſtell
of the Papingo, direct till our ſouerane Lorde, Kyng James the Fyfte.

225

PRepotente prince,peirles of pulchritudine
Glore,honour,laude,triumphe,and victorie
Be to the heych excellent celſitude
With marciale dedis,dyng of memorie
Sen Atropus,conſumit haith my glorie
And dolente deith,allace man vs departe
I leife to the,my trewe vnfenzeit harte.

¶ To gydder with Cedull ſubſequente
With moſte reuerende recommendatioun
I grante thy grace,gettis monye one documente
Be famous Fatheris predicatioun
With mony notabill narratioun
Be pleanſande Poetis in ſtyle heroycale
Quhow thow ſulde gyde thy ſeait Imperyale.

¶ Sum doith deplore,the great calamiteis
Off diuers realmes tranſmutatioun
Sum pieteouſlie,doith treate of tragedeis
All for thy graces informatioun
So I intende,butt addullatioun
In to my barbour ruſtycale indyte
Amang the reſte,ſchir ſum thyng for to wryte.

¶ Souerane conſaue this ampyll ſimilitude
Off officiaris ſeruyng thy Senzeorie
Quho gidis thame weill,gettis of thy grace gret gude
Quho bene iniuſte,degradit ar of glorie
And cancillate oute of thy memorie
Prouidyng ſyne more pleſande in thare place
Beleue richt ſo,ſall god do with thy grace.

¶ Conſidderyng weil thow bene bot officiare
And veſchell to that Kyng incomparabyll

Preis thow to pleis, that puiſſante prince preclare
Thy riche rewarde, ſalbe ineſtimabyll
Exaultit heych in glore interminabyll
Abone Archangels, virtus, poteſtatis
Pleſandlie placit, amang the Principatis.

¶ Off thy vertew, Poetis perpetuallie
Sall mak mentioun, onto the warld be endit
So thow excerſſ, thyne office prudentlye
In heuin, and erth, thy grace ſalbe commendit
Quhare fore afeir, that he be nocht offendit
Quhilk hes exaultit the to ſic honour
Off his peple, to be one Gouernour.

¶ And in the erith, hath maid ſic ordinance
Onder thy feit, all thyng terreſtryall
Ar ſubiect to thy pleſoure and paſſance
Boith floule and fyſche, and beſtis paſtorall
Men to thy ſeruice, and women, thay bene thrall
Halkyng hountyng, armes, and leiſſull amour
Preordinante ar, be god, for thy pleſour.

¶ Maiſteris of muſike, to recreate thy ſpreit
With dantit voce, and pleſande inſtrument
Thus may thow be, of all pleſouris repleit
So in thyne office, thow be deligent
Bot be thow found, ſleuthfull or negligent
Or iniuſte, in thyne executioun
Thow ſall nocht faill, deuine punitioun.

¶ Quharefore ſen thow hes ſic capacitie
To lerne to playe, ſo pleſandlye and ſyng
Ryde Horſſ, ryn ſperis, with gret audacitie
Schute with hande bow, croſboowe, and culueryng

Amang the reſt, ſchir lerne to be ane kyng
Kythe on that craf, thy pringnante freſche ingyne
Grantit to the be influence diuine.

¶ And ſen the diffinitioun of ane kyng
Is for to haif of peple gouernance
Addres the firſt, abufe all vther thyng
Tyll put thy bodye, tyll ſic ordinance
That thyne vertew, thyne honour may auance
For quhow ſulde Princes, gouerne gret regiones
That can nocht dewlie gyde thare awin perſones.

¶ And gyff thy grace, walde leif rycht pleſantlie
Call thy counſale, and caſte on thame the cure
Thare Iuſte decretis, defende and fortyfie
Butt gud counſale, may no prince lang indure
Wyrke with counſale, than ſall thy work be ſure
Cheis thy counſale of the moſte Sapiente
Without regarde to blude, ryches or rente.

¶ Amang all vther paſtyme and pleſour
Now in thy adoleſcent ȝeris ȝeing
Walde thow ilke day, ſtudie bot half one hour
The regement of princelie gouernyng
To thy peple, it war one pleſande thyng
Thare mycht thow fyng, thy awin vocatioun
Quhow thov ſuld vſe, thy ſceptour, ſwerd, and croun.

¶ The Cronecklis to knaw, I the exhorte
Quhilk may be myrrour, to thy Maieſtie
Thare ſall thow fynd, boith gude and euill reporte
Off euerilk prince, efter his qualytie
Thocht thay be dede, thare deidis ſall nocht dee
Traiſt weill thow ſalbe ſtylit in that ſtorie

An thow deſeruis, put in memorie.

¶ Requeſt that Roye quhilk rent wes on the rude
The to defende frome dedis of defame
That no poyte, reporte of the bot gude
For princes dayis induris bot one drame
Sen firſt Kyng Fergus bure one Dyadame
Thow arte the laſte Kyng of fyue ſcore and fyue
And all ar de and none bot thow on lyue.

¶ Off quhoſe number, fyftie and fyue bene ſlane
And moſte parte in thare awin miſgouernance
Quharfore I the beſeik my ſouerane
Conſydder of thare lyffis the circumſtance
And quhen thow knawis, the cauſe of thare miſchāce
Off vertew than exalte thy ſalis on hye
Traiſtyng to chaip that fatale deſtanye.

¶ Treait ilke trew Barroun, as he war thy brother
Quhilk man at neid, the and thy realme defende
Quhen ſuddenlie one doith oppreſſione vther
Lat Juſtice mixt with mercy thame amende
Haue thow thare hartis thow hes yneuch to ſpend
And be the contrar, thow arte bot Kyng of bone
From tyme thyne hereis hartis bene from the gone.

¶ I haue no laſer for to wrytt at lenth
Myne hole intente ontyll thyne excellence
Decreſſit ſo I am, in wytt and ſtrenth
My mortale wounde, doth me ſic violence
Peple of me may haue experience
Becauſe allace I was incounſolabyll
Now mon I dee on catyue miſerabyll.

2. a 7.

Heir

¶ Heir follovvis the ſecunde Epiſtell of the Papingo directit to hir brether of courte.

BRether of courte, with mynde precordiale
To the gret god, hartlye I commende zow
Imprent my fall, in zour memoriale
Togydder with this cedull that I ſend zow
To preis ouer heych: I pray zow nacht pretend zow
The vaine aſcens of court quho wyll conſydder
Quho ſittith moſt heych, ſal fynd the ſait moſt ſlydder.

¶ So ze that now bene lanſyng vpe the ledder
Tak tent in tyme, faſtinnyng zour fingaris faſte
Quho climmith moſt heich, moſt dint hes of the wodder
And leiſt defence agane the bitter blaſte
Off fals fortune, quhilk takith neuer reſte
Bot moſte redowtit, daylie ſcho doun thryngis
Nocht ſparyng Papis, Comquerours nor Kyngis.

¶ Thocht ze be montit vpe abone the ſkyis
And haith boith Kyng and courte in gouernace
Sum was als heych, quhilk now rycht lawlie lyis
Complanyng ſore, the courtis variance
Thare preterit tyme, may be experience
Quhilk throuch vaine hope of court did clim ſo hye
Syne wantit wyngis quhen thay wende beſt to flie.

¶ Sen ilke courte, bene vntraiſt and tranſitorie.
Changyng als ofte, as woddercok in wynde
Sum makand glaid, and vther ſum rycht ſorie

Formaſte

Formaſtis this day,the morne may go be hynde
Latt nocht vaine hope of courte,zour reaſſoum blynde
Traiſt weill ſum men,wyll gyf zow laude as Lordis
Quhilk walde be glaid,to ſe zow hang in cordis.

¶ I durſt declare the miſerabilitie
Of diuers courtis,war nocht myne tyme bene ſchorte
The dreidfull change,vaine glore,and vilitie
The pane full pleſour,as Poetis doith reporte
Sum tyme in hope,ſum tyme in diſconforte
And quho ſũ men,doth ſpend thare.L.zowth hed hale
In courte,ſyne endis in the hoſpytale.

¶ Quhow ſum in courte,bene quiet counſalouris
Without regarde to commoun weill or kyngis
Caſtyng thare cure,for to be Conquerouris
And quhen thay bene,heych raſt in thare ryngis
Quhow change of court,yam dulefullie doun thringis
And quhen thay bene frome thare eſtait depoſt
Quhow monye of thare fall bene rycht reioyſt.

¶ And quhow fonde fenzeit fulis and flatterars
For ſmall ſeruice optenith gret rewardis
Pandaris,pykthankis,cuſtronis and clatterars
Lowpis vpe frõ laddis ſyne lichtis agmãg the lardis
Blaphematours,beggarris,and commoun bardis
Sum tyme in court,hes more autorytie
Nor deuote Doctouris in Diuinitie.

¶ Quhow in ſum courte,bene barnes of valiale
Full of diſſimilit payntit flatterrie
Prouocande be Intoxicat counſale
Princes tyll huredome,and tyll haſardrie
Quho doin in Princes prentuc harlotrie

2 a 7 I ſaye

I ſaye for me, ſic peirte prouocatouris
Sulde puniſte be, abufe all ſtrang tratouris.

¶ Quhat trauers, troubyll and calamitie
Haith bene in courte, within thir houndreith ȝeris
Quhate mortale changis, quhate miſeritie
Quhat nobyll men, bene brocht vpone thare beris
Traiſt weill my freindis, followe ȝow mon ȝour feris
So ſene in courte, bene no tranſquillitie
Sett nocht on it, ȝour hole felicitie.

¶ The courte chageith, ſum tyme with ſic outrage
That fewe or none, may makyng reſiſtance
And ſparith nocht, the prince, more than the page
As weill apperith be experience
The Duke of Rothaſay, mycht mak no defence
Quhilk wes pertenande Roye of this regioun
Bot dulefullie deuorit in preſoun.

¶ Quhate dreid, quhate doloure, had that nobil kyng
Robarte the thrid, frome tyme he knewe the cace
Off his thow ſonnis, dolente departyng
Prince Dauid deyid, and James captiue allace
Tyil trewe Scottis men, quhilk was ane carfull cace
Thus may ȝe knawe, the courte bene variande
Quhen blude ryale, the change may nocht gane ſtand.

¶ Quho rang in courte, more heych and triumphand
Nor Duke Murdoke, quhill that his day indurit
Was he nocht great Protectour of Scotland
Zit of the court he was nocht weill aſſurit
Itt changit ſo, his lang ſeruice wes ſmurit
He and his ſonne, fait Walter but remede
Forfalt it war, and put to dulefull dede.

¶ Kyng James the firſt, the patroun of prudence
Gem of Inȝyne, and perle of policye
Well of Juſtice, and flude of Eloquence
Quhoſe vertew, doith tranſcende my fantaſye
For tyll diſcryue. ȝeit quhen he ſtude moſte hye
Be fals exorbitant conſpiratioun
That prudent Prince, wes pieteouſlie put doun,

¶ Als James the ſecunde, Roye of gret renoun
Beande in his ſuperexcell and glore
Throuch reakles ſchuttyng of one gret cannoun
The dolent deith, allace did hym deuore
One thyng thare bene, of quhilk I maruell more
That fortoun hade at hym ſic mortale feid
Throuch, fyftie thouſande to wailde hym be the heid.

¶ My hart is peirſt with panes for to pance
Or wrytt thai courtis, variatioun
Off James the thrid quhen he hade gouernance
The dolour, dreid, and deſolatioun
The change of court, and conſpiratioun
And quhow that Cochrame with his companye
That tyme in courte clame ſo preſumpteouſlie.

¶ Itt hade ben gude thay beirnes had bene vnborne
Be quhome that nobyll prince was ſo abuſit
Thay grew as did the weid abufe the corne
That prudent lordis counſall was refuſit
And held hym quiet, as he had bene incluſit
Allace that prince be thare abuſioun
Was fynalye brocht to confuſioun.

¶ Thay clam ſo heych, and gate ſic audience
And with thare prince grew ſo familiar

His Germane brother, mycht get no preſence
The duke of Albanie, nor the Erle of Mar
Lyke baneiſt men, war haldin at the bar
Tyll in the kyng thare grew ãe mortale feed
He flemit the Duke, and patt the Erle to dede.

¶ Thus Cochrame with his catyue companye
Forſit thame to flee, bot ȝit thay wantit fedderis
A buke the heych, Cederis of Lybanye
Thay clam ſo heych, tyll thay lape oure thare ledderis
On lawder bryge ſyne keppit wer in tedderis
Stranglit to deith, thay gat none vther grace
Thare kyng captiue, quhilk wes one cairfull cace.

¶ Tyll put in forme, that fate infortunate
And mortale change, pertubith myne ingyne
My wytt bene waik, my fydgaris fatygate
To dyte or wrytt, the rancour and reuyne
The Ciuyll weir, the battell Inteſtyne
How that the Sonne, with bayner braid diſplayit
Agane the Fader, in battel come arrayit.

¶ Wald gode that prince had bene that day cōfortit
With ſapience of the prudente Salomone
And with the ſtrenith, of ſtrang Sampſone ſupportit
With the baulde oſte, of gret Agamenone
Quhat ſulde I wyſt, remedie wes thare none
At morne one kyng, with ſeptour, ſweird and crown
Att euin one dede deformit carioun.

¶ Allace quhare bene, that rycht redoutit Roye
That potent prince, gentyll kyng James the feird
I pray to Chriſte, his ſaule for to conuoye
One greater nobyll, range nocht in to the eird

O Atropus, warye we may thy weird
For he was myrrour of humilitie
Lode ſter, and lampe of lyberalitie.

¶ Duryng this tyme, ſo Juſtice did preuale
The Sauage Iles, trymblie for terrour
Eſkdale, Euiſdale, Liddiſdale, and Annerdale
Durſte nocht rebell, doutyng his dyntis dour
And of his lordis, hade ſic perfyte fauour
So for to ſchawe, that he afeirit no fone
Oute throuch his realme, he walde ryde hym allone.

¶ And of his courte, throuch Europe ſprang the fame
Off luſtie Lordis, and lufeſum lady is ʒing
Tryumphande tornayis, Juſtyng and knychtlie game
With all paſtyne, accordyng for one kyng
He wes the glore, of Princelit gouernyng
Quhilk throucht ardente lufe he hade to France
Agane Inglande, did moue his ordinance.

¶ Off Flodoun feilde, the reuyne to reuolfe.
Or that moſte dolent day fol tyll deplore
I nyll for dreid, that dolour ʒow diſſolfe
Schaw quhow that prince: in his tryumphant glore
Diſtroyit was, quhat nedeith proceſſ more
Nocht be the vertew of Inglis ordinance
Bot his awin wyl full miſgouernance.

¶ Allace that day hade he bene counſalabyll.
He hade obtenit laude glore, and victorie
Quhoſe pieteous proces, bene ſo lamentabyll
I nyll at lenth it putt in memorie
I neuer rede, in tragedie nor ſtorie

Att one Jornay ſo mony nobyllis ſlane
For the defence, and lufe of thare Souerane.

¶ Now brether make in ȝour rememberance
One myrrour of thoſe mutabililiteis
So may ȝe knawe, the courtis inconſtance
Quhē princes bene, thus pullit frō thare ſeis
Efter quhoſe deith, quhat ſtrange aduerſiteis
Quhate gret miſreule, in to this regioun rang
Quhen our ȝoung prince, coulde nother ſpeik nor gang.

¶ Duryng his tender ȝouthe, and Innocence
Quhat ſtouith, quhat raiſſe, quhat murthour & michāce
Thare wes nocht ellis, bot wraking of vengeance
In to that court, thare rang ſic variance
Diuers reularis, maid diuers ordinance
Sum tyme our Quene, rang in auctoritie
Sum tyme the prudent Duke of Albanie.

¶ Sum tyme the realme, wes reulit be regentis
Sum tyme Lowtenentis, ledaris of the law
Than rang ſo mony inobedientis
That few or none, ſtude of one vter aw
Oppreſſioun did ſo lowde his bugyll blaw
That none durſte ryde, bot in to feir of weir
Joke vponelande that tyme did myſſ his meir,

¶ Quho was more heych in honour eleuate,
Nor was Margaret, our heych, and mychty princes
Sic poweir was to hir appropriate
Off kyng and realme, ſcho wes gouernores
Zit come one change, within one ſchorte proces
That peirle preclare, that luſty pleſande quene
Lang tyme durſte nocht in to tye court be ſene.

¶ The Archebyſchop of ſanctādrous James Betoun
Chancellare and primate in power paſtorall
Clam nixt the kyng, moſte heych in this regioun
The ledder ſchuke, he lape one gat one fall
Auctoritie, nor power ſpirituall
Ryches freind ſchipe, mycht noch that tyme preuale
Quhen dame Curia, began to ſteir hir tale.

¶ His heych prudence, preualit hym nocht one myte
That tyme the court, bair hym ſic mortall feid
As preſonere, thay keipt hym in diſpyte
And ſumtyme wyſt noch, quhare to hyde his heid
Bot diſagyſit, lyke Jhone the reif he raid
Had nocht venehope, bair hym ſic companye
He had bene ſtranglit be malancolye.

¶ Quhat cummer, and care wes in the court of frāce
Quhen kyng Francoſe, wes takin preſoneir
The duke of Bourboun, amyd his ordinance
Deid at one ſtraik, rycht bail full brocht on beir
The court of Rome, that tyme ran all arreir
Quhen Pape Clement, was put in ſtrang preſoun
The nobyll Citie, put to confuſioun.

¶ In Inglande quho had greter gouernance
Nor thare triumphand courtly Cardinall
The common weill, ſum ſayis he did auance
Be equale Juſtice, boith to gret and ſmall
Thare wes no prelate to hym paregall
Ingliſmen ſayis, had he roung langer ſpace
He had diſpoſit Sanct Peter of his place.

¶ His princely pomp, nor papale grauitie
His palyce ryale, ryche, and radious

Nor ȝit the flude of ſuperfluitie
Off his ryches nor trauell tedious
For tyme dame Curia, held hym odious
Preualit hym nocht, nor prudence moſt profounde
The ledder brake, and he fell to the grounde.

¶ Quhare bene the douchty Erlis of Dowglas
Quhilks ryallye in to this regioun rang
For fal and ſlane, quhat nedith more proces
The Erle of Marche, was merſcellit thame amang
Dame Curia thame dulefully doun thrang
And now of lait, quha clam more heych amang ws
Nor did Archibalde Vmquyle the Erle of Augus.

¶ Quho with his prince wes more familiar.
Nor of his grace hade more auctoritie
Was he nocht gret wardane, and Chancellar
Zit quhen he ſtude vpone the hycheſt gres
Traiſtyng no thyng, bot perpetuitie
Was ſuddanlie depoſit frome his place
Fort falt and flemit, he gatt none vther grace.

¶ Quharfore traiſt nocht in tyll auctoritie
My deir brother, I pray ȝow hartfullie
Preſume nocht in ȝour vaine proſperitie
Conforme ȝour traiſt in god alluterlie
Syne ſerue ȝour Prince, with entreir hart treulie
And quhen ȝe ſe, the court bene at the beſt
I counſale ȝow, than drawe ȝow to ȝour reſt.

¶ Quhare bene the heych tryumphant court of troye
Or Alexander, with his twelf prudent peris
Or Iulius that rycht redoutit Roye
Agane none, moſte worthy in his weris

To ſchawe thare fyne, myſkrayit harſ afeiris
Sum murdꝛeiſt war, ſum poyſonit dulefullie.
Thare cairfull courtis diſperſit dulefullie.
¶ Traiſt weill ehare is no conſtant courte bot one.
Quhare chꝛiſte bene kyng, quhoſe tyme interminabyll
And heych tryumphant gloꝛe beis neuer gone
That quiet court myꝛfull and Immutabyll
Butt variance ſtandith aye ferme and ſtabyll
Diſſimillance, Flattry, noꝛ fals repoꝛte
In to that court, ſall neuer get reſoꝛte.

¶ Traiſt weil my freindis, this is no fenȝeit fare
Foꝛ quho that bene, in the extreme of dede
The weritie but doute, thay ſulde declare
Without regarde, to fauour oꝛ to fede
Quhill ȝe haue tyme, deir bꝛother mak remaide
Adewe foꝛ euer of me ȝe gett no moꝛe
Beſeickand god, to bꝛyng ȝow to his gloꝛe.

¶ Adew Edinburgh, thow heych tryumphant toun
Within quhoſe boundis, richt blythfull haue I bene
Off trew merchandis; the rute of this regioun
Moſt rady to reſſaue, court. Kyng and Quene
Thy polecye, and Iuſtice may be ſene
War deuotion, wyſedome, and honeſtie
And crydence tynit, thay mycht be found in the.

¶ Adew fair Snawdoun, with thy touris hie
Thy Chapell royall, Park, and tabyll rounde.
May. Iune and Iuly, walde I dwell in the
War I one man, to heir the birdis ſounde
Quhilk doith agane, thy royall roche redounde
Adewe Lythquo, quhoſe palyce of pleſance
Mycht be one patrone, in poꝛtingall oꝛ france.

¶ Fair weill Falkande, the fortereſſ of Fyfe
Thy polit park, vnder the lowmound lawe
Sum tyme in the, I led one luſtye lyfe
The fallow deir, to ſee thame raik on rawe
Court men to cum to the, thay ſtande gret awe
Saynde thy burgh, bene of all burrowis bail
Becauſe in the, thay neuer gatt gud aill.

¶ Heir follovvis the commoning
betuix the Papingo. And hir holye Executoris. &c.

THe pye perſauit the papingo in pane
He lychtit doun and fenzeit hym to greit
Siſter ſaid he allace quho hes zow ſlane
I pray zow make prouiſioun for zour ſpreit
Diſpone zour geir, and zow confeſſ compleit
I haue power be zour contritioun
Of al zour myſſ to gyf zow full remiſſioun.

¶ I am (ſaid he) one Channoun regulare
And of my brether Priour principall
My quhyte rocket, me clene lyfe doith declare
Theblak bene of the deith, memoriall
Quharefore I think zour guddis naturall
Sulde be ſubmyttit hole in to my cure
Ze knawe I am ane holye creature.

¶ The Rauin come rowpande, quhen he hard the rair
So did the gled, with mony pieteous pewe
And fenzeitlye thay contrafete gret cair
Syſter (ſaid thay) zour rakleſnes we rewe
Now beſt it is, our Juſte counſale enſewe

Sen we pretende to heych promotioun
Religious men, of gret deuotioun.

¶ I am one blak Monk ſaid the ruclande rauin
So ſaid the gled, I am ane holye freir
And hes power to bryng zow quyke to heuin
It is weill knawin, my conſcience bene full cleir
The blak Bybill, pronounce I ſall perqueir
So tyll our brether, ze wyll gyf ſum gude
God wate gyff we, hes neid of lyuis fude.

¶ The Papingo ſaid, fader be the rude
Howbeit zour rayment be religious lyke
Zour conſcience, I ſuſpect be nocht gude
I did perſaue, quhen preuelye ze did pyke
One chekin frome ane hen vnder one dyke
I grant ſaid he, that hen wad my gud freind
And I that chekin tuke bot for my teind.

¶ Ze knawe the faith be ws mon be ſuſteind
So be the Pope, it is preordinate
That ſpirituall men, ſulde leue vpone thare teind
Bot weill wat I, ze bene predeſtinate
In zour extreme to be ſo fortunate
To haue ſic holye conſultatioun
Quharefore we mak zow exhortatioun.

¶ Sen dame nature haith grantit zow ſic grace
Layſer to mak confeſſioun generall
Schaw furith zour ſyn, in haiſt quhill ze haue ſpace
Syne of zour geir, mak one memoriall
We thre ſall mak zour feſtis funerall
And with gret blys, bery we ſall zour bones
Syne trentalls twentie trattyll all attones

¶ The reukis ſall rair, that men ſall one thame rewe
And crye, Commemoratio Animarum,
We ſall gar cheknis cheip, and graſlyngis pewe
Suppoſe the geis, and hennis ſulde cry alarum
And we ſall ſerue. Secundum vſum Sarum,
And mak zow ſaiff, we fynde ſanct Blaſe to borgh
Cryand for zow, the cairfull corrynogh.

¶ And we ſall ſing, aboute zour ſepulture
Sanct Mangois matinis, and the mekle creid
And ſyne deuotlie ſay, I zow aſſure
The auld Placebo bakwart, and the beid
And we ſall weir for zow, the murnyng weid
And thoucht zour ſpreit, with Pluto war proudeſſe
Deuotlye ſaill zour derigie be addreſſe.

¶ Fader (ſaid ſcho) zour facunde wordis fair
Full ſore I dreid, be contrar to zour dedis
The wyffis of the villaige, cryis with cair
Quhen thay perſaue, zour mowe ourthort thare medis
Zour fals conſait, boith duke, and drake, ſore drede
I marueill ſuithlie, ze be nocht eſchamit
For zour defaltis, beyng ſo defamit.

¶ It doith abhor, my pure perturbit ſprite,
Tyll mak to zow ony confeſſioun
I heir men ſay, ze bene one ypocrite
Exemptit frame, the ſenze and the ſeſſioun
To put my geir, in zour poſſeſſioun
That will I nocht, ſo help me dame nature
Nor of my corps, I will zow gyfe no cure.

¶ Bot hade I heir, the nobill Nychtingall
The gentyll Ia, the Merle, and Turtur trew

My obſequees, and feſtis funerall
Order thay wald, with notis of the new
The pleſande Poune, moſt angellyke of hew
Wald god I war, this daye with hym confeſt
And my deuiſe, dewlie be hym addreſt.

¶ The myrthfull Maueis, with the gay Goldſpink
The luſtie Lark, wald god thay war preſent
My infortune, forſuith thay wald forthink
And confort me, that bene ſo Impotent
The ſwyft Swallow, in pratik moſt prudent
I wate ſcho wald, my bledyng ſtem belyue
With hir moſt vertuous ſtone reſtringityue.

¶ Compt me the cace, vnder confeſſioun
The Gled ſaid proudelie to the Papingo
And we ſall ſweir, be our profeſſioun
Counſale to keip, and ſchawe it to no mo
We the beſeik, or thow depart vs fro
Declare to vs, ſum cauſis reaſonabyll
Quhy we bene haldin, ſo abhominabill.

¶ Be thy trauell, thow hes experience
Firſt beand bred, in to the Orient
Syne be thy gud ſeruice, and deligence
To princes maid, heir in the Occedent
Thow knawis the vulgars pepylls Iugement
Quhare thow tranſcurit the hote meridionall
Syne nip the Poill, the plage Septemtrionall.

¶ So be thy heych ingine ſuperlatyue
Off all countreis, thow knawis the qualiteis
Quharfore I the coniure be god of lyue
The veritie declare withoutin leis

Quhat thow his harde, be landis or be ſeis
Off vs kirkmen baith gude and euyll reporte
And quhow thay iudge, ſchawe vs we the exhorte.

Fader ſaid ſcho, I catyue creature
Dar nocht preſume, with ſic mater to mell
Off ȝour caces, ȝe knawe I haue no cure
Demande thame quhilk, in prudence doith precell
I may nocht pewe, my panes bene ſo fell
And als perchance, ȝe wyll nocht ſtande contend
To knaw the vulgare pepills Iugement.

Ȝit wyll the deith, alyte withdrawe his darte.
All that lyith in my memoriall
I ſall declare, with trew vnfenȝeit harte
And firſt I ſay, to ȝov in generall
The commoun peple, ſayith ȝe bene all
Degenerit frome ȝour holye prematyuis
As teſtyfyith the proces of ȝour lyuis.

Off ȝour peirles prudent prediceſſouris
The begynning I grant wes veray gude
Apoſtolis, Martyres, Virgines, Confeſſouris
The ſounde of thare excellent ſanctitude
Was harde ouer all the warld be lande and flude
Plantyng the faith, be predicatioun
As Chriſt had maid to thame narratioun.

To fortefie the faith, thay tuke no feir
Afore princes, precheing full prudentlie
Off dolurs, deith, thay dowit nocht the deir
The veritie, declaryng feruentlye
And martyrdome thay ſufferit pacientlie
Thay tuke no cure, of lande, ryches, nor rente

Doctrine and deid, war boith equeualent.

¶ To ſchaw at lynth thare workis war gret wounder
Thare myracklis, thay wer ſo manifeſt
In name of Chriſte, thay halit mony hounder
Raſyng the dede, and purgeing the poſſeſt
With peruerſt ſpretis, quhilks had bene oppreſt
The crukit rane, the blynd men gat thare Ene
The deiff men harde, the lypper war maid clene.

¶ Tho Prelatis ſpowſit, wer with pouertie
The dayis, quhen ſo thay fluriſt in fame
And with hir, generit lady chaſtitie
And dame deuotioun, notabill of name
Humill thay war, ſimpyll and full of ſchame
Thus Chaſtitie and dame deuotioun
War principall cauſe of thare promotioun.

¶ Thus thay contynewit, in this lyfe deuine
Aye tyll thare rang, in Romes gret Ciete
One potent prince, was namit Conſtantine
Perſauit the kirk, had ſpowſit pouertie
With gude entent, and mouit of pietie
Cauſe of diuors, he fande betuix thame two
And partit thame withoutin wordis mo.

¶ Syne ſchortlie with one gret ſolempnitie
Withoutin ony diſpenſatioun
The kirk he ſpouſit, with dame propirtie
Quhilk haiſtalye be procliamatioun
To pouertie gart mak narratioun
Under the pane, of peirſyng of hir ene
That with the kirk, ſcho ſuld na more be ſene.

Sanct

2 a 7

¶ Sanct Syluiſter, that tyme rang Pape in Rome
Quhilk firſt conſentit to the mariage
Off propirtie, the quhilk begane to blome
Taking on hir, the cure with heych corrage
Deuotioun drew hir tyll one heremytage
Quhen ſcho conſiderit lady propirtie
So heych exaultit in to dignitie.

¶ O Syluiſter, quhare was thy diſcretioun
Quhilk Petir did renounce, thow did reſaue
Androw, and Ihone, did leif thare poſſeſſioun
Thare ſchyppis, and nettis, lynines, and all the laue
Off temporall ſubſtance, na thing wauld thay haue
Contrarius to thare contemplatioun
Bot ſobirlie thare ſuſtentatioun.

¶ Ihone the Baptiſt, went to the wyldernes
Lazarus, Martha, and marie Magdalane
Left heretage, and gudis more and les
Prudent ſanct Paule, thocht propirtie prophane
Frome toun, to toun, he ran in wynd and rane
Vpone his feit, techeing the word of grace
And neuer was, ſubiectit to riches.

¶ The gled ſaid ȝit I heir no thyng bot gude
Proceid ſchortlye, and thy mater auance
The Papingo ſaid, fader be the rude
It wer to lang to ſchawe the circumſtance
Quhow propertie, with hir new alliance
Grew gret with chylde, as trew men to me talde
And bare twoo dochteris gudlye to be halde.

¶ The eldeſt dochter, named was riches
The ſecunde Syſter, Senſualytie

Quhilks

Quhilkis did Increſſ, within one ſchorte proces
Preplesande to the ſpritualytie
In gret ſubſtance and excellente bewtie
That Ladyis two grew ſo within few zeris
That in the wald, war none mycht be thare peris.

This royall ryches, and lady ſenſuale
Frome that tyme furth, tuke hole the gouernance
Off the moſt part, of the ſtait ſpirituale
And thay agane, with humill obſeruance
Amorouſlye, thare wyttis did auance
As trew luffaris, thare ladyis for to pleis
God wate gyf than, thare hartis war at Eis.

Soune thay forzett, to ſtudy, praye, and preche
Thay grew ſo ſubiect, to dame ſenſuale
And thocht bot pane, pure peple for to teche
Zit thay decretit, in thare gret counſale
Thay walde no more, to mariage be thrale
Traiſtyng ſurely, tyll obſerue chaſtytie
And all begylit quod Senſualytie.

Apperandlye, thay did expell thare wyffis
That thay mycht leif, at large without thirlage
Att lybertie to lede, thare luſtie lyffis
Thinkand men thrall, that bene in mareage
For newe faces, prouokith new corrage
Thus Chaiſtytie thay turne, in to delyte
Wantyng of wyffis, bene cauſe of appetyte.

Dame Chaiſtitie, did ſteill awaye for ſchame
Frome tyme ſcho did, perſaue thare prouiance
Dame Senſuall, one letter gart proclame
And hir exilit Italy, and France

2. a 8

In Inglande couthe, ſcho gett none ordinance
Than to the Kyng, and courte of Scotlande
Scho markit hir, without in more demande.

¶ Traiſtyng in to that courte, to get conforte
Scho maid hir humill ſupplicatioun
Schortlye thay ſaid, ſche ſulde get no ſupporte
Bot doſt it hir, with blaſphematioun
To preiſtis go mak, zour proteſtatioun
Itt is ſaid thay, mony one houndreth zeir
Sen Chaiſtitie had, ony entres heir.

¶ Tyrit for trauell ſcho to the preiſtis paſſe
And to the rewlaris of religioun
Off hir preſence, ſchortlye thay war agaſte
Sayand thay thocht it bot abuſioun
Hir to reſaue, ſo with concluſioun
With one auyſe, decretit and gaue dome
Thay wald reſſet, no rebell out of Rome.

¶ Sulde we reſaue, that Romans hes refuſit
And baneiſt Inglande, Italye, and France
For zour flattrye, than wer we weill abuſit
Paſſhyne ſaid thay, and faſt zour way auance
Amang the Nounnis, go ſeik zour ordinance
For we haue maid ayth, of fidelytie
To dame ryches, and ſenſualytie.

¶ Than pacientlye, ſche maid progreſſioun
Towarde the Nounnis, with hart ſyching full ſore
Thay gaif hir preſens, with proceſſioun
Reſſauand hir, with honour, laud and glore
Purpoſyng to preſerue hir euer more
Off that nouellis, come to dame propertie

To riches, and to Senſualytie.

¶ Quhilks ſped thame at the poſt rycht ſpedelye
And ſett one ſeage, proudlye about the place
The ſelye Nounnis, did zeild thame haiſtelye
And humyllie of that gylt, aſkit grace
Syne gaue thare bandis, of perpetuall pace
Reſſauand thame, thay keſt vpe wykkettis wyde
Than Chaiſtytie walde no langer abyde.

¶ So for refuge, faſt to the freris ſcho fled
Quhilks ſaid thay wald of ladyis tak no cure
Quhare bene ſcho now, than ſaid the gredy gled
Nocht amang zow, ſaid ſcho I zow aſſure
I traiſt ſcho bene, vpone the borrow mure
Beſouth Edinburgh, and that richt mony menis
Profeſt amang the Syſteris of the ſchenis.

¶ Thare hes ſcho founde, hir moder powertie
And deuotioun hir awin ſyſter carnale
Thare hath ſche founde, faith, hope, and cheritie
Togidder with the verteous Cardinale
Thare hes ſcho founde, one Conuent zit vnthrale
Tho dame Senſuale, nor with ryches abuſit
So quietlye tho ladyis bene Incluſit.

¶ The Pyote ſaid, I dreid be thay aſſailzet
Thay rander thame, as did the holy Nunnis
Doute noch ſaid ſcho, for thay bene ſo artailzet
Thay purpoſe to defende, thame with thare gounnis
Reddy to ſchoute, thay haue ſax gret Cannounnis
Perſeuerance, Conſtance, and Conſcience
Auſteritie, laubour, and abſtinence.

¶ To reſyſte, ſubtyll Senſualytie
Stronglye thay bene, enarmed feit and handis
Be abſtynence, and kepith pouertie
Contrar ryches, and all hir fals ſeruandis
Thay haue ane Boumbarde braillit vpe in handis
To keip thare porte, in myddis of thare cloſe
Quhilk is callit, Domine cuſtodi nos.

¶ Within quhoſe ſchote, thare dar no Enimeis
Approche thare place, for dreid of dyntis doure
Boith nycht and daye, thay wyrklyke beſye beis
For thare defence, reddye to ſtande in ſtoure
And hes ſet watcheis, on thare vtter toure
That dame Senſuale, with ſeage dar nocht aſſailȝe
Nor cum within, the ſchote of thare artailȝe.

¶ The Poyte ſaid, quhare to ſulde thay preſume
For tyll reſyſte ſweit Senſualytie
Or dame ryches, quhilks rewlaris bene in Rome
Ar thay more conſtant, in thare qualytie
Nor the princes, of ſpiritualytie
Quhilks pleſandlye, withoutin obſtakle
Haith thame reſauit in thare habitakle.

¶ Quhow lang traiſt ȝe, the ladyis ſall remane,
So ſolytar, in ſic perfectioun
The Papingo ſaid, brother incertane
So lang as thay, obey correctioun
Cheſyng thare heiddes, be electioun
Vnthrall to ryches, or to pouertie
Bot as requirith thare neceſſitie.

¶ O prudente prelatis, quhare was ȝour preſcience
That tuke on hande, tyll obſerue chaiſtytie
But

But auſteir lyfe,laubour,and abſtynence
Perſauit ȝe nocht,the gret proſpertie
Apperandlyȝ,to cum of propertie
Ȝe knawe gret cheir,gret Eis,and ydelnes
To lychorye,wes moder and maiſtes.

¶ Thow rauis vnrockit, the rauin ſaid be the rude
So to reproue,ryches,or propertie
Abraham,and yſaac,warryche and very gude
Jacob,and Joſephe,had proſperytie
The Papingo ſaid,that is verytie
Riches I grant,is nocht to be refuſit
Prouidyng alwaye,it be nocht abuſit.

¶ Than ſaid the Rauin, one replicatioun
Syne ſaid thy reaſone,is nocht worth one myte
As I ſall preue, with proteſtatioun
That no man tak,my wordis in diſpyte
I ſay,the temporall Princes hes the wyte
That in the kirk, ſic Paſtours dois prouide
To gouerne ſaulis,that nocht thame ſelfis can gyde.

¶ Lang tyme efter the kirk,tuke propertie
The prelatis leuit,in gret perfectioun
Vn thrall to Riches, or Senſualytie
Vnder the holy ſpreits protectioun
Orderlye choſin be electioun
As Gregore, Jerome, Ambroſe,and Auguſtine
Benedic,Bernard. Clement, Clete, and Lyne.

¶ Sir pacient prelatis, enterit be the porte
Pleſande the peple,be predicatioun
Now dyke lowpars, dois in the kirk reſorte
Be Symonye,and ſupplicatioun

Off princes, be thare preſentatioun
So ſelye ſaulis, that bene Chriſtis ſcheip
Ar geuin to hungrye gormande wulfis to keip

¶ Nomaruell is, thocht we religious men,
Degenerit be, and in our lyfe confuſit
But ſing and drynke, none vther craft we ken
Our ſpirituall fatheris, hes vs ſo abuſit
Agane our wyll, thoſe trukouris bene intruſit
Lawit men hes now, religious men in curis
Profeſt Virgenis in keipyng of ſtrondȝ huris.

¶ Princes, princes, quhare bene ȝour heych prudence
In diſpoſition, of ȝour Beneficeis
The guerdonyng, of ȝour courticience
Is ſum cauſe, of thir gret enormiteis
Thare is one ſorte, wayt and lyke hungrye kleis
For ſpirituall cure, thocht thay be no thing habyll
Quhoſe gredy thriſtis, bene inſaciabyll.

¶ Princes I pray ȝow, be no more abuſit
To verteous men, hauyng ſo ſmall regarde
Quhy ſulde vertew, throuch flattrye be refuſit
That men for cunnyng, can get no rewarde
Allace that euer one braggar, or ane barde
One hure maiſter or common haſarture
Sulde in the kirk, gett ony kynde of cure.

¶ War I one man, worthy to weir one crown.
Aye quhen thare vakit ony beneficeis
I ſulde gar call, one congregatioun
Off principall, of all the preliceis
Moſt counnyng clerkis of Vniuerſiteis
Moſt famous Father, of religioun

With thare aduyſe, mak diſpoſitioun.

I ſuld diſpone, all offices paſtoralis.
Tyll Doctours of diuynitie or Iure:
And cauſe dame vertew, pull vp all hir ſalis
Quhen counnyng men, had in the kirk moſt cure
Gar lordis ſend, thare ſonnes I zow aſſure
To ſeik ſcience, and famous ſculis frequent
Syne thame promoue, that wer moſt ſapient.

Gret pleſoure war, to heir one Byſcheope preche.
One Dane, on Doctour, in Diuinytie
One Abbott, quhilk coulde weill his Conuent teche
One Perſone, flowyng in Philoſophie
I tyne my tyme, to wys quhilk wyll nocht be
War nocht the precheing, of the beggyng freris
Tyne war the faith, amang the Seculeris

As for thare precheing, quod the Papingo.
I thame excuſe: for quhy, thay bene ſo thrall
To propertie, and hir ding dochteris two
Dame ryches, and fair lady ſenſuall
Thay may nocht vſe, no paſtyme ſpirituall
And in thare habits, thay tak ſic delyte
Thay haue renuncit, ruſſat & rouploch quhyte

Cleikand to thame, ſkarlote & cramaſye.
With Meneuer, Martrik, Greis, and ryche armyne
Thare lawe hartis, exaltit ar ſa hye.
To ſee thare Papale pompe, it is one pyne
More ryche arraye, is now with frenzeis fyne
Vpone the barding, of one Byſcheopis mule
Nor euer had Paule, or Peter agane zule,

Syne fair ladyis, thare chene may nocht eſchappe,
Dame ſenſuall ſo, ſic ſeid haith in thame ſawin
Leſt ſkaithit war, with lycence of the Pape
That ilk Prelate, one wyfe had of his awin
Nor ſee thare baſtardis ouirthorte the cūtre blawin
For now be thay, be weill cum in frome the ſcullis
Thay fall to work, as thay war commoun bullis

PEwe quod the gled ,thow prechis all in vane
Ze Seculare folkis, hes of our cace no cur is
I grante ſaid ſcho, zit men wyll ſpeik agane
Quhow ze haue maid ane hundreth thouſand huris
Quhilks neuer hade bene war nocht zour lychorus
And gyff I lee, hartlye I me repent (luris
Was neuer bird I watt more penitent

¶ Than ſcho hir ſchraue, with deuote contenance
To that, fals Gled, quhilk fenzeit hym one freir
And quhen ſcho hade, fullyllit hir pennance
Full ſubtellye at hir he gan inqueir
Cheis zow ſaid he, quhilk of vs brether heir
Sall haue of all zour naturall geir the curis
Ze knawe none bene, more holy creaturis,

¶ I am content quod the pure Papingo,
That ze freir Gled, and Corby monk zour brother
Haue cure of all my gudis, and no mo
Sen at this tyme, freindſchype I fynd none vther
We ſalbe to zow trew, as tyll our mother
Quod thay, and ſweir tyll fulfyll hir entent
Off that ſaid ſcho, I tak one inſtrument.

¶ The Pyote ſaid, quhat ſall myne office bee
Ouer man ſaid ſcho, vnto the tother twa

The rowpand Reuin, ſaid ſweit ſyſter latt ſee
Zour hole entent, for it is tyme to go
The gredie gled ſaid, brother do nocht ſo
We wyll remane, and haldin vpe hir hede
And neuer departe frome hir, tyll ſcho be dede.

¶ The Papingo, thame thankit tenderlye
And ſaid ſen ze, haue tane on zow this cure
Departe my naturall guddis equalye
That euer I haue, or hes of dame Nature
Firſt to the Howlet, Indegent and pure
Quhilk on the day, for ſchame dar nocht be ſene
Tyll hir I laue, my gaye gal bart of grene.

¶ My brycht depurit Ene, as chriſtall cleir
On to the Bak, ze ſall thame boith preſent
In Phebus preſens, quhilk dar nocht appeir
Of naturall lycht, ſcho bene ſo impotent
My birneiſt beik, I laue with gude entend
Onto the gentyll, pieteous Pyllicane
To help to peirs, hir tender hart in twane.

¶ I laue the Golk, quhilk hes no ſang bot one,
My muſyke, with my voce angelicall
And to the Guſe, ze gyff quhen I am gone
My Eloquence, and toung Rethoricall
And tak and drye, my banes gret and ſmall
Syne cloyſe thame in, one cais of Euoure fyne
And thame preſent, on to the Phenix ſyne.

¶ To byrn with hir, quhen ſcho hir lyfe renewis
In Araby ze ſall hir fynde butt weir
And ſall knawe hir, be hir moſte heuinlye hewis
Golde, Aſure, Gowles, Purpour, and Synopeir

Hir dait is for, to leue fyue hundreth zeir
Mak to that bird, my commendatioun
And als I mak zow ſupplycatioun.

¶ Sen of my corps, I haue zow geuin the cure
Ze ſpeid zow to the court but tarying
And tak my hart, of perfyte portrature
And it preſent, on to my Souerane kyng
I watt he wyll it cloſe, in to one ryng
Commande me to his grace I zow exhorte
And of my paſſioun, mak hym trew reporte.

¶ Ze three my tryppes, ſall haue for zour trauell
With luffer and lowng, to part equall amang zow
Pray and Pluto, the potent prince of hell
Geue ze failze, that in his feit he fang zow
Bot to me trew, tocht I no thyng belang zou
Sore I ſuſpect, zour conſcience be to large.
Dout nocht ſaid thy, we takit with the charge

¶ Adewe brether, quod the pure papingo.
To talking more, I haue no tyme to tarye
Bot ſen my ſpreit, mon fra my body go
I recommend it to the quene of farye
Eternallye, in tyll hir court to carye
In wyldernes, among the holtis hore
Than ſcho inclynit hir hed, and ſpak no more

¶ Plungit in thill hir mortall paſſioun
Full greuouſlie, ſcho gryppit to the grounde
It war to long, to mak narratioun
Off ſychis ſore, with mony ſtang and ſtounde
Out of hir wound, the blude did ſo abounde
One coumpas round, was with hir blude maid reid
Without

Without remaid, thare was no thyng bot deide.

¶ And be ſcho hade, In manus tuas ſaid
Extinctit wer, hir naturall woyttis fyue
Hir heid ful ſoftlye, on hir ſculder laid
Syne zaild the ſpreit, with panes pungityue
The Rauin began, rudlye to rug and ryue
Full gormondlyke, his emptie throte he fed
Eate ſoftlyie brother, ſaid the gredy gled,

¶ Quhill ſcho is hote, depart hir euin amang ws,
Tak thow one half, and reik to me one vther
In tyll our rycht, I watt no wycht dar wrang ws
The Poyte ſaid, the feind reſaue the fouther
Quhy makze me ſtopbarne, and I zour brouther
Ze do me wrang ſchir gled, I ſchrew zour harte
Tak thare ſaid he the puddyngis for thy parte.

¶ Than witt ze weill, my hart wos wounder ſair
For to beholde that dolent departyng
Hir angell fedderis, fleyng in the air
Except the hart, was left of hir no thyng
The poyte ſaid this pertenith to the kyng
Quhilk tyll his grace, I purpoſe to preſent
Thow quod gled, ſall faill of thyne entent

¶ The Rauin ſaid, god nor I rax in ane rape.
And thou get this tyll other kyng or duke
The poyte ſaid plene I nocht to the pape
Than in oneſmedie I be ſmorit with ſmuke
With that the gled, the pece claucht in his cluke
And fled his way, the laue with all thare mycht
To cheace the gled: flewe all out of my ſcyht.

2 c 5

¶ Now haue ȝe hard, this lytill tragedye.
The ſore complent, the teſtament, and myſchance
Off this pure bird, quhilk did aſſende ſo hye
Beſeikand ȝow excuſe myne Ignorance
And rude indyte, quhilk is nocht tyll auance
And to the quair, I gyff commandement
Mak no repair, quhare Poytis bene preſent,

¶ Becauſe thou bene but Rhetorik ſo rude.
Be neuer ſene, beſyde none vther buke
With kyng nor Quene, with lord nor man of gude
With Coit vnclene, clame kynrent to ſum cuke
Steill in ane nuke, quhen thay lyſt one the luke
For ſmell of ſmuke, men wyll abhor to heir the
Heir I manſweir the, quharfore to lurke go leir the.

FINIS.